

THE WORKS
OF
JOHN WEBSTER.

THE WORKS
OF
JOHN WEBSTER:

WITH
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES,

BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED

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THE OLD DRAMATISTS AND THE OLD POETS.

THE OLD DRAMATISTS

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NOTICE.

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IN this re-impression of Webster's Works (which were first collected and edited by me in 1830) I have considerably altered both the Text and Notes throughout, and made some slight additions to the Memoir of the poet. I have also excluded from the present edition a worthless drama, which I too hastily admitted into the former one,—*The Thracian Wonder*, for though it was published by Kirkman as “written by John Webster and William Rowley,” internal evidence decides that Webster could no more have had a hand in it than in another play called *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*, a portion of which is ignorantly ascribed to him by Phillips see p. xv, note

A DYCE.

DECEMBER, 1857

CONTENTS.

SOME ACCOUNT OF JOHN WEBSTER AND HIS WRITINGS	PAGE 12
THE WHITE DEVIL, OR, VITTORIA COROMBONA	1
THE DUCHESS OF MALFI	53
THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE	103
APPIUS AND VIRGINIA	117
THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS WYATT	181
WESTWARD HO	205
NORTHWARD HO	247
A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD	285
THE MALCONTENT	321
MONUMENTS OF HONOUR	363
A MONUMENTAL COLUMN	371
VERSES TO MUNDAY	377
ODE	377
VERSES TO HOLYWOOD	378
VERSES TO COCKERAM	378
INDEX TO THE NOTES	379

Donated by
SRI S C NANDY, M.A.
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1955

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

JOHN WEBSTER AND HIS WRITINGS.

Shoem has the better right to complain of a deficiency of materials than when engaged on the life of any of our early dramatists. Among that illustrious band four WILSON occupies a distinguished place, and yet so scanty is our information concerning him, that in the present essay I can do little more than enumerate his different productions, and establish proof that he was not the author of certain prose pieces which have been attributed to him.

On the title page of his *Moniments or Honour*, &c., 1624, Webster is styled "Merchant-Taylor," and in the Dedication to that piece he describes himself as "one born free of the Merchant-Tailors' Company." Hence Mr. Collier conjectures

* "Which fix ure done to one thing as if you are doing it," &c. See also
That "*in company*" means the Merchant Tailors' Company, is certain,—John Gower, who Mr. W. B. Hall
addresses, being "*a knight with by birth, but by nature a citizen*."

It was, of course, desirable that the Court Books of the Merchant Tailors' Company should be used for the present work, and the important information, illustrative of personal history, which is afforded by wills, was accordingly used not to come under what is made in Doctors' Common. But we are not identified with any of the Willers, & when it has been there discovered.

The following extracts from the Court Book of Merchant Tailors' Company were made in 1791 by the Clerk, 26th Decr 1828, stronger, by new regulation of the Company, not being all well to inspect their documents.

U. S. Court No. 1, vol. 1, fol. 57

“June X du dec mbars 1571

"Item Anne Syker, Widow, put and made free John Webster her late Apprentice."

From Count Beck, vol. II fol. 18.

“Ihre VV die Junung A^o den 1576

"Item John Palmer put in John Webster his Apprentice and also made the said Webster free"

From Court Book, vol vi p 633.

“Lune Decem, Sejimo die Novemb

“Ann, Din 1617

"John Webster made free by Henry Clinckard his Mr."

that he was the son of the John Webster, Merchant-Tailor, to whom John and Edward Alleyn acknowledge themselves debtors in the following terms —

"All men shall know by these presents that we, John Allen, cytysen and Inholder, of London, and Edward Allen, of London, gentleman, do owe and are indebted unto John Webster, cytysen and merchauntaylor of London, the somme of fyftene shyllinges of lawfull money of Englund, to be payed to the sayd John Webster, or his

From Index Book to Freeman,

"Webster John — [?] Annus Silver, wad 10 decembr 1571
 Webster John — [?] John Palmer, 20 Januarij 1576
 Webster Joshua — [?] Henricum Clumckard, 17 Novembris 1617 "

There are no other entries about any John Webster between the years 1571 and 1617

The following memoranda are derived from the Prerogative Office

JOHN WEBSTER, clothworker, of London, made his will on the 5th August, 1625. He bequeaths to his sister, Jane Cheney, dwelling within seven miles of Norwich, 10*l*, with remainder, if she died, to her children, and if they died, to his sister Elizabeth Pyssing, to whom he also left 10*l*, with remainder to her children. To his sister Anne Webster, of Holmd, in Yorkshire, the same sum, with remainder to her children. To his father-in-law, William Hatfield, of Whittington, in Derbyshire, 15*l*, and to his four children 4*l* each. To his cousin Peter Webster, and his wife, dwelling in Doncaster, 40*s* each. To his cousin, Peter Webster, of Whittington, in Derbyshire, he gives 10*l*, and if he died before it was paid, it was to be given to his brother, who was a protestant, "for I hear that one brother of my cousin Peter is a papist." To William Bradbury, of London, shoemaker, 5*l*. To Richard Matthew, his (the testator's) son-in-law, 10*l*. He mentions his father-in-law, Mr Thomas Pinner. He gives his cousin, Edward Curtis, 1*l* 2*s*. To his cousin, Edward Curtis, son of Edward Curtis, senior, 3*l*. He leaves the residue of his property to his brothers and sisters-in-law, by his wife, specially providing that Elizabeth Walker should be one. He constitutes Mr Robert Aungel, and his cousin, Mr Francis Ash, citizens, his executors, and his cousins, Curtis and Taylor, overseers of his will,—which was proved by his executors on the 7th October, 1625.

JOHN WEBSTER, of St Botolph's without Aldgate, citizen and tallow chandler, of London, made his will on the 16th February, 1628, and orders by it, that his body should be buried in the churchyard of that parish, as near to his nephew, John Webster, as might be. To Katherine, his wife, he gives some freehold and copyhold lands in Clavering, in Essex, for life, with remainder to his nephew, James Webster, together with some property in Houndsditch, she paying 50*s* quarterly to Mary Lee, wife of James Lee, of London, Merchant-Tailor. To his nephew, James Webster, he bequeaths lands in Sabridgeworth, in Herts, with two thirds of his printed books, sword, pike, and other arms, when of full age, with reversion, if he died without heirs, to William Webster, alias Wilkinson. To his three sisters, Dorothy Wilkinson, Susan Nettleton, and Alice Brookes, his lands at Clavering, after the decease of his wife, they paying to Mary Wigge, Barbara Brend, Agnes Lovchand, widow, and Clement Camp, his wife's four sisters, 4*l*, each yearly. He afterwards describes the beforementioned William Webster, alias Wilkinson, as "the eldest son of my eldest sister, Dorothy Wilkinson, late wife of Richard Wilkinson, of Yorkshire." If the said William died without issue, the property so given him was to go to the testator's nephews, Thomas, son of Thomas Nettleton, and Edmund, son of Robert Brookes. He also mentions his nephew, Henry Wilkinson, his niece, Isabel Nettleton, then under age, his apprentice, John Wigge, his niece, Elizabeth Brend, and her father, George Brend, to the children of John Alderston, of Chelmsford, he gives 10*l* each, and to his cousin, Benjamin Crabtree, 2*l*, and directs that the beforementioned James Webster, when of age, shall surrender to Michael Wilkinson a close in Cuswood, in Yorkshire, which was the testator's father's, and fell, by descent, to his (the testator's) brother, James Webster, who sold it to Michael Wilkinson. He appoints Mr Thomas Overmin, alderman and leather-seller, of London, the aforesaid John Alderston, and Thomas Santy, citizen and merchant tailor, of London, overseers, and his wife Katherine, executrix, of his will, who proved it on the 12th Nov., 1641.

It is evident that both these persons died without issue.

assygnes, on the last day of September next insewinge the date hereof, wherto wee binde us, our heyres and assygnes, by these presentes Subscrybed this xxvth day of July, 1591, and in the xxviiith of her Ma^{ties} rygne

JOHN ALLEYN
ED. ALLEYN^{us} *

We are told that our poet was clerk of St Andrew's, Holborn, and it is possible that during some period of his career he may have filled that office but the statement rests on a comparatively late and questionable authority †

From the researches of Mr Collier we learn (presuming the person mentioned to be the dramatist) that he "resided in Holywell Street, among the actors," and that "Alice Webster, his daughter, was baptized at St Leonard's on the 9th May, 1606" Mr Collier adds, "If the following, from the same registers, relate to his marriage, it must have occurred when he was very young —

'Married John Webster and Isbell Sutton, 25 July, 1590'

Our principal reason for thinking that it may refer to him is, that elsewhere in the register he is sometimes called merchant tailor, a designation himself assumed in his City Pageant of 1624" ‡

Like several other of his contemporaries, he was perhaps an actor as well as a dramatist, but when, in a tract (hereafter to be mentioned) called *Histo-mastix*, &c., Hall and his coadjutor speak of "Webster the quondam player," they appear to have used the word "player" as equivalent to "writer of plays"

The following notices of Webster as a dramatist occur in Henslowe's *Diary* —

"Lent unto W^m Jube, the 3 of novmbr 1601, to bye stamell clothe } 11^{li} 11^s
for a clocke for *the Guesse*—Webster }

"Lent unto the company, to lend the littell taylor, to bye fusthen } 11^{li} 11^s
and lynynge for the clockes for *the masques of France*, the some of }

"Lent unto the company, the 8 of novmbr 1601, to paye unto the } 11^{li} 11^s
littell taylor, upon his bill for mackyne of sewtes for *the guesse*, the }
some of }

"Lent unto the companye, the 13 of novmbr 1601, to paye the littell } 11^{li} 11^s
taylor, Radford, upon his bill for *the Guesse*, the some of }

* *The Alleyn Papers*, &c, p 14, ed Shakespeare Soc

† "This Author [John Webster] was Clerk of St Andrew's Parish in Holbourne," &c Gildon's *Lives and Characters of the English Dram Poets*, 1698, p 146 — I searched the registers of St Andrew's Church, but the name of Webster did not occur in them, and I examined the MSS belonging to the Parish Clerks' Hall, in Wood street, with as little success

‡ *Memours of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare* — *Intro* p xxvii, ed Shakespeare Soc

"Pd at the poyntment of the companye, unto the littell taylor, in fulle payment of his Bille for *the Guesse*, the 26 of novmbr 1601, the some } xxviij^s 6^d **

The play which Henslowe in the above entries calls *The Guesse* or *The Massacre of France*, is mentioned by Webster himself, under the first title, as one of his "works"†. It has not come down to us, and therefore we cannot determine whether it was a reticement of Mulow's *Massacre at Paris* or an original piece — I am strongly inclined to believe that it was the latter — Again —

"Lent unto the compnye, the 22 of may 1602, to geve unto Antony Mondye and Mihell Drayton, *Webster*, Myddelton and the Rest, in earneste of a Booke called *scors Falle*, the some of } vi^h ‡

We are naturally curious to know how these combined poets treated a subject which employed the pen of Shakespeare, but *Cæsar's Fall* has perished — Again —

"Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 29 of maye 1602, to paye Thomas Dickers, Drayton, Myddelton, and *Webster*, and Mondye, in fulle paymente for that playe called *two huijpes* [?], the some of } iiij^h §

The Two Huijpes (if such be the correct title, which is far from certain) no longer exists — Again —

"Lent unto Thomas Hewode and *John Webster*, the 2 of novmbr 1602, in earneste of a playe called *Crysmas comes but once a yeare*, the some of } iiij^h "

"Lent unto John Dewcke, the 23 of novmbr 1602, to paye unto huij chettell and Thomas Deckers, in pte of paymente of a playe called *Crysmas comes but once a yeare*, the some of } xxxv^s "

"Pd at the poyntment of Thomas Hawode, the 26 of novmbr 1602, to huij chettell, in fulle paymente of a playe called *Crysmas comes but once a yeare*, the some of } xxxv^s "

"Layd owte for the companye, the 9 of novmbr [*December* ?] 1602, to hve ij cilleco sewtes and ij buckram sewtes, for the playe of *Crysmas comes but once a yeare*, the some of } xxxviij^s 8^d "

"Sowld unto the companye, the 9 of decembr 1602, ij peces of cangable taffetic, to make a womones gowne and a robe, for the playe of *crysmas comes but once a yeare*, some of } iiij^h x^s ||

Christmas comes but once a year is also lost — In the same *Diary*, under October

* Henslowe's *Diary*, pp 262, 203, 204, ed Shakespeare Soc

† Dedication to *The Devil's Law case*,—p 105

‡ Henslowe's *Diary*, p 221

§ *Id* p 222

|| *Id* pp 243, 244, 245

1602,* are three entries relating to a play in Two Parts, entitled *Lady Jane*, the First Part the joint-production of Chettle, Dekker, Heywood, Smith and Webster, the Second Part composed (it would seem) by Dekker alone. These entries will be found in the introductory remarks on *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, which drama, with its text miserably mutilated and corrupted, is evidently nothing more than an abridgement of the Two Parts of *Lady Jane*, for it embraces the story of Suffolk's unfortunate daughter from her forced accession to her death.

The second edition of Marston's *Malcobant* appeared in 1604, not only "augmented" by the original author, but "with additions" by Webster,—who was well qualified to supply them, resembling, as he did, Marston in the masculine character of his mind and style. How much he contributed to this vigorously written but unpleasing play, it is impossible to ascertain †

In 1607 were given to the press *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* (which has been noticed above), and *Westward Ho*, and *Northward Ho*,—two comedies composed by Webster in alliance with Dekker.

Westward Ho and *Northward Ho* (the former of which was on the stage in 1605) ‡ are full of life and bustle, and remarkable for the light they throw on the manners and customs of the time. Though by no means pure, they are comparatively little stained by that grossness from which none of our old comedies are entirely free. In them the worst things are always called by the worst names: the licentious and the debauched always speak most strictly in character, and the rake, the bawd, and the courtesan, are as odious in representation as they would be if actually present. But the public taste has now reached the highest pitch of refinement, and such coarseness is tolerated in our theatres no more. Some will perhaps maintain, that the language of the stage is purified in proportion as our morals have deteriorated, and that we dread the mention of the vices which we are not ashamed to practise, while our forefathers, under the sway of a less fastidious but a more energetic principle of virtue, were careless of words and only considerate of actions.

In 1612 *The White Devil* was printed, a play of extraordinary power. The story, though somewhat confused, is eminently interesting, and, though abounding in,—if not a little overcharged with,—fearful incidents, it has nothing which we are disposed to reject as incredible. What genius was required to conceive, what skill to embody, so forcible, so various, and so consistent a character as Vittoria! We shall not easily find, in the whole range of our ancient drama, a more effective scene than that in which she is arraigned for the murder of her husband. It is truth itself. Brachiano's flinging down his gown for his seat, and then, with impatient ostentation, leaving it behind him on his departure, the pleader's Latin exordium, the jesting interruption of the culprit, the overbearing intemperance of the

* See p. 182

† See p. 322

‡ See p. 206

Cardinal—the prompt and unconquerable spirit of Vittoria,—all together unite in producing on us an impression as strong as could result from an event of real life. Lamb, in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, speaks of the “innocence-resembling boldness” of Vittoria.* For my own part, I admire the dexterity with which Webster has discriminated between that simple confidence in their own integrity which the innocent manifest under the imputation of a great crime, and that forced and practised presence of mind which the hardened offender exhibits when brought to trial. Vittoria stands before her judges, alive to all the terrors that surround her, relying on the quickness of her wit, conscious of the influence of her beauty, and not without a certain sense of protection, in case of extreme need, from the interposition of Brachiano. She surprises by the readiness of her replies, but never, in a single instance, has the author assigned to her any words which were likely to have fallen from an innocent person under similar circumstances. Vittoria is undaunted, but it is by effort. Her intrepidity has none of the calmness which belongs to one who knows that a plain tale can put down his adversary; it is a high-wrought and exaggerated boldness,—a determination to outface facts, to brave the evidence she cannot refute, and to act the martyr though convicted as a criminal. Scattered throughout the play are passages of exquisite poetic beauty, which, once read, can never be forgotten.

Three Elegies on the most lamented death of Prince Henry appeared in 1613—the part of this tract written by Webster, entitled *A Monumental Column*, &c., contains some striking lines, but nothing characteristic of its author.

In 1623 were published *The Duchess of Malfi* (first produced about 1616†) and *The Devil's Law-case*. Of the latter of these plays the plot is disagreeable and far from probable, but portions of the serious scenes are not unworthy of Webster. Few dramas possess a deeper interest in their progress, or are more touching in their conclusion, than *The Duchess of Malfi*. The passion of the Duchess for Antonio, a subject most difficult to treat, is managed with infinite delicacy—in a situation of great peril for the author, she condescends without being degraded, declares to her dependant that he is the husband of her choice without losing anything of dignity and respect, and seems only to exercise the privilege of rank in raising merit from obscurity. We sympathize from the first moment in the loves of the Duchess and Antonio, as we would in a long-standing domestic affection, and we mourn the more over the misery that attends them because we feel that happiness was the natural and legitimate fruit of so pure and rational an attachment. It is the wedded friendship of middle life transplanted to cheer the cold and glittering solitude of a court—it flourishes but a short time in that unaccustomed sphere, and then is blasted for ever. The sufferings and death of the imprisoned Duchess haunt the mind like painful realities, but it is the less necessary to dwell on them here, as no part of our author's

* See the quotation in p. 24, note, of the present work.

† See p. 54.

writings is so well known to the generality of readers as the scenes where they are depicted. In such scenes Webster was on his own ground. His imagination had a fond familiarity with objects of awe and fear. The silence of the sepulchre, the sculptures of marble monuments, the knolling of church-bells, the ceremonies of the corpse, the yew that roots itself in dead men's graves, are the illustrations that most readily present themselves to his imagination. If he speaks of the force of love, his language is,—

“ This is flesh and blood, sir,
’Tis not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband’s tomb, ” *

and when he tells us that

“ Glories, like glow worms, afar off shine bright,
But look’d to near, have neither light nor light, ” †

we are almost satisfied that the glow-worm which Webster saw, and which suggested the reflection, was sparkling on the green sod of some lowly grave.

Monuments of Honour, &c. Invented and written by John Webster, Merchant-Taylor, 1624, is the very rarest‡ of all our old city-pageants—it is not by any means the best.

In September 1624 Sir Henry Herbert licensed “ A new Tragedy, called *A late Murder of the Son upon the Mother*, written by Forde and Webster §”, of which, when we consider how well the terrible subject was suited to the powers of the two writers, we cannot fail to regret the loss.

Appius and Virginia was printed in 1654. This drama is so remarkable for its simplicity, its deep pathos, its unobtrusive beauties, its singleness of plot, and the easy unimpeded march of its story, that perhaps there are readers who will prefer it to any other of our author’s productions.

I need hardly observe that *Appius and Virginia* must have been brought on the stage long before 1654—indeed at that date Webster was, in all probability, dead.

In 1661, Kirkman, the bookseller, published, from manuscripts in his possession, *A Cure for a Uckold* and *The Thracian Wonder*, both of them, according to the title-pages, “ Written by John Webster and William Rowley ”. Webster’s hand may, I think, be traced in parts of the former play. Of any share in the concoction of the latter he certainly was guiltless ||

* P. 65

† P. 36, and p. 88

‡ The only copy of this pageant known to exist, is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, who, with his usual liberality, allowed me to transcribe it.

§ Chalmers’s *Supplemental Apology*, &c., p. 218

|| *The Thracian Wonder* (which I inconsiderately reprinted in the first edition of the present collection) is partly founded on the story of Curan and Argemule in Warner’s *Albion’s England*. A poetical tract, founded also on the same portion of Warner’s work, appeared in 1617, written by a William Webster,

The following lines* concerning our author are found in Henry Fitzgeffrey's *Notes from Blackjacks*, 1620,

"But h' st' with him, crabbed Webster,
The play wrought, cast wrought whether i either? ho—
No further Looko as yee'd bee look't into,
Sit as ye woo'd be read Lord! who woo'd know him?
Wise euer man so mingl'd with a poem?
See how he di'wes his mouth awry of lute,
How he scrubs, wrings his wrists, scratches his pate!
A midwife! helpe! By his braines coutus
Some Centaure strange, some huge Bucephalus,
Or Pallas, sure, ingendred in his braine —
Strike, Vulcan, with thy hammer once againe
This is the cuttall that, of all the rest,
I'de not haue view mee yet I feare him least
Hee's not a word eu'niuely I haue writ,
But hee I industriously examine it,
And in some 12 monthes hence, or thereabout,
Set in a shamefull sheete my errors out
But whitt ere I! it will be so obscure
That none shall vnderstand him, I am sure" Sig F 6

An inquiry now arises,—was John Webster, the dramatist, the same John Webster who was author of *The Saints' Guide*, of a celebrated tract called *Academyum Examen or The Lamination of Academies*, and of a volume of sermons entitled *The Judgment set and the Booke opened*? Our dramatist, as we have seen, was a writer for the stage in 1601, and the first of the pieces just mentioned was printed in 1653. If he was only twenty-five when he composed *The Guise*, he must have been about seventy-seven when *The Saints' Guide* appeared. Those who are inclined to

and entitled *The most pleasant and delightfull Historie of Cusan, Prince of Danske, and the fayre Princesse Argente, Daughter and Heire of Adelbriht, sometime King of Northumberland* and Mr Collier plausibly conjectures (*Poet. Decan*, vol. 1 p. 268) that Kirkman's recollection of the poem by William Webster induced him to attribute the play to John Webster.

Kirkman was not scrupulous in such matters. He published, in 1657, *Fusts Dominion, or The Lascivious Quern*, and put on the title page "Written by Christofer Marlow, poet," though we have positive proof that it could not have been composed by that poet. See my *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*,—*Works*, i. lvi.

In the "Introduction" to his edition of *The Dramatic Works of John Webster*, 1857, Mr Hazlitt announces his intention of including among them, not only *The Thracian Wonder* (which he justly describes as "a stream of dulness"), but *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*. The latter play he assigns to Webster "upon the authority of Winstanley", not being aware that when Winstanley wrote as follows in his *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, 1687, p. 137, he was merely transcribing the blunders of Phillips in the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675. "He [Dekker] was also in associate with John Webster in several well entertain'd Plays, viz. *Northward, hoe!* *The Noble Stranger*. *New Trick to cheat the Devil*, *Westward, hoe!* *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, and *A Woman will have her will*." Here we have three plays confidently attributed to Dekker and Webster, of which we are certain that they did not write a word. *The Noble Stranger* is by Sharpe, *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, by Devynport, and *A Woman will have her will*, by Houghton. So much for the "authority" of Winstanley, or rather, of Phillips. As to *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*,—from beginning to end it is written in a style utterly unlike that of Webster.

* For verses by Sheppard on Webster's *White Devil*, see p. 2, for verses by Middleton, W. Rowley, and Ford, on his *Duchess of Malfi*, see p. 56.

suppose that he was the author of that tract will not, of course, allow his advanced age to be employed as an argument against the probability of their hypothesis, and it must be confessed that some persons at as late a period of life have produced works indicating that they retained the full possession of their intellectual powers. I shall presently, however, show that he was neither the author of it, nor of the other two pieces noticed above in the meantime it is necessary to describe them more particularly

The Saints Guide, or, Christ the Rule and Ruler of Saints Manifested by way of Positions, Consecrations, and Queries Wherin is contain'd the Efficacy of acquired Knowledge, the Rule of Christians, the Mission and Maintenance of Ministers, and the power of Magistrates in Spiritual things By John Webster, late Chaplain in the Army, a 4to tract, was first printed in 1653 it was reprinted in the same form the following year, and also in 12mo in 1699. No trace of the eloquence of Webster the poet is visible in this dull and funatical production. In his peritatory address, "To all that love the Lord Jesus Christ in Truth and Sincerity," the author says, "For after the Lord, about eighteen years ago, had in his wonderfull mercy brought me to the sad experience of mine own dead, sinfull, lost, and damnable condition in nature, and fully shewed me the nothingness and helplessness of creaturely power, either without or within me," &c. and Mr Collier, who endeavours to prove that the writer of *The Saints' Guide* and the dramatist are the same person, thinks that the words 'damnable condition,' which have just been quoted, "can hardly mean anything but his 'damnable condition' as a player!" Surely, not in "damnable condition" there is no allusion to any profession the author might have followed, but merely to what he conceived to be his reprobate condition before he became a Saint

Academiæ Examen, or the Examination of Academus Wherin is discussed and examined the Matter, Method, and Customs of Academick and Scholastick Learning, and the insufficiency thereof discovered and laid open, As also some Expedients proposed for the Reforming of Schools, and the perfecting and promoting of all kind of Science Offer'd to the judgements of all those that love the profuence of Arts and Sciences, and the advancement of Learning By Jo Webster In moribus et institutis Academicarum, Collegiorum, et simulacrum conventuum, quæ ad doctorum hominum sedes, & operas mutuas destinata sunt, omnia progressus scientiarum in ulterius adversa inveniunt Franc Bacon de Verulamio lib de cogitat & res par mihi 14, appeared in 1to in 1654 That the John Webster who wrote *The Saints' Guide* wrote the *Acad Examen*, there can be no doubt both pieces were put forth by the same publisher, Giles Calvert;

* The dedication to this edition is dated "April 28, 1663," which is doubtless an error of the printer for 1653, the two earlier editions, of which it is an exact copy, having the dedication dated April 28, 1653

† *Poetical Decameron*, vol 1 p 262

‡ "To conclude, the world may here see what stuffe still comes from Lame Giles Calvers shop, that forge of the Devil, from whence so many blasphemous, lying, scandalous Pamphlets, for many years past,

and a second edition of the former was printed during the year in which the latter came from the press. In an *Epistle to the Reader*, prefixed to the *Acad. Examen*, the author says, "I am no Dean nor Master, President nor Provost, Fellow nor Pensioner, neither have I tyth's appropriate nor improprieate, augmentation, nor State pay, nor all the levelling that hath been in these times hath not mounted nor raised me, nor can they make me fall lower, *Qui cadit in terram, non habet unde cadat*. And he that would raise himself by the ruins of others, or warm himself by the burning of schools, I wish him no greater plague than his own ignorance, nor that he may ever gain more knowledge than to live to repent." Though the *Acad. Examen* contains a good deal of nonsense about the language of nature, astrology, &c., and though all the theological portion of it is as ridiculous and fanatical as *The Saints' Guide*, yet, taken as a whole, it manifests variety of learning and cleanness of judgment.

To this tract, during the year of its publication, two answers were written. The first was by Seth Ward, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. John Wilkins of Wadham College*, it is entitled, *Vindicatæ Academicarum, containing Some brief Animadversions upon Mr. Websters Book, stiled The Examination of Academics Together with an Appendix concerning what M. Hobbs and M. Dell have published on this Argument*. The authors had evidently never dreamed of their adversary being the once-celebrated dramatist. "I have heard from very good hands," says Wilkins, "that he [Webster] is suspected to be a Friar, his conversation being much with men of that way, and the true designe of this Booke being very suitable to one of that profession, besides that his superficial and confused knowledge of things is much about that elevation" p. 6. "In compliance therefore with your desire," says Ward, "I mean to runne over this reverend Authour" p. 9. "You know, Sir," he afterwards says, "and have observed in your Letter to mee, how vast a difference there is betwixt the Learning and Reputation of Mr. Hobbs and these two Gentlemen, and how scornfully he will take it to be ranked with a Linu [Webster] and an Enthusiast" p. 51. The second answer to the *Acad. Examen* is called† *Hæstio Mastæ. A whip for Webster (as 'tis conceived) the Quondam Player* or, *An examination of one John Websters delusive Examen of Academics, &c.* In the end there is annexed an elaborate defence of Logick, by a very Learned Pen. Mark how carefully the words "as 'tis conceived," are inserted here. One half of this answer is the production of Thomas Hall, the printer, of whom an account may

have spread over the land, to the great dishonour of the Nation, in the sight of the Nations round about us, and to the provocation of Gods wrath against us, which will certainly breake forth, both upon the actors and tolerators of such intollerable errors, without speedy reformation and amendment."

Hæstio mastæ, a Whip for Webster, &c. 1654, p. 215.

* Wilkins wrote only the Epistle to the Author, signed N S, the remainder is by Ward, signed H D the signatures are the final letters of their names.

† This piece forms part of a small duod. volume, the general title of which is *Vindicatæ Litterarum, The Schools Guarded, &c. &c.* By Thomas Hall, B D and Pastour of Kings Norton.

be found in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. iii. p. 677, ed. Bliss, the other half (the defence of Logic) is from the pen of a "reverend acute Logician," whose name is not given. "We see then," says Hall, addressing Webster, "who you are, viz. an Herculean Leveller, a Fatalisticall Lion, a dissembling Fryar, a Profane Stage Player, a professed friend to Judiciall Astrology and Astrologers," &c. p. 198. In this passage we must observe that Hall merely takes it for granted from what had been said before, that the author of the *Acad. Examen* was a player. The "reverend acute Logician" commences his defence of the Stagite thus: "This Mr. Webster (*as I suppose*) is that Poet whose Glory was once to be the Author of Stage plays (*as the Devils Law-case*) but now the Tutor of Universities. But because his Stage-Players [*Stage-Playes*] have been discountenanced by one of the late Parliaments, does hee therefore addresse himselfe to the Army, for the like force, and as little favour in behalfe of all Humane Learning, for advancement whereof, the best way being already found, he that seeks for another, desires worse (and so none at all), though he pretend to a Reformation. For my own part, I could wish that his Poetry still had flourished upon Mr. Johnson's [*Ben Jonson's*] account, in his Epistle before one of his Playes (the Fox) to the two most equal Sisters, the Universities (a far better address then this here), but it is odious to be like the Fox in the Fable, who having lost his owne Ornament, envied his fellows thens by pretending burthen or inconvenience" pp. 217-18. In those days there could have been no difficulty in ascertaining whether the author of the *Acad. Examen* was or was not the quondam dramatist, and we may be sure that the piousminded Hall and his coadjutor must have made particular inquiries into the matter. If they had been in possession of the fact that their adversary had ever been guilty of play-writing or play-acting, they would not have left their readers in any doubt on the subject, they would never have used the expressions "*as 'tis conceived*," or "*as I suppose*," they would have charged Webster with his theatrical sins in the most direct terms, and they would have alluded to them over and over again, with many a coarse and bitter taunt. They were quite aware that their adversary was not the dramatist*, and they had recourse to the supposition of his being that same person, as a likely means of bringing reproach upon him in times of canting and hypocrisy†.

* Mr. Hazlitt, after citing what I say above, proceeds as follows: "This, however, is perfectly clear to the present Editor, that the writers of *Histrio Martia* would not, for the very sake of their sneer, have 'conceived' or 'supposed' any such identity as that malignantly suggested, *had not John Webster, the quondam player, been still alive, and had he not, also, been connected in some way with one of the universities—perhaps he had been a teacher of elocution there*." *Intro. to The Dram. Works of John Webster*, 1857, p. viii. Mr. Hazlitt has previously remarked, "There remains to be mentioned one other occupation which Webster is said to have filled—that of College Tutor" p. vi.

That the dramatist was alive in 1651, I greatly doubt, that he never was a teacher of elocution at one of the universities, or a college-tutor, I am as certain as that he never was Archbishop of Canterbury.

† Mr. Collier, in the work already quoted, compares two passages of the *Acad. Examen* with two from the plays of our author.

"On p. 3 of the *Examen* is this excellent sentence, 'So humane knowledge is good and excellent, and

And to discover the Blasphemy of those that say,

They are	{	Apostles, Teachers, Alive, Rich, Jews,	}	but are	{	False Lying, Deceivers, Dead, Poore, blind, naked, The Synagogue of Satan	}
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In severall Sermons at Allhallows Lombard-street, By John Webster, A servant of Christ and his Church Micah 3 5 &c Thus saith the Lord, concerning the Prophets that make my people erre, that bite with their teeth, and cry peace and he that putteth not into their mouths, they prepare war against him Therefore night shall be upon them, that they shall not have Vision, &c The Sun shall goe down over the prophets, and the Day shall be dark Then Seers shall be ashamed, and the Diviners confounded yea, they shall All cover their lips, for there is no answer of God Little information concerning the author is to be gathered from these tedious effusions, which in style resemble the *Saints' Guide*, and which were published at the desire of his hearers, who were greatly delighted with his preaching, "apprehending it," says an Address to the Reader, "to be the Bridegroomes voyce in him, and therefore savory to them*" Webster was absent from London when they were printed "he being now," says the same Address, "at a great distance from the Presse" "Here," says a second Address to the Reader, "thou shalt not find Terms of Art, nor quibbles of humane Learning and Fallen Wisdom (though the party through whom it was conveyed excel in natural acquisitions as much as the most) but naked truth" "And hereby thou mayest see (if thou be not blind in the carnal conceits of thy earthly wisdom, as most of the Earthen Saints of our times are) what self-denial is wrought in this Creature, through which the Eternal Spirit hath breathed forth these ensuing precious Truths, that he having and enjoying all those humane Excellencies of Learning and knowledge which are so in the worlds account," &c To the volume is appended *A Responsum To certaine pretended Arguments against my Book called The Saints Guide*

We have already seen that an answer to the *Academiarum Examen* was written by Seth Ward, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury and Dr. Walter Pope, in his Life of that prelate, expressly states that the author of the *Examen* was "one Webster of Cluthrow†" In all matters connected with the Bishop, Dr. Pope's authority is

* The Church of Allhallows Lombard Street, with all the documents belonging to it, was destroyed by the great fire of London in 1666 John Weston, the Rector, "was for his Loyalty sequestered by the Rebels, about 1642 [*Merc Rust* p. 253]" Newcourt's *Repertorium Ecclesiasticum Parochiale Londinense*, vol. 1 p. 255 "He [Weston] was sequestered by the House about July, 1643, at which time J. Cordell was, by the same authority, thrust in to succeed him" Walker's *Account of the Sufferings of the Clergy*, p. 180

† A monument was erected to the memory of Bishop Ward by his nephew, with a Latin inscription, which Dr. Pope characterises as long, erroneous, heavy, and tedious, but which he gives with what he calls a "sifted and garbled" translation the following passage of it—"contra ingruentem Fanaticorum

unquestionable "I am not," says he, "altogether unprovided for such a Work, having, during my long acquaintance with Him and his Friends, informed myself of most of the considerable Circumstances of his Life" *Life of Seth, Lord Bishop of Salisbury*, 1697, p. 2 "And now I have brought him to Oxford, where I first became acquainted with him, I can proceed upon more certain grounds, I promise not to put any thing upon the Reader now, but what either I know or have heard attested by those whom I could trust" *Id* p. 22

The two works next to be mentioned were indisputably written by John Webster of Clitheroe. One is *Metallographia* or, *An History of Metals* Wherein is declared the signs of Ores and Minerals both before and after digging, the causes and manner of their generations, their kinds, sorts, and differences, with the description of sundry new Metals, or Semi-Metals, and many other things pertaining to Mineral knowledge. As also, the handling and shewing of their Vegetability, and the discussion of the most difficult Questions belonging to Mystical Chymistry, as of the Philosophers Gold, their Mercury, the Lappon Alkalest, Aurum potable, and such like. Gathered forth of the most approved Authors that have written in Greek, Latine, or High-Dutch, With some Observations and Discoveries of the Author himself. By John Webster Practitioner in Physick and Chirurgery. Qui principia naturalia in seipso ignoraverit, hic jam multum remotus est ab arte nostra, quoniam non habet radicem veram supra quam intentionem suam fundet. *Geber* *Sun* perfect 1 c. 1 p. 21.

Sed non ante datus telluris aperta subire,
Aure omnes quam quis decerpserit arboris fetus

Jug *Incud* 1 6

London, Printed by A. C. for Walter Kettibby at the Bishops-Head in Ducklane*, 1671, 4to. The other is *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft* Wherein is affirmed that there are many sorts of Deceivers and Impostors. And Divers persons under a passive Delusion of Melancholy and Fancy. But that there is a Corporeal League made betwixt the Devil and the Witch, Or that he sucks on the Witches Body, his Carnal Copulation, or that Witches are turned into Cats, Dogs, raise Tempests, or the like, is utterly denied and disproved. Wherein also is handled, the Existence of Angels and Spirits, the truth of Apparitions, the Nature of Astral and Sydereal Spirits, the force of Charms and Philters, with other abstruse matters. By John Webster, Practitioner in Physick. *Falsæ etenam opiniones Hominum preoccupantes, non solum surdos, sed & cecos faciunt, ita ut*

barbariem quid litteris ubique prestatant, vindictæ agnoscunt Academice," Pope renders thus, "he wrote also a Vindication of the Universities, in reply to one Webster of Clitheroe, who had writ a Pamphlet to prove them useless" *Life of Seth, Lord Bishop of Salisbury*, 1697, pp. 185, 188. In an earlier part of the work just quoted we are told, "Whilst he [Ward] continued in that Chair, besides his Public Lectures, he wrote several Books. one, in English and a jocose stile, against one Webster, assailing the Usefulness of the Universities" p. 27

* Instead of "Ducklane" some copies have "St Paul's Church-yard"

valere nequeant quæ alius perspicua apparent *Galen lib 8 de Comp Med, London, Printed by J M and are to be sold by the Booksellers in London, 1677, folio* Now, Dr Henry More has attacked John Webster's *Displaying of supposed Witchcraft* in his *Opera Philosophica*, and in the "*Præfatio Generalissima*" prefixed to that collection, 1679, he alludes as follows, not only to it, but also to another production of the same writer, which is manifestly the *Academiarum Examen* "De modo autem quo in Scholis eos exceperim qui nostra impugnaverunt, est sane, festivus licet aliquando & jocosus, perpetuo tamen benignus. Nec certe severi offensique animi larvam contra quenquam indui præterquam unum Websterum. Quem non sic trictasse præter decorem profecto futurum fuisset, & omnino præterisse pigrum quid & ignavum. Quis cum ferre potuit hominem fatuum virorum optimorum doctissimorumque memorie tanto cum supercilio ac fastu insultantem & tanta præterea cum inscitia & imperitia? Quis summis Philosophis summisque Legislatoribus, Mose ipso non excepto, classe ignorantie Notum, etiam eis in rebus de quibus statuunt, turpiter impudentique innotentem? Quis Theologum si placet, & in sacris, ut gloriatur, a Reverendo Episcopo, D^{no} M., Ordinebus olim institutum, ad Castra quasi Atheorum omnes Angelos mere corporeos faciendo transfugientem, et Animam tamen humanam, ne nimis obvium & expositum censuris hominum se redderet, fucate subdoleque profitendo immatrem? fœdumque passim seculi hujus Somatistici Pueritium se gerentem et Gnatonem? Ut taceam quam indigne & quam imperite interim ac imbecilliter nostra vellicaverit, beneque a me provisâ diligenterque explorata Principia quam impotenter, sed irrito proisus opere labefactare conatus sit, et cum ne intelligeret quidem quæ scripsi (ut videre est ex ineptis illius Objectionibus), quo usum tamen honestissimorum meorum studiorum fructumque in publicum frustari posset, non obliuientis solum sed & vincentis speciem, ad vulgo imponendum, ausus sit dare. Talem, inquam, nactus Adversarium, Academiarum porro nostrarum, eis temporibus quibus spes aliqua subeat nocendi, importunum Calumniatorem & Sycophantam, nunc vero abjectissimum Somatistarum Pueritium, miserumque sed impudentem Lammum Patiorum, parum profecto putabam. Objectiones ejus diluere, quod facillimo fit negotio, argumentaque alliti confutare, nisi insulsam præter hominis temeritatem intolerandamque insolentiam castiguem. Sic enim fas est & sic oportet fieri in hoc genus hominum, qui sanctissimum Philosophiæ nomen usurpantes, omnes bonos Philosophiæ limes misera sua immiscendo commenta subvertunt" p. xvi†

Not is evidence wanting in the works themselves that the *Academiarum Examen*, *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, and the *Metallographia* were written by the same individual

* See the second quotation from the *Displaying of supposed Witchcraft* in p. xxiv

† This passage was kindly pointed out to me by my learned friend, Mr James Crossley of Manchester.

The author of the *Acad Examen* was educated at Cambridge * "On the 12th of October, 1653," says Antony Wood, "he [i.e. William Ebury] with John Webster, sometimes a Cambridge scholar, endeavoured to knock down learning and the ministry together, in a disputation that they then had against two ministers in a church in Lombud Street in London" *Athen Oxon* vol iii p 361, ed Bliss We must bear in mind while we read the preceding extract that the Sermons of the author of the *Acad Examen* were preached in All-Hallows, Lombard Street "As for Dell [who also attacked the Universities, and to whom Seth Ward wrote an answer, published together with his reply to Webster], he had been educated in Cambridge, and Webster, who was then, or lately, a chaplain in the parliament army, had, as I conceive, been educated there also" *Id* vol iv p 250 Webster of Clitheroe, we may gather from the following passage, had been educated at the same seat of learning "But I that then [i.e. in my youth] was much guilty of curiosity, and loth to be imposed upon in a thing of that nature, then also knowing the way and manner how all the common Jugglers about Cambridge and London (who make a Trade of it) did perform their Tricks," &c *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 62

The author of the *Acad Examen* was a preacher Webster of Clitheroe, "practitioner in physic," had also received holy orders "Dr Thomas Morton, then Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield to whose memory I cannot but owe and make manifest all due respect, because he was well known unto me, and by the imposition of whose hands I was ordained Presbyterian when he was Bishop of Durham" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 275 "About the year 1634, it came to pass that this said Boy was brought into the Church of Kildwick, a large parish Church, where I (being then Curate there) was preaching in the afternoon" *Id* p 277

The author of the *Acad Examen* had been in army-chaplain Webster of Clitheroe, it may be inferred from the following passage, had served in the same capacity, "And it will as far fail, that wounded bodies, that have been slain in the wars, after the natural heat be gone, will upon motion bleed any flesh or crimson blood at all, for we ourselves in the late times of Rebellion have seen some thousands of dead bodies, that have had divers wounds, and lying naked and being turned over and over, and by ten or twelve thrown into one pit, and yet not one of them have issued any fresh and pure blood" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 306

The author of the *Acad Examen* was a believer in astrology, so was Webster of Clitheroe The author of the *Acad Examen* was a devoted admirer of the mystic chemistry of Paracelsus, Helmont, &c, so was Webster of Clitheroe

* I could find no mention of any John Webster in the Indices to Cole's voluminous MS collections in the Brit Museum

I proceed to exhibit some striking parallel passages from the *Academiarum Examen*, *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, and the *Metallographia*

"And it is true that supposed difficulty, and impossibility, are great causes of determent from attempting or trying of new discoveries and enterprises, for the sloathful person usually cryeth, go not forth, there is a Lion or Bear in the way, and if *Columbus* had not had the spirit to have attempted, against all seeming impossibilities and discouragements, never had he gained that immortal honour, nor the Spaniards been Masters of the rich *Indies*, for we often admire why many things are attempted which appear to us as impossible, and yet when attained, we wonder they were no sooner set upon and tried, so though the means here prescribed may seem weak and difficult to be put into use, yet being practised may be found easy and advantageous. And I hope *newness* need not be a brand to any endeavor or discovery, seeing it is but a *meer relative to our intellects*, for that of which we were ignorant being discovered to us, we call new, which ought rather to mind us of our imbecility and ignorance, than to be any stain or scandal to the thing discovered, for doubtlessly he said well that accounted Philosophy to be that which taught us *nil admiri*, and admiration is alwaies the daughter of ignorance." *Acad. Examen, Epistle to the Reader*

"Antiquity and Novelty are but *relations quoad nostrum intellectum, non quoad naturam*, for the truth, as it is fundamentally in things *extra intellectum*, cannot be accounted either old or new. And an opinion, when first found out and divulged, is as much a truth then, as when the current of hundreds or thousands of years have passed since its discovery. For it was no less a truth, when in the infancy of Philosophy it was holden, that there was generation and corruption in Nature in respect of Individuals, than it is now. so little doth Time, Antiquity, or Novelty alter, change, confirm, or overthrow truth, for *veritas est temporis filia*, in regard of its discovery to us or by us, who must draw it forth *è puteo Democriti*. And the existence of the *West Indies* was as well before the discovery made by *Columbus* as since, and our ignorance of it did not impeach the truth of its being, neither did the novelty of its discovery make it less verity, nor the years since make it more. so that we ought simply to examine, whether an opinion be possible or impossible, probable or improbable, true or false, and if it be false, we ought to reject it, though it seem never so venerable by the white hairs of Antiquity, nor ought we to refuse it, though it seem never so young or near its birth. For, as St Cyprian said *Error vetustatis est vetustas erroris*" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 15

"What shall I say of the Science or art of Astrology? Shall the blind fury of Misotechnists and malicious spirits deter me from giving it the commendations that it deserves? shall the Academies who have not only sleighted and neglected it, but

also scoffed at it, terrifie me from expressing my thoughts of so noble and beneficial a Science? . . . And therefore I cannot, without detracting from worth and vertue, pass without a due Elogy in the commendation of my learned and industrious Countrymen, Mr Ashmole, Mr William Lilly, Mr Booker, Mr Sanders, Mr Culpeppet, and others, who have taken unwearied pains for the resuscitation and promotion of this noble Science, and with much patience against many unworthy scandals have laboured to propagate it to posterity, and if it were not beyond the present scope I have in hand, I should have given sufficient reasons in the vindication of Astrology" *Acad Examen*, p 51

"And that there is and may be a lawful use of Astrology, and many things may be foretold by it, few that are judicious are ignorant" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 28 "And that there are great and hidden virtues both in Plants and Minerals, especially in Metals and Precious Stones, as they are by Nature produced, by Mystical Chymistry prepared and exalted, or commixed and insculped in their due and fit constellations, may not only be proved by the instances foregoing, but also by the reasons and authorities of persons of great judgment and experience in the secrets of nature, &c . . . Neither are those arguments of that learned person Gallicotus Martius, for defending the natural and lawful effects of Planetary Sigills, when prepared forth of agreeable matter, and made in their due constellations, of such small weight as some insipid ignorants have pretended, but are convincing to any considerate and rational person" *Id* p 161

"What shall I say of Staticks, Architecture, Pneumatithmic, Statuarithmetrie, and the rest enumerated by that expert and learned man, Dr John Dee, in his *Preface before Euclide*?" *Acad Examen*, p 52

"Another of our Countrymen, Dr John Dee, the greatest and ablest Philosopher, Mathematician, and Chymist that his Age (or it may be ever since) produced, could not evade the censure of the Monster-headed multitude, but even in his life time was accounted a Conquerer, of which he most sadly (and not without cause) complaineth in his most learned *Preface to Euclid*" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 7.

"Was not Magick amongst the Persians accepted for a sublime Sapience, and the science of the universal consent of things? And were not those men (supposed Kings) that came from the East styled by that honourable name *Mayoi*, Magi, or Wisemen, which the Holy Ghost gives unto them, thereby to denote out that glorious mystery of which they were made partakers by the revelation of that spirit of life and light? Neither do I here Apologize for that impious and execrable Magick, that either is used for the hurt and destruction of mankind, or pretends to gain knowledge from him who is the grand enemy of all the sons of Adam, no, that I truly

abominate . But that which I defend is that noble and laudable Science," &c. *Acad. Examen*, p. 69

"It was not in vain superstitious Magick (wherewith, as Comingius laboureth to prove, they were much infected), but in the laudable Sciences of Arithmetick, Politicks, Geometry, Astronomy, and then Hieroglyphick learning, which doubtless contained natural and lawful Magick (such as those Magicians were partakers of, that came to worship Christ, whose learning all the Fathers and Interpreters do justifie to be good, natural, and lawful), the Art of Medicine, and knowledge of natural and artificial things, as in the next Branch we shall more at large make appear" *Metallographia*, p. 8

"Paracelsus, that singular ornament of Germany" *Acad. Examen*, p. 70

"That totius Germaniæ decus, Paracelsus" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p. 9

"Now how false the Aristotelian Philosophy is in itself is in put made cleer, and more is to be said of it hereafter, and therefore truth and experience will declare the imperfection of that medicinal knowledge that stands upon no better a basis. For Galen, then great Coryphæus and Antesignanus, hath laid down no other principles to build medicinal skill upon, than the doctrine of Aristotle, For this same author

hath said enough sufficiently to confute and overthrow the whole Fabrick of the Galemeal learning, which here I forbear to insert. And therefore it is very strange that the Schools, nay, in a manner, the whole world, should be enchanted and infatuated to admire and own this ignorant Pagan [Galen], who being ambitious of erecting his own fame," &c. *Acad. Examen*, pp. 72-3. "That neither antiquity nor novelty may take place above verity, lest it debarre us from a more diligent search after truth and Science. Neither that universality of opinion be any president or rule to sway our judgements from the investigation of knowledge, for what matter is it whether we follow many or few, so the truth be our guide? for we should not follow a multitude to do evil, and it is better to accompany verity single, than falsity and error with never so great a number. Neither is it fit that Authority (whether of Aristotle or any other) should inchain us, but that there may be a general freedome to try all things, and to hold fast that which is good, that so there might be a Philosophical liberty to be bound to the authority of none but truth itself, then will men take pains, and arts will flourish" *Id.*, pp. 109-10

"If the comparison I use be thought too large, and the rule be put only as to the greater part of the Learned that are in Europe, yet it will hold good that the greatest part of the Learned are not to be adhered to because of their numerousness, nor that the rest are to be rejected because of their paucity. did not the greatest number of the Physicians in Europe altogether adhere to the Doctrine of Galen, though now in Germany, France, England, and many other

Nations, the most have exploded it? And was not the Aristotelian Philosophy embraced by the greatest part of all the Learned in Europe? And have not the Cartesians and others sufficiently now manifested the errors and imperfections of it? . . . So that, multitude, as multitude, ought not to lead or sway us, but truth itself . . . It is not safe nor rational to receive or adhere to an opinion because of its Antiquity nor to reject one because of its Novelty" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 14

"Especially since our never-sufficiently honoured Countryman Doctor Harvey discovered that wonderful secret of the bloods cuculatory motion" *Acad Examen*, p 71

"Our learned and most industrious Anatomist Dr Harvey, who (notwithstanding the late cavils of some) first found forth and evidenced to the World that rare and profitable discovery of the Circulation of the blood" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 3

"Our learned Countryman Dr Fludd" *Acad Examen*, p 74

"Our Countryman Dr Flud, a person of much learning" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 319

"Secondly, they are as ignorant in the most admirable and soul-ravishing knowledge of the three great Hypostatical principles of nature, Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury, first mentioned by Basilus Valentinus, and afterwards clearly and evidently manifested by that miracle of industry and pains Theophrastus Paracelsus And though Helmont, with the experiments of his Gehennal fire and some other solid arguments, labour the labefaction of this truth, yet doth he not prove that they are not Hypostatical principles, but onely that they are not the ultimate reduction that the possibility of art can produce, which he truly proves to be water" *Acad Examen*, p 76

"The ancient Chymical Philosophers held that the matter out of which the Metals were generated, were Sulphur and Mercury, but Basilus Valentinus, Paracelsus, and the latter Chymists, have added Salt as a third" *Metallographia*, p 72 "Sometimes (and perhaps not untruly) they affirm the Metals to be generated of the element of Water, as Helmont, who proves not onely that metallick bodies, but also all other Concretes to have then rise from thence, and demonstrateth the immutability of elemental Water" *Id*, p 79 [78]

"Another is no less faulty and hurtful than the precedent, and that is their too much admiring of, and adhering to antiquity, or the judgement of men that lived in ages far removed from us, as though they had known all things, and left nothing for the discovery of those that came after in subsequent ages. . . . And indeed we

usually attribute knowledge and experience to men of the most years, and therefore these being the latter ages of the world should know more, for the grandævity of the world ought to be accounted for antiquity, and so to be ascribed to our times, and not to the Junior age of the world, wherein those that we call the antients did live, so that *antiquitas sæculi, juvenus mundi.*" *Acad. Examen*, pp 93-4

"In regard of Natural Philosophy and the knowledge [*sic*] of the properties of created things, and the knowledge of them, we preposterously reckon former Ages, and the men that lived in them, the Ancients, which in regard of production and generation of the Individuals of their own Species are so, but in respect of knowledge and experience this Age is to be accounted the most ancient For as the learned Lord Bacon saith Indeed to speak truly, *Antiquitas sæculi, juvenus mundi*, Antiquity of time is the youth of the World Certainly our times are the ancient times, when the World is now ancient, and not those which we count ancient, *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from our own times, and yet so much credit hath been given to old Authors as to invest them with the power of Dictators, that their words should stand, rather than admit them as Consuls to give advice" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 15.

It is certain, therefore, that John Webster the dramatist, and John Webster of Clitheroe, were different persons the former was a writer for the stage as early as 1601, the latter was not born till 1610, and died in 1682 *

* See Whitaker's *Hist of Whalley and Clitheroe*, pp 285, 493, ed 1818 Dr Whitaker seems never to have suspected that Webster of Clitheroe, on whose learning and talents he bestows just praise, was the author of the *Academiaarum Examen*

I may notice that *A Declaration of the Lords and Commons*, dated July 6th, 1644, was put forth against a John Webster and others as "Incendiaries between the United Provinces and the Kingdom and Parliament of England," and that all the said "Incendiaries" were *merchants*

ADDENDUM

IN the prefatory remarks on *The White Devil* I have accidentally omitted to mention (what was obligingly communicated to me in a letter from Mr Jourdain de Gutwick, June 19th, 1852) that "it is taken from the Life of Sixtus Vth, the husband of Vittoria being the nephew of the Pope"—Vide *Biogr Univ* sub "Accoramboni (Virginic)" —in the same work, sub "Sixte Quint," is a reference to a publication, which I have not seen, entitled "*L'Histoire de Vittoria Accorambona*, 3^e edition, par M Adry "

THE WHITE DEVIL;

OR,

VITTORIA COROMBONA.

The White Devil or the Tragedy of Paulo Coriolano Ursini Duke of Brachiano, With the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona the famous Venetian Courtesan Acted by the Queens Maiesties Servants Written by John Webster Non inferiora secutus London, Printed by N O for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his Shop in Popes head Pallace, neere the Rowall Exchange 1612 4to

The White Devil, or, the Tragedy of Paulo Coriolano Ursini Duke of Brachiano, With the Life, and Death, of Vittoria Corombona the famous Venetian Courtesan Acted by the Queens Maiesties Servants, at the Phoenix, in Drury lane Written by John Webster Non inferiora secutus London, Printed by I N for Hugh Perry, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Harrow in Britains burse 1631 4to

There were also editions in 1667, and 1672, and an alteration of it by N Tate called *Injured Love, or the Cruel Husband*, appeared in 1707 It has been reprinted in the different editions of Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, and in the *Ancient British Drama*

The reader who is familiar with original editions of our early poets will not be surprised to learn that some copies of the 4to of 1612 differ slightly in several places from other copies of the same edition a collation of my own copy with that in the Garrick collection (vol II 22) has furnished some various readings which I have given in the course of my notes Such differences arose no doubt from alterations having been made in the text after a portion of the impression had been worked off* I have not thought it necessary to set down every minute variation found in the 4tos of 1611 and 1672 as though they in several places rectify the errors of the two earliest 4tos they are comparatively of little authority The notes which have the names of Reed, Steevens, Gilchrist, and Collier attached to them, are taken from the second and third editions of Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*

In a rare volume of poetry *Trigrams theological, philosophical, and romantic, Six books, also the Socratick Session or the Arrangement and Correction of Julius Scaurus, with other Select Poems By S Sheppard, 1651, 8vo, are the following lines*

"On Mr Webster's most excellent Tragedy, called the White Devil

"Wee will no more admire I uripides,
Nor praise the Tragick stonies of Sophocles,
For why † thou in this Tragedie hast fram'd
All well worth that euen in them be nam'd
How lively are thy persons fitted and
How pretty are thy lines! thy Verses stand
Like unto precious Jewels set in gold
And give thy silent Prose I once was told
By one well skild in Arts, he thought thy Play
Was onely worthy Eare to beare away
From all before it Brachianos Ill
Murdering his Dutchesse hath by thy rare skill
Made him renowned Flammeo such another,
The Devils duling Murderer of his brother,
His part most strange (given him to Act by thee)
Doth gaine him Credit, and not Calumnie
Vittoria Corombona, that fild Whore,
Dequ' ite Lewdnesse woltring in his gore,
Subtile Francisco all of them shall bee
Cald it as Comets by Posteritie
And thou meane time with never withering Byes
Shalt Crowned bee by all that read thy Layes"

Lib V Epig 27, pp 133, 134

From *A Funeral Play on the death of the famous actor Richard Burbadge* (printed in Mr Collier's *Memoirs of the principal actors in the plays of Shakespear*, p 52, ed Shakes Soc) we learn that the part of Brachiano in *The White Devil* was performed by Burbadge

* This is also the case with the old copies of some other of our authors plays Gifford discovered similar variations in some of the early 4tos of Massinger, vide his Introduction, p ccc ed 181 see too the prefatory remarks to Poles *Honour of the Garter* in my ed of his Works

† For why] i e Because, for the reason that

TO THE READER.

IN publishing this tragedy, I do but challenge to myself that liberty which other men have taken before me: not that I affect praise by it, for *non hoc norimus esse nihil*;^{*} only, since it was acted in so dull a time of winter, presented in so † open and black a theatre, ‡ that it wanted (that which is the only grace and setting out of a tragedy) a full and understanding auditory, and that, since that time, I have noted most of the people that come to that play house resemble those ignorant asses, who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books, I present it to the general view with this confidence,—

*Nec roncehos metues malignorum,
Nec scombus tunicas dabis molestas §*

If it be objected this is no true dramatic poem, I shall easily confess it, *non potes in nugas dicere plura meas ipse ego quam dixi* || Willingly, and not ignominiously, in this kind have I faulted for, should a man present to such an auditory the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of style, and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious Chorus, and, as it were, given death in the passionate and weighty Nuntius, yet, after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum terra*, ¶ the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude is able to poison it, and, ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene thus of Horace,

*Hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques ***

To those who report I was a long time in finishing this tragedy, I confess, I do not write with a goose quill winged with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that of Euripides to Alcestides, †† a tragic writer Alcestides objecting that Euripides had only, in three days, composed three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred, "Thou tellest truth," quoth he, "but here's the difference,—thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages"

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: for mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened style of Master Chapman, the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson, the no less worthy composesures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher, and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare, Master Dekker, and Master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light, protesting that, in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial,

Non norunt hæc monumenta mori ††

* *Non hoc, &c*] Martial, viii 2

† *dull a time of winter presented in so*] These words are found only in the 4to of 1612

‡ *black a theatre*] 'I think we should read *black* i.e. vacant, unsupplied with articles necessary toward theatrical representation" STEEVENS—"Qy black?" MS note by Malone

§ *Nec roncehos, &c*] Martial, iv 87

|| *non potes, &c*] Martial viii 3

¶ *O dura, &c*] Horace, Epod iii

** *Hæc porcis, &c*] Epist I 7

†† *that of Euripides to Alcestides, &c*] "Itaque etiam quod Alcestidi tragico poetæ [Euripides] respondit, probabile apud quem cum quæreretur quod eo triduo non ultra tres versus maximo impenso labore deducere potuisset, atque 2880 centum perfacile scriptis 2880 gloriaretur 'hæc hoc,' inquit, 'interest, quod tui in triduum tantummodo, mei vero in omne tempus sufficient'" Valerius Maximus, Lib iii 7,—where the word "Alcestidi" is very questionable

‡‡ *Non norunt, &c*] x 2

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MONTICERIO, a cardinal afterwards Pope
FRANCISCO DE MEDICI Duke of Florence
BRACHIANO otherwise Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, husband to ISABELLA
GIOVANNI, his son
COUNT LODOVICO
CAMILLO husband to VITTORIA
FLAMINIO, brother to VITTORIA, secretary to BRACHIANO
MARCELO brother to VITTORIA, attendant on FRANCISCO DE MEDICI
HORENSIO
ANTONELLI
GASPARO
FARNESIO
CARLO
PEDRO
DORRON
CONJURER
JAWYER
JAQUES
JULIO
CHRISTOPHERO

ISABELLA, sister to FRANCISCO DE MEDICI, wife to BRACHIANO
VITTORIA COROMBONA married first to CAMILLO, afterwards to BRACHIANO
CORNELIA, mother to VITTORIA
ZANCHE, a Moor, waiting woman to VITTORIA
Matron of the House of Conventiles

Ambassadors, Physicians, Officers Attendants, &c.

In mentem auctoris
Sciri veta quid sit mulier? quo percitet ostro?
*In tibi, & supras, cum sate, mille sales **
J WILSON

* These lines are not found in the two earliest 4tos. In the 4to of 1665 they have the initials J W subjoined to them in that of 1672 they are signed J Wilson

THE WHITE DEVIL;

OR,

VITTORIA COROMBONA.

Enter Count Lodovico, ANTONELLI, and Gasparo*

Lod Banish'd!

Ant It griev'd me much to hear the sentence

Lod Ha, ha! O Democritus, thy gods
That govern the whole world 'countly reward
And punishment Fortune's a right whore
If she give aught, she deals it in small parcels,
That she may take away all at one swoop &
'Tis 'tis to have great enemies --God quit them!
Your wolf no longer seems to be a wolf
Than when she's hungry

Gasp You term those enemies
Are men of princely rank

Lod O, I pray for them
The violent thunder is ador'd by those
Are push'd & in pieces by it

Ant Come, my lord,
You are justly doom'd look but a little back
Into your former life, you have in three years
Run'd the noblest earldom

Gasp Your followers
Have swallow'd you like mummies,|| and, being sick

With such unnatural and horrid physis,
Vomit you up i'the kennel

Ant All the damnable degrees
Of drinkings have you stagger'd through one
citizen

Is lord of two fair manors call'd you master
Only for civility

Gasp Those noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigal feasts
(Wherein the phoenix scarce could scape your
throats)

Laugh at your misery, as fore deeming you
An idle meteor, which, drawn forth the earth,
Would be soon lost i'the air

Ant Jest upon you,
And say you were begotten in an earthquake,
You have ruin'd such fair lordships.

Lod Very good
This well goes with two buckets I must tend
The pouring out of either

Gasp Worse than these,
You have acted certain murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror

Lod 'Las, they were flea-bitings
Why took they not my head, then?

Gasp O, my lord,
The law doth sometimes mediate thinks it good
Not ever to steep violent sins in blood
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times

Lod So, but I wonder, then, some great men
scape

This banishment their's Paulo Giordano Ursini,

now consumeth Mummies is become merchandise, Miz-
ram cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." *Ura Burial*, p. 28 ed 1658

* *Enter Count Lodovico, &c*] Scene Rome A street[']
† *all at one swoop*] "So Shakespeare,

"Whit, all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop?" *Macbeth*, act IV sc 3" STEPHENS
‡ *quit*] i.e. requite

§ *push'd*] The 4tos of 1665 and 1672 "dash" — The
naming of *push* and *dash* are thus rightly distinguished
by Gifford "the latter signifies to throw one thing
with violence against another the former, to strike a
thing with such force as to crush it to pieces" Note on
Messinger's Virgin Martyr act II sc 2

|| *mummies*] The most satisfactory account of the
different kinds of mummy formerly used in medicine,
is to be found in a quotation from Hill's *Materia Medica*,
in Johnson's *Dictionary*, v. *mummy*, to which I refer the
reader — "The Egyptian mummies," says Sir Thomas
Brown, "which Cambyces or time hath inspired, advance

The Duke of Brachiano, now lives in Rome,
And by close panderism seeks to prostitute
The honour of Vittoria Corombona,
Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon
For one kiss to the duke

Ant Have a full man within you
We see that trees bear no such * pleasant fruit
There where they grew first as where they are
new set

Perfumes, the more they are chaf'd, † the more
they render

Their pleasing scents, and so affliction
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true
Or else adulterate

Lod Leave your painted comforts
I'll make Italian cut-works ‡ in their guts,
If ever I return

Gasp O, sir!

Lod I am patient

I have seen some ready to be executed
Give pleasant looks and money, and grown familiar
With the knave hangman so do I I thank
them,

And would account them nobly merciful,
Would they despatch me quickly

Ant Fare you well

We shall find time, I doubt not, to repeal
Your banishment

Lod I am ever bound to you
This is the world's alms, pray, make use of it
Great men sell sheep thus to be cut in pieces,
When first they have shorn them late and sold
their fleeces

[*Exeunt*]

Scenet § Enter BRACHIANO, || CAMILLO FLAMINIO,
VITTORIA COROMBONA, and Attendants

Brach Your best of rest!

Vit Cor Unto my lord, the duke,

The best of welcome!—More lights! attend the
duke

[*Recount CAMILLO and VITTORIA COROMBONA*]

Brach Flaminio,—

Flam My lord?

Brach Quite lost, Flaminio

Flam Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your service O, my lord,
The fair Vittoria, my happy sister, [*Whisper.*]
Shall give you present audience—Gentlemen,
Let the caroches go on, and 'tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches, and depart

[*Recount Attendants.*]

Brach Are we so happy?

Flam Can't be otherwise?

Obser'd you not to night, my honour'd lord,
Which way so'er you went, she threw her eyes?
I have dealt already with her chamber-maid,
Zanche the Moor, and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit

Brach We are happy above thought, because
'bove merit

Flam 'Bove merit!—we may now talk freely
—'bove merit! What is't you doubt? her coy-
ness? that's but the superficial of lust most
women have yet why should ladies blush to
hear that named which they do not fear to
handle? O, they are politic they know our desire
is increased by the difficulty of enjoying, whereas
satiety is a blunt, weary, and drowsy passion *
If the buttery hatch at court stood continually
open, there would be nothing so passionate
crowding, nor hot suit after the beverage

Brach O, but her jealous husband

Flam Hang him! a gelding that hath his brains
perished with quick silver is not more cold in the
liver the great barriers moulted not more
feathers † than he hath shed hairs, by the con-
fession of his doctor an Irish gambster that will
play himself naked, ‡ and then wagcall downwards
at hazard, is not more venturous so unable to

* whereas satiety is a blunt, weary, and drowsy passion]
"Fie on this satiety, 'tis a dull, blunt weary, and drowsy
passion" Marston's *Parasitaster* or *The Tawny*, 1606,
Sig. F 4

† the great barriers moulted not more feathers] "1 c
more feathers were not dislodged from the helmets of
the combatants at the great tilting match" *STEEVENSON*

‡ an Irish gambster that will play himself naked] "Bar-
naby Rhee in his *New Description of Ireland* 1610, p. 38,
says, 'There is (I c in Ireland) a certain brotherhood,
called by the name of *Karroones* and these be common
gambsters, that do only exercise playing at cards, and
they will play away their mantles and their shirts from
their backs, and when they have nothing left them, they
will trusse themselves in straw this is the life they lead,
and from this they will not be reclaimed'" *REED*

* such] Some copies of the 4to of 1612 "sweet"

† Perfumes, the more they are chaf'd, &c.] Compare Lord
Bacon's *Essays* "Certainly virtue is like precious odours
most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed, for
prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth
best discover virtue" *Of Adversity*

Our author in *The Duchess of Malfis*—

"Man, like to cresset, is prov'd best, being bruis'd"

Act III sc 5

‡ cut-works] Todd, in his additions to Johnson's *Dic-
tionary*, wrongly explains cutwork to be "work in em-
broidery" it is a kind of open work, made by cutting
out or stamping

§ *Scenet*] i e a particular sounding of trumpets or
cornets, not a flourish, as it has sometimes been ex-
plained.—In the 4tos this portion of the stage-direction
is put on the margin opposite the preceding speech of
Lodovico, and given thus "Enter Senate"

|| Enter Brachiano, &c.] Scene The same An outer
apartment in Camillo's house.

ple use a woman, that, like a Dutch doublet, all his back is shrunk into his breeches
Shrowd you within this closet, good my lord
Some tick now must be thought on to divide
My brother in law from his fan bed-fellow

Brach O, should she fail to come?

Flam I must not have your lordship thus unwisely amorous I myself have loved a lady, and pursued her with a great deal of under-age protestation, whom some three or four gullants that have enjoyed would with all their hearts have been glad to have been rid of 'tis just like a summer bud-cage in a garden, the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair, and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out. Away, away, my lord!

[*Exit BRACHIANO*]

See, here he comes This fellow by his apparel
Some men would judge a politician,
But eil his wit in question, you shall find it
Merely an ass in's foot cloth *

Re enter CAMILLO †

How now, brother!

What, travelling to bed to your kind wife?

Cam I assure you, brother, no my voyages lies
More northerly, in a far colder clime
I do not well remember, I protest,
When I last lay with her

Flam Strange you should lose your count

Cam We never lay together, but ere morning
Thereto grow a flaw ‡ between us

Flam 'Thad been your part
To have made up that flaw

Cam True, but she loathes
I should be seen in't

Flam Why, sir, what's the matter?

Cam The duke your master visits me, I thank him,

And I perceive how, like an earnest bowler,
He very passionately leans that way
He should have his bowl run

* in's foot cloth) i.e. in his housings. See notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Richard III* Act III sc 4

† *Re enter Camillo*] It is hardly possible to mark with any certainty the stage business of this play. Though Brachiano, who has just withdrawn into a "closet," appears again at p 9 when Flamenco calls him—it would seem that the audience were to imagine that a change of scene took place here,—to another apartment of the house (at p 8 Flamenco says, "Sister, my lord attends you in the banquetting-house") In our author's days there was no painted movable scenery, and consequently a great deal was left to the imagination of the spectators

‡ *flaw* 'Flaw' anciently signified a *quarrel*, or *blast* [—a sense in which it is still used by seamen —D] it here means a quarrel" REED

Flam I hope you do not think—

Cam That noblemen bowl booty? faith, his cheek

Hath a most excellent bias,* it would fan
Jump with my mistress

Flam Will you be an ass,
Despite your† Aristotle? or a cuckold,
Contrary to your Ephemerides,
Which shows you under what a smiling planet
You were first swaddled?

Cam Pew wew, sn, tell not me
Of planets nor of Ephemerides
A man may be made a cuckold in the day-time,
When the stars' eyes are out

Flam Sn, God bless you ‡
I do commit you to your pitiful pillow
Stuff'd with horn-shavings

Cam Brother,—

Flam God refuse me,§
Might I advise you now, your only course
Were to lock up your wife

Cam Twere very good

Flam Bar her the sight of revellers

Cam Excellent

Flam Let her not go to church, but like a hound
In lyam || at your heels

Cam 'Twere for her honour

Flam And so you should be certain in one
fortnight,

Despite her chastity or innocence,
To be cuckolded, which yet is in suspense
Thus is my counsel, and I ask no fee for it

Cam Come, you know not where my night cap
wings me

Flam Woe it o the old fashion, let your

* faith, his cheek

Hath a most excellent bias] "So in *Titus and Cressida*,
2 iv s 5,

'Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek

Out swell the coils of Iustitia's Aquilon'" REED

† you] Both the earliest eds "you"

‡ God bless you] In the 4tos (as it is frequently spelt in old plays) "God boy you"

§ God refuse me] A fashionable imprecation at the time this play was written "would so in many else," says Taylor the water poet, "in their desperate madness desire God to Damn them to Renounce them to forsake them, to Confound them, to Sink them to Refuse them?" "*Against Cursing and Swearing*," Works, 1630, p 45 Compare also Middleton's *Family of Love*

"Mr P And what do they swan by, now their money is gone"

Club Why, by) and God r fave them "

Works, ii 122, ed Dyce

(In the passage just quoted the old copy has a break between brackets as given here)

|| *lyam*] All the 4tos have "*Leon*", which Steevens (as he will might) suspected to be an error of the press for *lean* (or *lyam*), i.e. *leash*

large ears come through, it will be more easy — nay, I will be bitter — bar your wife of her entertainment women are more willingly and more gloriously chaste, when they are least restrained of their liberty. It seems you would be a fine capricious mathematically jealous coxcomb, take the height of your own horns with a Jacob's staff, afore they are up. These politic inclosures for paltzy mutton make more rebellion in the flesh than all the provocative elixirs doctors have uttered * since last jubilee.

Cam This doth not physic me.

Flam It seems you are jealous. I'll show you the error of it by a familiar example. I have seen a pair of spectacles fashioned with such perspective ut, that, lay down but one twelve pence o' the board, 'twill appear as if there were twenty now, should you wear a pair of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her shoe, you would imagine twenty hands were taking up of your wife's clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causeless fury.

Cam The fault there, sir, is not in the eye sight.

Flam True, but they that have the yellow jaundice think all objects they look on to be yellow †. Jealousy is worse — her fit present to a man, like so many bubbles in a basin of water, twenty several crabbed faces, many times makes his own shadow his cuckold maker. See, she comes.

Re-enter VITTORIA COROMBONA.

What reason have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant ass or flattering knave might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida or ivory of Corinth, or compare her hair to the black bird's bill, when 'tis liker the black bird's feather! This is all — be wise, I will make you friends, and you shall go to bed together. Marry, look you, it shall not be your seeking, do you stand upon that by any means walk you aloof, I would not have you seen in't. [*CAMILLO retires*] Sister, my lord attends you in the banquetting house. Your husband is wondrous discontented.

Vit Cam I did nothing to displease him. I carved to him at supper time ‡.

* uttered † covered

† — they that have the yellow jaundice think all objects they look on to be yellow. "This thought is adopted by Pope.

"All seems infected that th' infected spy,

As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye." STEEVENS. So also Flecknoe, "As all things seem yellow to those infected with the jaundice, so all things seem of the colour of her suspicions." *Enigmatist Characters*, 1665, p. 56.

‡ I carved to him at supper time. Boswell, in a note on

Flam You need not have carved him, in faith, they say he is a capon already. I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall a gentleman so well descended as Camillo, — a lousy slave, that within this twenty years rode with the black guard * in the duke's carriage, 'mongst spits and dripping-pans, —

Cam Now he begins to tickle her.

Flam An excellent scholar, — one that hath a head filled with calves brains without any sage in them, — come crouching in the lams to you for a night's lodging? — that hath an itch in's ham, which like the fire at the glass house hath not gone out this seven years — is he not a comely gentleman? — when he wears white satin, one would take him by his black muzzle to be no other creature than a maggot — You are a goodly foil, I confess, well set out — but covered with a false stone, you counterfeit diamond †.

Cam He will make her know what is in me.

Flam Come, my lord attends you, thou shalt go to bed to my lord —

Cam Now he comes to t

Flam With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine — I am opening your case hard. [*To CAMILLO*]

Cam A virtuous brother, o' my credit!

Flam He will give thee a ring with a philosopher's stone in it.

Cam Indeed, I am studying alchemy.

Flam Thou shalt lie in a bed stuffed with turtles' feathers, swoon in perfumed linen, like the fellow was smothered in roses. So perfect shall be thy happiness, that, as men at sea think

Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 3 (where I am confident, the word "capon" is not used in its common acceptation), quotes the present passage of Webster and observes, "it seems to have been considered as a mark of kindness when a lady carved to a gentleman." In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1600, Sir Roderick says, "what do men marry for, but to stocke their ground and to have one to look to the hinnen, sit at the upper end of the table, and carve up a capon?" Sig. F. 2.

* the black guard † is the meanest drudges in royal residences and great houses, who rode in the vehicles which carried the furniture and domestic utensils from mansion to mansion. See Gifford's note, *Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. ii. p. 169.

† but covered with a false stone, you counterfeit diamond. So some copies of the 4to of 1612, other copies "but cover with a false stone your counterfeit diamond." the 4to of 1631, "but covered with a false stone you counterfeit diamond." the 4to of 1665 has the reading of some of the copies of that of 1612, followed in my text. the 4to of 1672 agrees with that of 1611. — The full meaning appears to be, "but [you, the goodly foil, are] covered with a false stone, [I am your husband Camillo,] you counterfeit diamond."

land and trees and ships go that way they go, so both heaven and earth shall seem to go your voyage. Shall't meet him, 'tis fixed with nails of diamonds to inevitable necessity.

Vit Cor How shall's rid him hence?

Flam I will put [the] brace on's tail,—set him gadding presently —[*To CAMILLO*] I have almost wrought her to it, I find her coming but, might I advise you now, for this night I would not lie with her, I would cross her humour to make her more humble.

Cam Shall I, shall I?

Flam It will show in you a supremacy of judgment.

Cam True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for, *que negata, grata*.

Flam Right you are the adamant* shall draw her to you, though you keep distance off.

Cam A philosophical reason.

Flam Walk by her on the nobleman's fashion and tell her you will lie with her at the end of the progress†.

Cam [coming forward] Vittoria, I cannot be induced, or, as a man would say, married—

Vit Cor To do what, sir?

Cam To lie with you to-night. Your silk worm useth to fast every third day, and the next following spins the better. To-morrow at night I am for you.

Vit Cor You'll spin a fair thread, trust to't.

Flam But, do you hear, I shall have you steal to her chamber about midnight.

Cam Do you think so? why, look you, brother, because you shall not think I'll gull you, take the key, lock me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

Flam In troth, I will, I'll be your galeel once. But have you ne'er a false door?

Cam A pox on't, as I am a Christian. Tell me to-morrow how scurvily she takes my unkind parting.

Flam I will.

Cam Didst thou not mark‡ the jest of the silk worm? Good night. In faith, I will use this trick often.

Flam Do, do, do. [*Exit CAMILLO, and FLAMINIO locks the door on him*] So now you are safe—Ha, ha, ha! thou entanglest thyself in

thine own work like a silk worm*—Come, sister, darkness hides your blush. Women are like civil dogs civility† keeps them tied all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good, or most mischief—My lord, my lord!

Re-enter BRACHIANO ZANCHE brings out a carpet, spreads it, and lays on it two fair cushions.

Brach Give credit I could wish time would stand still,

And never end this interview, this hour.

But all delight doth itself soonst devour.

Enter CORNELIA behind, listening

Let me into your bosom, happy lady,
Pour out, instead of eloquence, my vows.
Loose me not, madam, for, if you forgo me,
I am lost eternally.

Vit Cor Sir, in the way of pity,
I wish you heart whole.

Brach You are a sweet physician.

Vit Cor Sure, sir, a loathed cruelty in ladies
Is as to doctors many funerals,
It takes away their credit.

Brach Excellent creature!
We call the cruel fair—what name for you
That art so merciful?

Zan See, now they close.

Flam Most happy union.

Cor My fears are fall'n upon me. O, my heart!
My son the pander! now I find our house
Sinking to ruin. Earthquakes leave behind,
Where they have tyranniz'd, non, lead,† or stone,
But, woe to ruin, violent lust leaves none!

Brach What value is this jewel?

Vit Cor 'Tis the ornament
Of a weak fortune.

Brach In sooth, I'll have it, nay, I will but
change

My jewel for your jewel.

Flam Excellent!

His jewel for her jewel—well put in, duke.

Brach Nay, let me see you wear it.

Vit Cor Here, sir!

Brach Nay, lower, you shall wear my jewel
lower.

Flam That's better, she must wear his jewel
lower.

* thou entanglest thyself in thine own work like a silk-worm] 'Thus Pope,

'The silk worm thus spins fine his little store,
And shrouds till he clouds himself all over.' STEEVENS

† civility] The 4to of 1631, 'cruelty.'

‡ lead] The 4to of 1612, 'or lead.'

* adamant] i. e. magnet.

† the progress] i. e. the travelling of the sovereign and court to different parts of the kingdom.

‡ mark] So the 4to of 1672—The earlier 4tos, "make."

Vit Cor To pass away the time, I'll tell you
grace

A dream I had last night

Brach Most wishedly

Vit Cor A foolish tale dream

Methought I walk'd about the mid of night
Into a church yard, where a goodly yew tree
Spread her large root in ground Under that yew,
As I sat sadly leaning on a grave
Chequer'd with cross sticks, there came stealing
in

Your duchess and my husband one of them
A pack axe bore, the other a rusty spade,
And in rough terms they gan to challenge me
About this yew

Brach That tree?

Vit Cor This harmless yew

They told me my intent was to root up
That well grown yew, and plant in the stead of it
A wither'd black thorn, and for that they vow'd
To bury me alive My husband strught
With pick axe gan to dig, and your fell duchess
With shovel, like a Friar, voided out
The earth, and scatter'd bones Lord, how,
methought,

I trembled! and yet, for all this terror,
I could not pray

Flam No, the devil was in your dream

Vit Cor When to my rescue there arose, me
thought,

A whirlwind, which let fall a massy urn
From that strong plant,
And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,
In that base shallow grave that was their due

Flam Excellent devil! she hath taught him in
a dream

To make away his duchess and her husband

Brach Sweetly shall I interpret this your
dream

You are lodg'd within his arms who shall protect
you

From all the fevers of a jealous husband,
From the poor envy of our phlegmatic duchess
I'll seat you above law, and above scandal,
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight,
And the fruition, nor shall government
Divide me from you longer than a cue
To keep you great you shall to me at once
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and
all

Cor [coming forward] Woe to light hearts,
they still fore run our fall!

Flam What Fury rais'd thee up!—Away,
away!

[Exit ZANCHE]

Cor What make you here, my lord, this dead
of night?

Never dropp'd mildew on a flower here
Till now

Flam I pray, will you go to bed, then,
Lest you be blasted?

Cor O, that this fair garden
Had with * all poison'd herbs of Thessaly
At first been plant'd, made a nursery
For witchcraft, rather than a burial plot
For both your honours!

Vit Cor Dearest mother, hear me

Cor O, thou dost make my brow bend to the
earth,

Sooner than nature! See, the curse of children!
In life they keep us frequently in tears,
And in the cold grave leave us in pale fears

Brach Come, come, I will not hear you

Vit Cor Dear, my lord,—

Cor Where is thy duchess now, adulterous
duke?
Thou little dream'dst this night she is come to
Rome

Flam How! come to Rome!

Vit Cor The duchess!

Brach She had been better—

Cor The lives of princes should like dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong,

They make the times by them go right or wrong

Flam So, have you done?

Cor Unfortunate Camillo!

Vit Cor I do protest, if any chaste denial,
If any thing but blood could have allay'd
His long suit to me—

Cor I will join with thee,
To the most woeful and ever mother kneel'd
If thou dishonour thus thy husband's bed,
Be thy life short as are the funeral tears
In great men's—

Brach Fie, fie, the woman's mad

Cor Be thy act, Judas like,—betray in kissing
Myst thou be envied during his short breath,
And pitied like a wretch after his death!

Vit Cor O me accus'd! [Exit]

Flam Are you out of your wits, my lord?
I'll fetch her back again

Brach No, I'll to bed

Send Doctor Julio to me presently—
Uncharitable woman! thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fearful and prodigious storm
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm [Exit]

* *earth*] Omitted in both the earliest 4tos.

† *than*] Omitted in both the earliest 4tos

Flam Now, you that stand so much upon your honour,

Is this a fitting time o' night, think you,
To send a duke home without e'er a man?
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth
Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,
That I may bear my beard out of the level
Of my lord's stirrup

Cor What! because we are poor
Shall we be vicious?

Flam Pray, what means have you
To keep me from the galleys or the gallows?
My father prov'd himself a gentleman,
Sold all's land, and, like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent You brought
me up

At Padua, I confess, where, I protest,
For want of means (the university judge me)
I have been fain to heel my tutor's stockings,
At least seven years conspiring with a beard,
Made me a graduate, then to this duke's service
I visited the court, whence I returned
More courteous, more lecherous by far,
But not a suit the richer and shall I,
Having a path so open and so free
To my preferment, still return your milk
In my pale forehead? no, this face of mine
I'll arm, and fortify with lusty wine,
Guns't shame and blushing

Cor O, that I neer had borne thee!

Flam So would I,
I would the common'st courtesan in Rome
Had been my mother, rather than thyself
Nature is very pitiful to whores,
To give them but few children, yet those children
Plurality of fathers they are sure
They shall not want Go, go,
Complain unto my great lord cardinal
Yet* may be he will justify the act
Lycurgus woud'd much men would provide
Good stallions for their wives and yet would
suffer

Then sin wives to be barren

Cor Misery of miseries! [*Exit*]

Flam The duchess come to court! I like not
that

We are engag'd to mischief, and must on
As rivers to find out the ocean
Flow with crook bendings beneath forc'd banks,
Or as we see, to aspire some mountain's top,
The way ascends not straight, but imitates
The subtle foldings of a winter's† snake,

So who knows policy and her true aspect,
Shall find her ways winding and indirect [*Exit*]

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, Cardinal MONTICELLO,
MARCELLO, ISABELLA, young GIOVANNI, with little
JAQUES the Monk*

Fran de Med Have you not seen your husband
since you arriv'd?

Isab Not yet, sir

Fran de Med Surely he is wondrous† kind
If I had such a dove house as Camillo's,
I would set fire on't, were't but to destroy
The pole cats that haunt to it—My sweet cousin I
Giov Lord uncle, you did promise me a horse
And armour

Fran de Med That I did, my pretty cousin—
Marcello, see it fitted

Mur My lord, the duke is here

Fran de Med Sister, away! you must not yet
be seen

Isab I do beseech you,
Entreat him mildly, let not your rough tongue
Set us at louder variance all my wrongs
Are freely pardon'd, and I do not doubt,
As men, to try the precious unicorn's horn,‡
Make of the powder a preservative cure,
And in it put a spider, so these arms
Shall charm his poison, force it to obeying,
And keep him chaste from an infected staying

Fran de Med I wish it may Be gone, void
the chamber

[*Exeunt ISABELLA, GIOVANNI and JAQUES*]

Enter BRACHIA and LAMINIO

You are welcome will you sit?—I pray, my lord,
Be you my orator, my heart's too full,
I'll second you anon

Mont Ere I begin,

Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion,
Which may be raised by my face discourse

Brach As silent as the church you may
proceed

Mont It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you, having,§ as 'twere, enter'd the world
With a free sceptre in your able hand,

* *Inter Francisco de Medicis, &c.]* Scene—The same.
A room in Francisco's palace

† *wondrous]* The 4to of 1631 "wonderful"

‡ *unicorn's horn]* "The substance vendid is such used
to be esteemed a counter poison Andreas Ricci a
physician of Florence, affirms the pound of 16 ounces to
have been sold in the apothecaries' shops for 16 crowns
when the same weight of gold was only worth 14
crowns" Chambers's *Diet* See also Sir Thomas Brown's
Vulgar Errors B 3 C 23" RENN

§ *having]* So all the 4tos except that of 1612, which has
"have"

* *Yet]* The 4to of 1631 "at"

† *winter's]* The 4to of 1631 "winter"

And to the use of nature * well applied
 High gifts of learning, should in your prime age
 Neglect your awful throne for the soft down
 Of an insatiate bed O, my lord,
 The drunkard after all his lavish cups
 Is dry, and then is sober so at length,
 When you awake from this lascivious dream,
 Repentance then will follow, like the sting
 Plac'd in the adder's tail † Wretched are princes
 When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
 Of their unwieldy crowns, or lavisheth
 But one pearl from their sceptres ‡ but, alas,
 When they to wilful shipwreck lose good fame,
 All princely titles perish with their name †

Brach You have said, my lord

Mont Enough to give you taste

How far I am from fluttering your greatness

Brach Now you that are his second, what say you?

Do not like young hawks fetch a course about
 Your game flies far and for you

Fran de Med Do not fear it

I'll answer you in your own hawking phrase
 Some eagles that should gaze upon the sun
 Seldom soar high, but take their lustful ease,
 Since they from dunghill birds their prey can seize
 You know Vittoria †

Brach Yes

Fran de Med You shift your shirt there,
 When you retire from tennis?

Brach Happily ‡

Fran de Med Her husband is lord of a poor fortune,

Yet she wears cloth of tissue

Brach What of this?—

Will you urge that, my good lord cardinal,
 As part of her confession at next shrift,
 And know from whence it sails?

Fran de Med She is your strumpet

Brach Uncivil sir, there's hemlock in thy breath,

And that black slander Were she a whore of mine,

All thy loud cannons, and thy borrow'd Switzers,||

* And to the use of nature, &c.] All the 4tos "And have to the use of nature" &c. I have omitted "have" as unnecessary, rather than alter it to *having*, which the sense requires

† Repentance then will follow, like the sting

Plac'd in the adder's tail † So Thomson says,

'Amid the roses fierce repentance rears

Her snaky crest'

spring, l. 992" REED

‡ sceptres] The 4to of 1612 "scepter"

§ Happily] is frequently, as here, used for *happily* by our old writers

|| borrow'd Switzers] "The early dramatists appear to

Thy galleys, nor thy sworn confederates,
 Durst not supplant her

Fran de Med Let's not talk on thunder

Thou hast a wife, our sister would I had given
 Both her white hands to death, bound and lock'd
 fast

In her last winding sheet, when I gave thee
 But one †

Brach Thou hadst given a soul to God, then

Fran de Med True

Thy ghostly father, with all's absolution,
 Shall ne'er do so by thee

Brach Spit thy poison

Fran de Med I shall not need, lust carries
 her sharp whip

At her own girdle Look to t, for our anger
 Is making thunder bolts

Brach Thunder! in futh,

They are but crickets

Fran de Med We'll end this with the cannon

Brach Thoult get naught by it but iron in
 thy wounds,

And gunpowder in thy nostrils

Fran de Med Better that,

Than change perfumes for plasters

Brach Pity on thee

'Twere good you'd show your slaves or men con-
 demn'd

Your new plough'd * forehead defiance † and I'll
 meet thee,

Even in a thicket of thy ablest men

Mont My lords, ‡ you shall not word it any
 further

Without a middle limit

Fran de Med Willingly,

Brach Have you proclaim'd a triumph, that
 you but

A lion thus?

Mont My lord †

Brach I am tame, I am tame, sir

Fran de Med We send unto the duke for con-
 ference

'Bout levies against the pirates, my lord duke
 Is not at home we come ourselves in person,
 Still my lord duke is busied But we fear,

have delighted in making themselves merry with the
 Swiss mercenaries whose poverty, perhaps, rather than
 their natural inclination, induced them to lend their
 military services to their wealthy and contending neigh-
 bours, till, as Osborn cleverly expresses it, 'they be-
 came the cudgels with which the rest of the world dul
 upon all occasions but one another' (431 Edit 1682) †

O GUICHARD

* plough'd] Spelt in all the 4tos 'plow'd' Qy
 "plum'd" †

‡ lords] The 4to of 1631 "lord"

When Tiber to each prowling passenger
Discovers flocks of wild ducks, then, my lord,
'Bout moulting time I mean, we shall be certain
To find you sure enough, and speak with you
Brach Ha!

Fran de Med A mere tale of a tub, my words
are idle,

But to express the sonnet by natural reason,—
When stags grow melancholic, you'll find the
reason

Mont No more, my lord here comes a
champion
Shall end the difference between you both,—

Re-enter GIOVANNI

Your son, the prince Giovanni See, my lords,
What hopes you store in him this is a casket
For both your crowns, and should be held like
dear

Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know,
It is a more direct and even way
To train to virtue those of princely blood
By examples than by precepts if by examples,
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Than his own father? be his pattern, then,
Leave him a stock of virtue that may last,
Should fortune rend his souls and split his mast

Brach Your hind, boy growing to a* soldier?

Giov Give me a pike

Fran de Med What, practising your pike so
young, for war?

Giov Suppose me one of Homer's frogs, my
lord,

Tossing my bull rush thus Pray, sir, tell me,
Might not a child of good discretion
Be leader to an army?

Fran de Med Yes, cousin, a young prince
Of good discretion might

Giov Say you so?

Indeed, I have heard, 'tis fit a general
Should not endanger his own person oft,
So that he make a noise when he's o' horse
back,

Like a Dansk† drummer,—O, 'tis excellent! —
He need not fight —methinks his horse as well
Might lead an army for him If I live,
I'll charge the French foe in the very front
Of all my troops, the foremost man

Fran de Med What, what?

Giov And will not bid my soldiers up and
follow,
But bid them follow me

Brach Forward lap wing! *
He flies with the shell on's head

Fran de Med Pretty cousin!

Giov The first year, uncle, that I go to war,
All prisoners that I take I will set free
Without their ransom

Fran de Med Ha, without their ransom!
How, then, will you reward your soldiers
That took those prisoners for you?

Giov Thus, my lord,
I'll marry them to all the wealthy widows
That fall that year

Fran de Med Why, then, the next year
following,

You'll have no men to go with you to war

Giov Why, then, I'll press the women to the war,
And then the men will follow

Mont Witty prince!

Fran de Med See, a good habit makes a child
a man,

Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast
Come, you and I are friends

Brach Most wishedly,
Like bones which, broke in sundry, and well set,
Knit the more strongly

Fran de Med Call Camillo hither

[*Exit MARCELLO*]

You have receiv'd the rumour, how Count Lodo-
wick

Is turn'd a pirate?

Brach Yes

Fran de Med We are now preparing
Some ships to fetch him in Behold your
duchess

We now will leave you, and expect from you
Nothing but kind entreaty

Brach You have charm'd me

[*Enter FRANCISCO DE MENDOZA, MONTICELLO,
and GIOVANNI FLAMINIO return*]

Re-enter ISABELLA

You are in health, we see

Isab And above health,
To see my lord well

Brach So I wonder much
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome

Isab Devotion, my lord

Brach Devotion!

Is your soul charg'd with my grievous sin?

Isab 'Tis burden'd with too many, and I think,

* Forward lap wing!

He flies with the shell on's head] "So Horatio says in
Hamlet, A. 5. S. 2. 'Thus lap wing runs away with the
shell on his head' See Mr Steevens's note thereon"

REED

* a] Omitted in the 4to of 1612

† Dansk] i. e. Danish

The oftener that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleeps will be the sounder

Brach Take your chamber

Isab Nay, my dear lord, I will not have you
angry

Doth not my absence from you, now * two months,
Merit one kiss?

Brach I do not use to kiss
If that will dispossess your jealousy,
I'll swear it to you

Isab O my lov'd lord,
I do not come to chide my jealousy!
I am † to learn what that Italian means.
You are as welcome to these longing arms
As I to you a virgin

Brach O, your breath!
Out upon sweet meats and continu'd physie,—
The plague is in them!

Isab You have oft, for these two lips,
Neglected ease or the natural sweets
Of the spring violet they are not yet much
wither'd

My lord, I should be merry these your frowns
Show in a helmet lovely, but on me,
In such a peaceful interview, methinks
They are too too roughly knit

Brach O, dissemblance!

Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you learnt
The trick of impudent baseness, to complai-
unto your kindred?

Isab Never, my dear lord

Brach Must I be hunted ‡ out? or wast your
trick

To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome,
That must supply our discontinuance?

Isab I pray, sir, burst my heart, and in my
death

Turn to your ancient pity, though not love

Brach Because your brother is the corpulent
duke,

That is, the great duke, death, I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred crowns at tennis,
But it shall rest upon record! I scorn him
Like a shav'd Polack ¶ all his reverend wit
Lies in his wardrobe, he's a discreet fellow

* now] Omitted in the two earliest 4tos

am] The 4to of 1612 "come"

hunted] The three earliest 4tos "haunted"

§ burst] 1 o break

¶ shav'd Polack] "1 c Polander See the Notes of
Mr Pope Dr Johnson Mr Steevens, on *Hamlet*, A 1
8 1 In Morison's *Inventory* 1617, pt 3 p 170 it is
said, "The Polonians shave all their heads close, except-
ing the hure of the forehead, which they nourish very
long, and cast backe to the hinder part of the head"

RFD

When he is made up in his robes of state
Your brother, the great duke, because he's
galley,

And now and then ransacks a Turkish fly-boat,
(Now all the hellish Furies take his soul!)
First made this match accurs'd be the priest
That sang the wedding mass, and even my
issue!

Isab O, too too far you have curs'd!

Brach Your hand I'll kiss,
This is the latest ceremony of my love
Henceforth I'll never lie with thee, by this,
This wedding ring, I'll no'er more lie with thee
And this divorce shall be as truly kept
As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you well
Our sleeps are sever'd

Isab Forbid it, the sweet union
Of all things, blessed! why, the saints in heaven
Will knit their brows at that

Brach Let not thy love
Make thee an unbeliever, thus my vow
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied
With my repentance, let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest or sea fight,
My vow is fix'd

Isab O my winding sheet!
Now shall I need thee shortly—Dear my lord,
Let me hear once more what I would not hear
Never!

Brach Never

Isab O my unkind lord! may your sins find
mercy,

As I upon a woful widow'd bed
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes
Upon your wretched wife and hopeful son,
Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven!

Brach No more go, go complain to the great
duke

Isab No, my dear lord, you shall have present
witness

How I'll work peace between you I will make
Myself the author of your curs'd vow,
I have some cause to do it, you have none
Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal
Of both your dukedoms, that you wrought the
means

Of such a separation let the fault
Remain with my supposed jealousy,
And think with what a piteous and rent heart
I shall perform this sad ensuing part

Re-enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS and MONTICELSO

Brach Well, take your course—My honour-
able brother!

Fran de Med Sister!—This is not well, my lord—Why, sister!—

She merits not this welcome.

Brach Welcome, say!

She hath given a sharp welcome

Fran de Med Are you foolish?

Come, dry your tears is this a modest course,
To better what is naught, to rail and weep?
Grow to a reconciliation, or, by heaven,
I'll ne'er more deal between you

Isab Sir, you shall not,

No, though Vittoria, upon that condition,
Would become honest.

Fran de Med Was your husband loud
Since we departed?

Isab By my life, sir, no,

I swear by that I do not care to lose
Are all these ruins of my former beauty
Laid out for a whore's triumph?

Fran de Med Do you hear?

Look upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, with what justice
They study to requite them take that course

Isab O, that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes!

I would whip some with scorpions

Fran de Med What! turn'd Fury!

Isab To dig the strumpets eyes out, let
her lie

Some twenty months a dying, to cut off
Her nose and lips, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh like mummies, for trophies
Of my just anger! Hell to my affliction
Is mere snow-water By your favour, sir,—
Brother, draw near, and my lord cardinal,—
Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss
Henceforth I'll never lie with you, by this,
This wedding-ring

Fran de Med How, ne'er more lie with him!

Isab And this divorce shall be as truly kept
As if in thronged court a thousand ears
Had heard it, and a thousand lawyers' hands
Seal'd to the separation.

Brach Ne'er lie with me!

Isab Let not my former dotage
Make thee an unbeliever this my vow
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied
With my repentance, *manet alta mente repostum**

Fran de Med Now, by my birth, you are a
foolish, mad,

And jealous woman

Brach You see 'tis not my seeking

* *manet alta, &c*] Virgil, *Æn* 1 26

Fran de Med Was this your circle of pure
unicorn's hair

You said should charm your lord? now, horns
upon thee,

For jealousy deserves them! Keep your vow
And take your chamber

Isab No, sir, I'll presently to Padua,

I will not stay a minute

Mont O good madam!

Brach 'Twere best to let her have her humour
Some half day's journey will bring down her
stomach,

And then she'll turn in post

Fran de Med To see her come

To my lord cardinal for a dispensation
Of her rash vow, will beget excellent laughter

Isab Unkindness, do thy office, poor heart,
break

Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak*
[Exit

Re enter MARCELLO with CAMILLO

Mar Camillo's come, my lord

Fran de Med Wheres the commission?

Mar 'Tis here

Fran de Med Give me the signet

[FRANCISCO DE MEDINA, MONTICELSO, CAMILLO,
and MARCELLO, retire to the back of the stage]

Fiam My lord, do you mark their whispering?
I will compound a medicine, out of their two
heads, stronger than garlic, deadlier than stibium†
the cantharides, which are scarce seen to stick
upon the flesh when they work to the heart,
shall not do it with more silence or invisible
cunning

Brach About the murder?

Fiam They are sending him to Naples, but I'll
send him to Candy

Enter Doctor

Here's another property too

Brach O, the doctor!

Fiam A poor quack salving knave, my lord,
one that should have been lashed for's lechery,
but that he confessed a judgment, had an execution
laid upon him, and so put the whip to a
non plus

Doc And was cozened, my lord, by an

* *Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak*] "So
in *Macbeth*, A 4 S 3

† Give sorrow words the grief that does not speak,

Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
Cure laces loquuntur, ingentes stupent [Seneca, *Hippol*
607.] SILENCES

† *stibium*] "An ancient name for antimony, now sel-
dom used" REED

arranter knave than myself, and made pay all the colourable execution

Flam He will shoot pills into a mans guts shall make them have more ventages than a cornet or a lamprey, he will poison a kiss, and was once munded, for his master-piece, because Ireland breeds no poison,* to have prepared a deadly vapour in a Spaniards fut, that should have poisoned all Dublin

Brach O, Saint Anthony's fire

Doc Your secretary is merry, my lord

Flam O thou cursed antipathy to nature! —Look, his eye's bloodshed, like a needle a chururgeon stitcheth a wound with —Let me embrace thee, lord, and love thee, O thou abominable loathsomest garguism, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver, by scruples!

Brach No more —I must employ thee, honest doctor

You must to Padua, and by the way, Use some of your skill for us

Doc Sir, I shall †

Brach But, for Camillo?

Flam He dies this night, by such a politic strain,

Men shall suppose him by's own engine slain But, for your duchess' death—

Doc I'll make her sure

Brach Small mischiefs are by greater made secure

Flam Remember this, you slave, when knaves come to preferment, they rise as galloways are raised in the Low Countries, one upon another's shoulders

[*Leunt BRACHIANO, DIAMINO, and Doctor*

Mont Here is an emblem, nephew, pray peruse it

'Twas thrown in at your window

Cam At my window!

Here is a stag my lord, hath shed his horns, And, for the loss of them, the poor beast weeps The word, § *Inopem me capta fecit* ||

Mont That is,

Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns

Cam What should this mean?

* because Ireland breeds no poison] Various old writers tell us that all venomous creatures were exterminated in Ireland by the prayers of St. Patrick

† *loathsomest*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612 'I than

‡ *Doc* Sir, I shall] Omitted in some copies of the 4to of 1612

§ *The word*] i.e. the motto So 'Indidleton "The device, a purse wide open, and the mouth downward the word, *Alenx ecce crumenus*" *Your Five Gallants*,—works, ii 313, ed Dyce

|| *Inopem, &c*] Ovid, *Metam* iii 406

Mont I'll tell you 'tis given out You are a cuckold

Cam Is it* given out so?

I had rather such report as that, my lord, Should keep within doors

Fran. de Med Have you any children?

Cam None, my lord!

Fran. de Med You are the happiest I'll tell you a tale

Cam Pray, my lord

Fran. de Med An old tale,

Upon a time Phœbus, the god of light, Or him we call the Sun, would needs† be married The gods gave their consent, and Mercury Was sent to voice it to the general world But what a piteous cry there straight arose Amongst smiths and felt makers, brewers and cooks,

Reapers and butter women, amongst fishmongers, And thousand other trades, which are annoy'd By his excessive heat! 'twas lamentable They came‡ to Jupiter all in a sweat, And do forbid the bus§ A great fit cook Was made their speaker, who entreats of Jove That Phœbus might be gilded for, if now, When there was but one sun, so many men Were like to perish by his violent heat, What should they do if he were married, And should beget more, and those children Make fire works like their father? So say I, Only I will apply it to your wife Her issue, should not providence prevent it, Would make both nature, time, and man repent it

Mont Look you, cousin, Go, change the air, for shame, see if your absence Will blast your cornucopia *Mucello* Is chosen with you joint commissioner For the relieving our Italian coast From pirates

Mont I am much honour'd in it

Cam But, sir,

For I return, the stag's horns may be sprouted Greater than those|| are shed

Mont Do not fear it

I'll be your ranger

* *Is it*] The 4to of 1611 "It is

† *needs*] The 4to of 1612 "need"

‡ *came*] So, no doubt our author wrote,—not "come" See before and after in this speech

§ *bus*] The 4tos have "busca", and in the first edition of this work I allowed that spelling to stand but I now think that it ought to be retained only in passages where the rhyme requires it

|| *those*] The 4to. of 1612, "these"

Cam You must watch i'the nights,
Then's the most danger

Fran de Med Farewell, good Marcello
All the best fortunes of a soldier's wish
Bring you a ship board!

Cam Were I not best, now I am turn'd soldier,
Ere that I leave my wife, sell all she hath,
And then take leave of her?

Mont I expect good from you,
Your parting is so merry

Cam Merry, my lord! o' the captain's humour
right,

I am resolv'd to be drunk this night

[*Exeunt CAMILLO and MARCELLO*]

Fran de Med So, 'twas well fitted now shall
we discern

How his wish'd absence will give violent war
To Duke Brachiano's lust

Mont Why, that was it,
To what scorn'd purpose else should we make
choice

Of him for a sea captain? and, besides,
Count Lodowick, which was rumour'd for a pirate,
Is now in Padua

Fran de Med Is't true?

Mont Most certain

I have letters from him, which are suppliant
To work his quick repeal from banishment
He means to address himself for pension
Unto our sister duchess.

Fran de Med O, 'twas well
We shall not want his absence past six days
I fain would have the Duke Brachiano run
Into notorious scandal, for there's naught
In such curs'd dotage to repair his name,
Only the deep sense of some deathless shame

Mont It may be objected, I am dishonourable
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answer,
For my revenge I'd stake a brother's life,
That, being wrong'd, durst not avenge himself

Fran de Med Come, to observe this strumpet

Mont Curse of greatness!
Sure he'll not leave her?

Fran de Med There's small pity in't
Like misletoe on sear elms spent by weather,
Let him cleave to her, and both rot together

IV

[*Exeunt*]
Enter BRACHIANO, with a Conjuror*

Brach Now, sir, I claim your promise 'tis
dead midnight,

* *Enter Brachiano, &c*] Scene The Same A room
in the house of Camillo (In p 18, the Conjuror after
exhibiting in dumb-show the murder of Camillo, says

"We are now
Beneath her [Vittoria's] roof")

The time prefix'd to show me, by your art,
How the intended murder of Camillo
And our loath'd duchess grow to action

Con You have won me by your bounty to a deed
I do not often practise Some there are
Which by sophistical tricks assume that name,
Which I would gladly lose, of necromancer,
As some that use to juggle upon cards,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheat,
Others that raise up their confederate spirits
'Bout wind mills, and endanger their own neck,
For making of a quib, and some there are
Will keep a curtain* to show juggling tricks,
And give out 'tis a spirit, besides these,
Such a whole realm† of almanac makers, figure
fingers,

Fellows, indeed, that only live by stealth,
Since they do merely lie about stol'n goods,
They'd make men think the devil were fast and
loose,

With speaking fustian Latin Pray, sit down
Put on this night cap, sir, 'tis charm'd, and now
I'll show you, by my strong commanding art,
The circumstance that breaks your duchess' heart

A dumb show

*Enter suspiciously JULIO and CHRISTOPHER then draw a
curtain where BRACHIANO's picture is then put on
spectacles of glass which cover their eyes and now as I
then burn perfumes afore the picture, and wash the lips
of the picture that done quenching the fire and putting
off their spectacles, they depart laughing*

*Enter ISABELLA in her night gown as to bed ward with
lights after her, Count LODOVICO GIOVANNI, GUIDO
ANTONIO, and others waiting on her she kneels down as
to prayers then draws the curtain of the picture does
three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice she faints, and
will not suffer them to come near it dies sorrow ex-
pressed in GIOVANNI and in Count LODOVICO she is
conveyed out solemnly*

Brach Excellent! then she's dead

Con She's poison'd

By the fum'd picture 'Twas her custom nightly,
Before she went to bed, to go and visit
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips
On the dead shadow Doctor Julio,
Observing this, infects it with an oil
And other poison'd stuff, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits

* *Will keep a curtain, &c*] "This was said of Rome's
celebrated horse so often mentioned in ancient writers"
RVED

† *realm*] The 4tos have "reame,"—which was frequently
the old spelling of "realm" even when the latter spelling
was given, the *i* was frequently not sounded—see the
note in my ed of Marlowe's Works on "Give me a ream
of paper we'll have a kingdom of gold for't" *Jew of
Malta*, act iv

Brach. Methought I saw
Count Lodowick there.

Con. He was and by my art
I find he did most passionately dote
Upon your duchess. Now turn another way,
And view Camillo's far more politic fate *—
Strike louder, music, from this charmed
ground,
To yield, as fits the act, a tragic sound!

The second dumb show

Enter FLAMINEO MARCELLO, CAMILLO, with four more, as Captains they drink healths, and dance a vaulting-horse is brought into the room MARCELLO and two more whispered out of the room while FLAMINEO and CAMILLO strip themselves into their shirts, as to vault they compliment who shall begin as CAMILLO is about to vault, FLAMINEO puctheth him upon his neck, and, with the help of the rest, writhes his neck about seems to see if it be broke, and lays him folded double, as 'twere, under the horse makes shoves to call for help MARCELLO comes in laments sends for the Cardinal and Duke, who come forth with armed men wonder at the art command the body to be carried home, apprehend FLAMINEO MARCELLO, and the rest, and go, as 'twere, to apprehend VITTORIA.

Brach 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance

I taste not fully

Con. O, 'twas most apparent
You saw them enter, churg'd with their deep healths

To their boon voyage, and, to second that,
Flumineo calls to have a vaulting horse
Maintain their sport, the virtuous Marcello
Is innocently plotted forth the room,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can inform you
The engine of all

Brach It seems Marcello and Flumineo
Are both committed

Con Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend

Your mistress, fair Vittoria. We are now
Beneath her roof 'twere fit we instantly
Make out by some back-postern.

Brach Noble friend,
You bind me ever to you this shall stand
As the firm seal annex'd to my hand;
It shall enforce a payment

Con Sir, I thank you. [*Exit BRACHIANO*]
Both flowers and weeds spring when the sun is
warm,
And great men do great good or else great harm

[*Exit*]

* [note] So the 4to. of 1672 the earlier 4tos have "face," which, though obviously a misprint, is followed in all modern editions

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, and MONTICELLO, their Chancellor and Register*

Fran. de Med. You have dealt discreetly, to
obtain the presence
Of all the grave heger ambassadors,†
To hear Vittoria's trial.

Mont 'Twas not ill,
For, sir, you know we have naught but circum-
stances

To charge her with, about her husband's death
Their approbation, therefore, to the proofs
Of her black lust shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring kingdoms I wonder
If Brachiano will be here

Fran de Med O fie
'Twere impudence too palpable [*Exeunt*]

Enter FLAMINEO; and MARCELLO guarded, and a Lawyer

Lawyer What, are you in by the week?§ so, I
will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner
Methinks none should sit upon thy sister but
old whore masters

Flam Or cuckolds, for your cuckold is your
most terrible tickler of lechery Whore masters
would serve, for none are judges at tilting but
those that have been old tilters.

Lawyer My lord duke and she have been very
private

Flam You are a dull ass, 'tis threatened they
have been very public

Lawyer If it can be proved they have but
kissed one another—

Flam What then?

Lawyer My lord cardinal will ferret them

Flam A cardinal, I hope, will not catch comies

Lawyer For to sow kisses (mark what I say),
to sow kisses is to reap lechery, and, I am sure,
a woman that will endure kissing is half won

Flam True, her upper part, by that rule if
you will win her nether part too, you know what
follows.

Lawyer Hark! the ambassadors are lighted.

* *Enter Francisco de Medicis, &c*] Scene The Same.
Perhaps the court of the house where the trial of Vittoria
is to take place,—the mansion, it would seem, of Monticello,
for afterwards, p. 19, he says,

"This business by his holiness is left
To our examination"

and compare Brachiano's speech, p. 22, "Thou hast, 'twas
my stool," &c

† *heger ambassadors*] i. e. resident ambassadors

‡ *Enter Flumineo, &c*] Perhaps this is not a new scene.

§ *What, are you in by the week?*] "This phrase appears
to signify an engagement for a time limited. It occurs
in *Love's Labour's Lost*, A 5 S 2. See note thereon"

Flam. [aside]. I do put on this feign'd garb of mirth
To gull suspicion

Mar O my unfortunate sister !
I would my dagger-point had cleft her heart
When she first saw Brachiano you, 'tis said,
Were made his engine and his stalking-horse,
To undo my sister

Flam. I am a kind of path
To her and mine own preferment

Mar Your ruin

Flam. Hum ! thou art a soldier,
Follow'at the great duke, feed'at his victories,
As witches do their serviceable spirits,
Even with thy prodigal blood what hast got,
But, like the wealth of captains, a poor handful,
Which in thy palm thou bear'st as men hold
water ?

Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward
Steals through thy fingers *

Mar Sir !

Flam. Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keep thee in fresh shamois †

Mar Brother !

Flam. Hear me —
And thus, when we have even pour'd ourselves
Into great fights, for their ambition
Or idle spleen, how shall we find reward ?
But as we seldom find the mistletoe
Sacred to physic, or the builder oak, ‡
Without a mandrake by it, so in our quest of gain,
Alas, the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
At a limb proffers, but at heart it strikes !
This is lamented doctrine

Mar Come, come.

Flam. When age shall turn thee
White as a blooming hawthorn——

Mar I'll interrupt you —
For love of virtue bear an honest heart,
And stride o'er every politic respect,
Which, where they most advance, they most
infect
Were I your father, as I am your brother,

* Which in thy palm thou bear'st as men hold water ?
Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward
Steals through thy fingers] "Dryden has borrowed this
thought in *All for Love* or, *The World will Love*, A 5
'Oh, that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snow ball, in my coward hand
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away'" REFD
† shamois] "Le shoes made of the wild goat's skin
Chamois, Fr" STEEVENS
‡ the builder oak] "The epithet of 'builder oak' is
originally Chaucer's,
'The builder oak, and eke the hardy ashe,
The pillar elme,' &c — *Assemble of Fowles*" COLLIER.

I should not be ambitious to leave you
A better patrimony.

Flam I'll think on't —
The lord ambassadors

*Here there is a passage of the larger Ambassadors
over the stage severally **

Lawyer O my sprightly Frenchman !—Do you
know him ? he's an admirable tilter

Flam I saw him at last tilting he showed
like a pewter candlestick, fashioned † like a man
in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand, little
bigger than a candle of twelve 't the pound

Lawyer O, but he's an excellent horseman

Flam A lame one in his lofty tricks he sleeps
a-horseback, like a poulter ‡

Lawyer Lo you, my Spaniard !

Flam He carries his face in's ruff, as I have
seen a serving man carry glasses in a cypress hat
band, monstrous steady, for fear of breaking he
looks like the claw of a black bird, first salted,
and then broiled in a candle [Exeunt

The Arraignment of VITTORIA §

*Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, MONTCEISO, the six || larger
Ambassadors, BRACHIANO, VITTORIA COROMBONA,
FRAMINEO, MARCELLO, Lawyer, and a Guard*

Mont Forbear, my lord, here is no place assign'd
you

This business by his holiness is left
To our examination

Brach May it thrive with you !

[Lays a rich gown under him

Fran de Med A chair there for his lordship !

Brach. Forbear your kindness an unbidden
guest

Should travel as Dutch women go to church,
Bear their stools with them

Mont At your pleasure, sir —

Stand to the table, gentlewoman ¶—Now, signior,
Fall to your plea

* I have here omitted, as superfluous, some notices,
"Enter French Ambassador," &c

† a pewter candlestick, fashioned, &c] See an engraving
of such a candlestick in Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell)
vol xvii p 410

‡ poulter] i.e. poulterer "The Poulterers send us in
fowls" Heywood's *King Edward the Fourth, Part First*,
Sig B ed 1619

§ The Arraignment of Vittoria] A new scene See note",
p 18

|| six] Was altered by Reed to "four" but from a sub-
sequent scene, where Lodovico enumerates their various
orders of knighthood, it is evident that there were "six"
ambassadors.—It is not a little extraordinary that all the
editors should let the name of Isabella (whose death has
been shown by the Conjuror) remain in this stage direc-
tion

¶ gentlewoman] Both the earliest stes. "gentlewomen"
c 2

Lawyer Domine iudex, converte oculos in hanc pestem, mulierum corruptissimam

Vit Cor What's he?

Fran de Med A lawyer that pleads against you

Vit Cor Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue,

I'll make no answer else

Fran de Med Why, you understand Latin

Vit Cor I do, sir, but amongst this auditory Which come to hear my cause, the half or more May be ignorant in't

Mont Go on, sir

Vit Cor By your favour,

I will not have my accusation clouded In a strange tongue all this assembly Shall hear what you can charge me with

Fran de Med Signior,

You need not stand out much, pray, change your language

Mont O, for God sake!—Gentlewoman, your credit

Shall be more famous by it

Lawyer Well, then, have at you!

Vit Cor I am at the mark, sir I'll give aim* to you,

And tell you how near you shoot

Lawyer Most literated judges, please your lordships

So to connive your judgments to the view Of this debauch'd and diversivolt woman, Who such a black† concatenation Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp The memory of't, must be the consummation Of her and her projections,—

Vit Cor What's all this?

Lawyer Hold your peace

Exorbitant sins must have exulceration

Vit Cor Surely, my lords, this lawyer here‡ hath swallow'd

Some apothecaries'§ bills, or proclamations, And now the hard and undigestible words Come up, like stones we use give hawks for physic Why, this is Welsh to Latin

Lawyer My lords, the woman

Knows not her tropes nor figures,|| nor is perfect

* *I'll give aim*] "He who gave aim was stationed near the butts, and pointed out after every discharge, how wide, or how short, the arrow fell of the mark" See Gifford's note on the expressions *give aim* and *give aim*, Massinger's *Bondman*, act 1 sc 3

† *black*] Omitted in the 4to of 1631

‡ *here*] Omitted in the 4to of 1631

§ *apothecaries*] The 4to of 1631 "apothecaries"

|| *nor figures*] Omitted in the 4to of 1631

In the academic derivation

Of grammatical elocution

Fran de Med Sir, your pains Shall be well spar'd, and your deep eloquence Be worthily applauded amongst those Which understand you

Lawyer My good lord,—

Fran de Med Sir,

Put up your papers in your fustian bag,—

[FRANCISCO speaks thus as in scorn]

Cry morey, sir, 'tis buckram,—and accept My notion of your learn'd verbosity

Lawyer I most gradually thank your lordship

I shall have use for them elsewhere

Mont I shall be plainer with you, and paint out

Your follies in more natural red and white Than that upon your cheek

Vit Cor O, you mistake

You raise a blood as noble in this cheek

As ever was your mother's

Mont I must spare you, till proof cry "whore" to that—

Observe this creature here, my honour'd lords, A woman of a most prodigious spirit, In her effected.

Vit Cor Honourable my lord,*

It doth not suit a reverend cardinal

To play the lawyer thus

Mont O, your trade instructs your language—

You see, my lords, what goodly fruit she seems,

Yet, like those apples† travellers report

To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,

I will but touch her, and you straight shall see

She'll fall to soot and ashes

Vit Cor Your envenom'd

Pothecary‡ should do't

Mont I am resolv'd,§

* *Honourable my lord*] The 4to of 1631 "My honorable Lord" but compare, in a later scene, "Noble my lord, most fortunately welcome," &c

† *Yet, like those apples, &c*] "This account is taken from Maundeville's *Travels* See Edition, 1725, p 122 'And also the Cytees there weren lost, because of Synne And there beeyden grown trees, that becom fulle faire Apples, and faire of colour to beholde but whose breake the hem, or cutteth hem in two, he schalle fynde within hem Coles and Cyndres in tokens that, be Wrath of God, the Cytees and the Lond weren bronte and souken into Helle Sum men clepen that See, the Lake Dalfetidee, summe the Flom of Develes, and sume that Flom that is ever stynkyngs And in to that See sonken the 5 Cytees, be Wrath of God, that is to seyn, Sodom, Gomorre, Aldama, Seboyam, and Segor'" REED

‡ *Pothecary*] The 4to of 1631 "Apothecary"

§ *resolv'd*] I.e. convinced.

Were there a second Paradise to lose,

This devil would betray it.

Vit Cor O poor charity!

Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

Mont Who knows not how, when several night
by night

Her gates were chok'd with coaches, and her rooms

Outbrav'd the stars with several kind of lights,

When she did counterfeit a prince's court

In music, banquets, and most riotous surfeits?

This whore, forsooth, was holy

Vit Cor Ha! whore! what's that?

Mont Shall I expound whoro to you? sure, I
shall,

I'll give their perfect character They are first,
Sweet meats which rot the eater,* in man's
nostrils †

Poison'd perfumes they are cozening alchymy,

Shipwrecks in calmest weather What are whores!

Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren

As if that nature had forgot the spring

They are the true material fire of hell

Worse than those tributes the Low Countries paid,

Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep,

Ay, even on man's perdition, his sin

They are those brittle evidences of law

Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate

For leaving out one syllable What are whores!

They are those flattering bells have all one tune,

At weddings and at funerals Your rich whores

Are only treasuries by extortion fill'd,

And emptied by curs'd riot They are worse,

Worse than dead bodies which are begg'd at
gallows, ‡

And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man

Wherein he is imperfect What's a whore!

She's like the guilty & counterfeited coin

Which, whoso'er first stamps it, brings in trouble

All that receive it.

Vit Cor This character escapes me

Mont You, gentlewoman!

Take from all beasts and from all minerals

Their deadly poison—

Vit Cor Well, what then?

Mont I'll tell thee,

I'll find in thee a pothecary's ‖ shop,

To sample them all

* Sweet-meats which rot the eater] So Dekker,

"What gives she me? good words,

Sweet meats that rot the eater"

The Whore of Babylon, 1607, Sig. I. 2

† nostrils] The 4to of 1612 "nostril."

‡ gallows] The 4to of 1631 "th' gallows."

§ guilty] The 4to of 1631 "guilt"

‖ a pothecary's] The 4to of 1631 "an apothecary's."

Pr Am She hath liv'd ill.

Eng Am True, but the cardinal's too bitter

Mont You know what whore is Next the
devil adultery,

Enters the devil murder

Fran. de Med Your unhappy

Husband is dead

Vit Cor O, he's a happy husband

Now he owes nature nothing

Fran. de Med And by a vaulting-engine.

Mont An active plot, he jump'd into his grave

Fran. de Med What a prodigy was't

That from some two yards' height* a slender man
Should break his neck!

Mont The rushes †

Fran. de Med And what's more,

Upon the instant lose all use of speech,

All vital motion, like a man had lain

Wound up three days Now mark each circum-
stance

Mont And look upon this creature was his
wife

She comes not like a widow, she comes arm'd

With scorn and impudence is this a mourning
habit?

Vit Cor Had I foreknown his death, is you
suggest,

I would have bespoke my mourning

Mont O, you are cunning

Vit Cor You shame your wit and judgment,

To call it so What! is my just defence

By him that is my judge call'd impudence?

Let me appeal, then, from this Christian court ‡

To the uncivil Tartar

Mont See, my lords,

She scandals our proceedings

Vit Cor Humbly thus,

Thus low, to the most worthy and respected

Liege ambassadors, § my modesty

And woman hood I tender, but withal,

So entangled in a curs'd accusation,

That my defence, of force, like Perseus, ||

* height] The 4to of 1631 "high"

† the rushes] With which floors were formerly strewed,
before the introduction of carpets

‡ Christian court] "We have here an instance of the
introduction of terms into one country, which peculiarly
belong to another In England the Ecclesiastical Courts,
where causes of adultery are cognizable, are called *Courts
Christian*" READ

§ Liege ambassadors] i.e. resident ambassadors

|| Perseus] A corruption, for which I know not what
to substitute Can "Portia" be the right reading?
("Portia, the wife of Brutus and daughter of Cato
she feared not with her womanish spirit to imitate
(if not exceed) the resolution of her father in his

Must personate masculine virtue To the point.
Find me but guilty, sever head from body,
We'll part good friends I scorn to hold my life
At yours or any man's entreaty, sir

Eng Am She hath a brave spirit

Mont Well, well, such counterfeit jewels
Make true ones oft suspected

Vit Cor You are deceiv'd

For know, that all your strict combin'd heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers,—they shall
break

These are but feign'd shadows of my evils
Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils, *
I am past such needless palsy For your names
Of whore and murderess, they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind,
The filth returns in's face

Mont Pray you, mistress, satisfy me one
question

Who lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck?

Brach That question

Enforceth me break silence I was there

Mont Your business?

Brach Why, I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my lord

Mont He was

Brach And 'twas strangely fear'd

That you would coven her

Mont Who made you overseer?

Brach Why, my charity, my charity, which
should flow

From every generous and noble spirit
To orphans and to widows

Mont Your lust

Brach. Cowardly dogs bark loudest sirrah
priest,

I'll talk with you hereafter Do you hear?

The sword you frame of such an excellent temper
I'll sheathe in your own bowels.

There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post boys

Mont Ha!

Brach Your mercenary post boys
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.

death," &c,—says Heywood, *Hist of Women*, p 136,
ed. 1624)

* *Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils* "So in
Macbeth, A 2 S 2

'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil' REED

Serv My lord, your gown

Brach. Thou liest, 'twas my stool

Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge

The rest o' the household-stuff, for Brachiano

Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool

Out of another's lodging let him make

Vallance for his bed on't, or a demi-foot-cloth *

For his most reverend moi† Monticalso,

Nemo me impune lacessit.

[Exit

Mont Your champion's gone

Vit Cor The wolf may prey the better.

Fan de Med My lord, there's great suspicion
of the murder,

But no sound proof who did it. For my part,

I do not think she hath a soul so black

To act a deed so bloody if she have,

As in cold countries husbandmen plant vines,

And with warm blood manure them, even so

One summer she will bear unsavoury fruit,

And ere next spring wither both branch and root

The act of blood let pass, only descend

To matter of incontinence

Vit Cor I discern poison

Under your gilded pills

Mont Now the duke's gone, I will produce a
letter,

Wherein 'twas plotted he and you should meet

At an apothecary's summer-house,

Down by the river Tiber,—view't, my lords,—

Where, after wanton bathing and the heat

Of a lascivious banquet,—I pray read it,

I shame to speak the rest

Vit Cor Grant I was tempted,

Temptation to lust proves not the act

Casta est quam nemo rogavit ‡

You read his hot love to me, but you want

My frosty answer

Mont Frost i'th' dog days! strange!

Vit Cor Condemn you me for that the duke
did love me?

So may you blame some fair and crystal river

For that some melancholic distracted man

Hath drown'd himself in't.

Mont Truly drown'd, indeed

Vit Cor Sum up my faults, I pray, and you
shall find,

That beauty, and gay clothes, a merry heart,

And a good stomach to [a] feast, are all,

All the poor crimes that you can charge me with

In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies,

The sport would be more noble

* *demi foot-cloth* i. e. demi housing

† *moi* i. e. mule

‡ *Casta est, &c* [Ovid, *Amor* I 8.]

Mont Very good.

Vit Cor But take you your course it seems
you have beggar'd me first,
And now would fain undo me I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of crusadoes *
Would those would make you charitable †

Mont If the devil
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture
Vit Cor You have one virtue left,—
You will not flatter me

Fran de Med Who brought this letter?

Vit Cor I am not compell'd to tell you

Mont My lord duke sent to you a thousand
ducats
The twelfth of August.

Vit Cor 'Twas to keep your cousin
From prison I paid use for ‡

Mont I rather think,
'Twas interest for his lust

Vit Cor Who says so
But yourself? if you be my accuser,
Pray, cease to be my judge come from the bench,
Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be moderators My lord cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue,
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all

Mont Go to, go to
After your goodly and vain glorious banquet,
I'll give you a choke pear.

Vit Cor O' your own grafting?

Mont You were born in Venice, honourably
descended

From the Vittelli 'twas my cousin's fate,—
Ill may I name the hour,—to marry you
He bought you of your father

Vit Cor Ha!

Mont He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my acquaintance)
Recerv'd in dowry with you not one julio †
'Twas a hard penny worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtain, now to your picture
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continu'd

Vit Cor My lord,—

Mont Nay, hear me,
You shall have time to prate My Lord Brachiano—
Alas, I make but repetition
Of what is ordinary and Rialto talk.

* *crusadoes*] The Portuguese coin, called *Crusado* from the cross on one side of it, has varied in value, at different times, from 2s 3d to 10s

† *julio*] "A coin of about six pence value Morison, in the Table prefixed to his *Itinerary*, calls it a *Giulio* or *Paolo*" REED

And ballated, and would be play'd o' the stage,
But that vice many times finds such loud friends
That preachers are charm'd silent —
You gentlemen, Flammeo and Marcello,
The court hath nothing now to charge you with
Only you must remain upon your sueties
For your appearance

Fran de Med I stand for Marcello

Fiam And my lord duke for me

Mont For you, Vittoria, your public fault,
Join'd to the condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity,
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd
No less an* ominous fate than blazing stars
To princes heart your sentence, you are confin'd
Unto a house of convertates, and your bawd ‡—

Fiam [*aside*] Who, I?

Mont The Moor

Fiam [*aside*] O, I am a sound man again

Vit Cor A house of convertates! what's that?

Mont A house
Of penitent whores

Vit Cor Do the noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?

Fran de Med You must have patience

Vit Cor I must first have vengeance
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus

Mont Away with her!

Take her hence

Vit Cor A rape! a rape!

Mont How!

Vit Cor Yes, you have ravish'd justice,
Forc'd her to do your pleasure

Mont Fie, she's mad!

Vit Cor Die with these § pills in your most
cursed maw ||

Should bring you health! or while you sit o' the
bench,

Let your own spittle choke you!—

* *an*] The 4to of 1612 "in"

† *hear*] The 4to of 1612 "hears," i o, perhaps, "here's"

‡ *Unto a house of convertates, &c*] Both the earliest 4tos give this line to Vittoria. The 4to of 1631 here, as well as elsewhere, changes "convertates" into "converts" ("and your bawd the Moor," i o, along with your bawd the Moor [*Zuanchio*])

§ *these*] So the two earliest 4tos In a later 4to "those" was substituted but our old writers very frequently use "these" and "those" indiscriminately

|| *maw*] So the 4to of 1631 The 4to of 1612 "mawes" but she is speaking to Monticello only, see in her next speech "leave you the same devil" &c

Mont She's turn'd Fury

Vit Cor That the last day of judgment may
so find you,

And leave you the same devil you were before !
Instruct me, some good horse leech, to speak
treason,

For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words O woman's poor revenge,
Which dwells but in the tongue ! I will not weep ;
No, I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice bear me hence
Unto this house of—what's your mitigating title ?

Mont Of convertites

Vit Cor It shall not be a house of convertites,
My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than thy soul, though thou art a cardinal
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spite,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest
light *

[*Exeunt VITTORIA COROMBONA Lawyer, and Guards*]

Re enter BRACHIANO

Brach Now you and I are friends, sir, we'll
shake hands

In a friend's grave together, a fit place,
Being the emblem of soft peace, to atone† our
hatred

Fran de Med Sir, what's the matter ?

Brach I will not chase more blood from that
lov'd cheek,

You have lost too much already fare you well

[*Exit*]

Fran de Med How strange these words sound !
what's the interpretation ?

Fiam [*aside*] Good, this is a preface to the
discovery of the duchess' death he carries it
well Because now I cannot counterfeit a whining
passion for the death of my lady, I will feign a
mad humour for the disgrace of my sister, and
that will keep off idle questions Tiersion's

* "This White Devil of Italy sets off a bad cause so
speciously and pleads with such an innocence resembling
boldness, that we seem to see that matchless beauty of
her face which inspires such gay confidence into her
and are ready to expect, when she has done her plead-
ings, that her very judges her accusers the grave am-
bassadors who sit as spectators, and all the court will
rise and make proffer to defend her in spite of the utmost
conviction of her guilt, as the shepherds in Don Quixote
make proffer to follow the beautiful shepherdes Mar-
celle, 'without reaping any profit out of her manifest
resolution made there in their hearing'

'So sweet and lovely does she make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Does spot the beauty of her budding name '"

C Lamb (*Spec of Eng Dram Poets*, p 229)
† alone] 'I do reconcile' STEVENS.

tongue hath* a villanous palsy in't I will talk
to any man, hear no man, and for a time appear
a politic madman [*Exit*]

Enter GIOVANNI, Count Lodovico, and Attendant

Fran de Med How now, my noble cousin !
what, in black !

Giov Yes, uncle, I was taught to imitate you
In virtue, and you must imitate me
In colours of your garments My sweet mother
Is—

Fran de Med How ! where ?

Giov Is there, no, yonder indeed, sir, I'll
not tell you,

For I shall make you weep.

Fran de Med Is dead ?

Giov Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so

Lod She's dead, my lord

Fran de Med Dead !

Mont Bless'd lady, thou art now above thy
woes !—

Wilt please your lordships to withdraw a little ?

[*Exeunt Ambassadors*]

Giov What do the dead do, uncle ? do they
eat,

Hear music, go a hunting, and be merry,

As we that live ?

Fran de Med No, coz, they sleep

Giov Lord, Lord, that I were dead !

I have not slept these six nights—When do
they wake ?

Fran de Med When God shall please

Giov Good God, let her sleep ever !†

For I have known her wake an hundred nights,

When all the pillow where she laid her head

Was brine wet with her tears I am to complain
to you, sir,

I'll tell you how they have us'd her now she's
dead

They wrapp'd her in a cruel fold of lead,

And would not let me kiss her

Fran de Med Thou didst love her

Giov I have often heard her say she gave me
suck,

And it should seem by that she dearly lov'd me,
Since princes seldom do it

Fran de Med O, all of my poor sister that
remains !—

Take him away, for God's sake !

[*Exeunt GIOVANNI and Attendant*]

Mont How now, my lord !

* *hath*] The 4to of 1681 "with"

† Both the earliest 4tos give this line to Francisco.

Fran de Med Believe me, I am nothing but
her grave,
And I shall keep her blessed memory
Longer than thousand epitaphs.

[*Exeunt FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS and MONTICELSO*]

Re-enter FLAMINEO as distracted

Flam We endure the strokes like anvils or
hard steel,
Till pain itself make us no pain to feel
Who shall do me right now? is this the end of
service? I'd rather go weed garlic, travel through
France, and be mine own ostler, wear sheep-skin
linings, or shoes that stink of blacking, be
entered into the list of the forty thousand ped-
lers in Poland

Re-enter Ambassadors

Would I had rotted in some surgeon's house at
Venice, built upon the pox as well as on piles,
ere I had served Brachiano!

Savoy Amb You must have comfort

Flam Your comfortable words are like honey,
they relish well in your mouth that's whole, but
in mine that's wounded they go down as if the
sting of the bee were in them. O, they have
wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they
would not seem to do it of malice! In this a
politician imitates the devil, as the devil imitates
a cannon, wheresoever he comes to do mischief,
he comes with his backside towards you.

French Amb The proofs are evident

Flam Proof! 'twas corruption. O gold, what
a god art thou! and O man, what a devil art
thou to be tempted by that cursed mineral!
Your[†] diversivolted lawyer, mark him knaves
turn informers, as maggots turn to flies, you
may catch gudgeons with either. A cardinal!
I would he would hear me there's nothing so
holy but money will corrupt and putrify it, like
victual[‡] under the line. You are happy in
England, my lord here they sell justice with
those weights they press men to death with. O
horrible salary!

Eng Amb Fie, fie, Flammeo!

[*Exeunt Ambassadors*]

Flam Bells ne'er ring well, till they are at
their full pitch, and I hope yon cardinal shall
never have the grace to pray well, till he come
to the scaffold. If they were racked now to

know the confederacy,—but your noblemen are
privileged from the rack, and well may, for a
little thing would pull some of them a-pieces
 afore they came to their arraignment. Religion,
O, how it is commedled* with policy! The first
bloodshed in the world happened about religion.
Would I were a Jew!

Mar O, there are too many

Flam You are deceived there are not Jews
enough, priests enough, nor gentlemen enough

Mar How?

Flam I'll prove it, for if there were Jews
enough, so many Christians would not turn
usurers, if priests enough, one should not have
six benefices, and if gentlemen enough, so many
early mushrooms, whose best growth spring
from a dunghill, should not aspire to gentility.
Farewell let others live by begging, be thou
one of them practise the art of Wolner in
England,† to swallow all's given thee, and yet
let one purgation make thee as hungry again as
fellows that work in a ‡ saw pit. I'll go hear the
screech owl

[*Exit*]

Lod [*aside*] This was Brachiano's pander,
and 'tis strange

That, in such open and apparent guilt
Of his adulterous sister, he dare utter
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him

* commedled] "i.e. mingled. To muddle silently
signified to mix or mingle." STEEVENS

† the art of Wolner in England] The exploits of this
glutton, and the manner of his death, are mentioned by
Dr Meget who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time. See
his Treatise, entitled 'Healths Improvement, or, Rules
comprising and discovering the nature, method and
manner of preparing all sorts of foods used in this nation.
Republished by Oldys and Dr James, 12mo 1746.
' Neither was our country always void of a *Wolner*, who
living in my memory in the court seemed like another
Pandarus, of whom Antonius Liberalis writeth thus
much, that he had obtained this gift of the Goddess
Ceres, to eat iron, glass, oyster shells, raw fish, raw
flesh, raw fruit, and whatsoever else he would put into
his stomach, without offence. P 376. 'Other fish being
eaten raw, is harder of digestion than raw beef, for
Diogenes died with eating of raw fish, and Wolner (our
English Pandarus) digesting iron, glass, and oyster-
shells, by eating a raw ool was overmastered.' P 123.
He is also mentioned by Taylor the Water Poet, in his
account of *The Great Feat of Kent*, p 145. 'Milo the
Crotolian could hardly be his equal and Wolner of
Windsor was not worthy to beo his footmen.' In the
books of the Stationers' company, in the year 1587, is the
following entry 'Rec of Henry Denham, for his lincense
for the pryntinge of a booke intituled Pleasaunte Tales
of the lyf of Rychard Wolner, &c.' REED

The seventh chapter of *The Life of Long Meg of West-
minster*, 1635, relates "how she used Wolner the ringing
man of Windsor, that was the great eater, and how she
made him pay for his breakfast."

‡ a] Omitted in the 4to of 1612.

* *Re-enter Flammeo, &c*] This is not a new scene, for
Lodovico and Marcello are still on the stage, and speak
presently

† Four] The three earliest 4tos "You."

‡ victual] The 4to of 1631 "victuals."

Re-enter FLAMINEO

Flam [*andc.*] How dares this banish'd count
return to Rome,

His pardon not yet purchas'd! I have heard
The deceas'd duchess gave him pension,
And that he came along from Padua
I the train of the young prince There's some
what in't

(Physicians, that cure poisons, still do work
With counter poisons

Mar Mark this strange encounter

Flam The god of melancholy turn thy gall to
poison,
And let the stigmatic* wrinkles in thy face,
Like to the boisterous waves in a rough
tide,

One still overtake another

Lod I do thank thee,
And I do wish ingeniously† for thy sake
The dog days all year long

Flam. How croaks the raven?
Is our good duchess dead?

Lod Dead

Flam O fate!
Misfortune comes, like the coroner's business,
Huddle upon huddle

Lod Shalt thou and I join house keeping?

Flam Yes, content
Let's be unsociably sociable

Lod Sit some three days together, and dis-
course

Flam Only with making faces lie in our
clothes

Lod With faggots for our pillows

Flam And be lousy

Lod In taffat's linings, that's genteel melan-
choly

Sleep all day

Flam Yes, and, like your melancholic‡ here,
Feed after midnight—

We are observ'd see how yon couple grieve! §

Lod What a strange creature is a laughing
fool!

* stigmatic] "I am marked as with a brand of infamy"
STEEVENS.

So Heywood,

"Print in my face

The most stigmatical title of a villain"

A Woman Kilde with Kindness, 1617, Sig C 4
† ingeniously] By writers of Webster's time *ingenious*
and *ingenuous* are often confounded.

‡ melancholic] The 4to of 1631 "*melancholy*"—On the
melancholy of a hare see the notes of Shakespeare's com-
mentators, *First Part of Henry IV* act i sc 2

§ we how yon couple grieve] Probably he alludes to
Francisco and Monticello but they certainly are not on
the stage at present.

As if man were created to no use
But only to show his teeth

Flam I'll tell thee what,—

It would do well, instead of looking glasses,
To set one's face each morning by a* saucer
Of a witch's congeal'd blood

Lod Precious gue!†

We'll never part

Flam Never, till the beggary of courtiers,
The discontent of churchmen, want of soldiers,
And all the creatures that hang manacled,
Worse than strappado'd, on the lowest felly
Of Fortune's wheel, be taught, in our two lives,
To scorn that world which life of means deprives.

Enter ANTONELLI and GASFARO

Anto My lord, I bring good news. The Pope,
on's death bed,

At the earnest suit of the Great Duke of Florence,
Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd unto
you—

Lod I thank you for your news—Look up
again,

Flamineo, see my pardon

Flam Why do you laugh?

There was no such condition in our covenant

Lod Why!

Flam You shall not seem a happier man than I
You know our vow, sir, if you will be merry,
Do it like the like posture as if some great man
Sat while his enemy were executed,
Though it be very lechery unto thee,
Do't with a crabbed‡ politician's face

Lod Your sister is a damnable whore

Flam Ha!

Lod Look you, I spake that laughing

Flam Dost ever think to speak again?

Lod Do you hear?

Wilt sell me forty ounces of her blood
To water a mandrake?

Flam Poor lord, you did vow
To live a lousy creature

Lod Yes

Flam Like one

That had for ever forfeited the day-light
By being in debt.

Lod Ha, ha!

* a] The 4to of 1631 "*the*"

† gue] So some copies of the 4to of 1612, other copies
grine rouge "the 4to of 1631 "*gue*" the 4tos. of 1665
and 1672 "*rogue*"—*Gue* (from the Fr *guez*) means a rogue,
a sharper Nares (*Gloss* in v) was not aware of the pre-
sent passage, when, after citing two examples of the
word from Brathwaite's *Honest Ghost*, he expressed a
suspicion that "*gue*" was "an affectation" of Brathwaite
‡ crabbed] The 4to of 1631 "*sabby*"

Flam. I do not greatly wonder you do break,
Your lordship learn'd 't long since But I'll tell
you,—

Lod What?

Flam And 't shall stick by you,—

Lod I long for it

Flam This laughter scurvily becomes your
face

If you will not be melancholy, be angry

[*Strikes him*]

See, now I laugh too

Mar You are to blame I'll force you hence

Lod Unhand me

[*Exeunt MARCELLO and FIAMINIO*]

That e'er I should be forc'd to right myself

Upon a pander!

Anto My lord,—

Lod Had been as good met with his fist a
thunderbolt.

Gas How this shows!

Lod Uds'death, how did my sword miss him?

These rogues that are most weary of their lives

Still scape the greatest dangers

A pox upon him! all his reputation,

Nay, all the goodness of his family,

Is not worth half this earthquake

I learn'd it of no fencer to shake thus

Come, I'll forget him, and go drink some wine

[*Exeunt*]

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS and MONTICELSO*

Mont Come, come, my lord, untie your folded
thoughts,

And let them dangle loose as a bride's hair †

Your sister's poison'd

Fran. de Med Far be it from my thoughts
To seek revenge

Mont What, are you turn'd all marble?

Fran. de Med Shall I defy him, and impose a
war

Most burdensome on my poor subjects' necks,

Which at my will I have not power to end?

You know, for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,

Committed in the horrid lust of war,

He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed

Shall find it in his grave and in his seed

Mont That's not the course I'd wish you, pray,
observe me

* *Enter Francisco de Medicis, &c.* Scene. The Same
An apartment in the palace of Francisco

† —*untie your folded thoughts,*

And let them dangle loose, as a bride's hair] "Brides
formerly walked to church with their hair hanging loose
behind Anne Bullen's was thus dishevelled when she
went to the altar with King Henry the Eighth"

STEEVENS

We see that undermining more prevails
Than doth the cannon Bear your wrongs
conceal'd,

And, patient as the tortoise, let this camel
Stalk o'er your back unbruin'd sleep with the lion,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For the bloody audit and the fatal gripe
Aun like a cunning fowler, close one eye,
That you the better may your game espy

Fran. de Med Free me, my innocence, from
treacherous acts!

I know there's thunder yonder, and I'll stand
Like a safe valley, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain, since I know
Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flies,
By her foul work is found, and in it dies
To pass away these thoughts, my honour'd lord,
It is reported you possess a book,
Wherein you have quoted,* by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders
Lurking about the city

Mont Sir, I do,

And some there are which call it my black book
Well may the title hold, for though it teach not
The art of conjuring, yet in it lurk
The names of many devils.

Fran. de Med Pray, let's see it

Mont I'll fetch it to your lordship [*Exit*]

Fran. de Med Monticelso,

I will not trust thee, but in all my plots

I'll rest as jealous as a town besieg'd

Thou canst not reach what I intend to act

Your flax soon kindles, soon is out again,

But gold slow heats, and long will hot remain

*Re enter MONTICELSO, presents FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS
with a book*

Mont 'Tis here, my lord

Fran. de Med First, your intelligencers, pray,
let's see

Mont. Their number rises strangely, and some
of them

You'd take for honest men Next are panders,—

These are your pirates, and these following leaves

For base rogues that undo young gentlemen

By taking up commodities, † for politic bankrupts,

* *quoted*] "I e noted" REED

† —*that undo young gentlemen*

By taking up commodities] "It was the practice of
usurers formerly, and has been continued by their suc-
cessors even to the present times, to defraud the neces-
sitous who borrow money by furnishing them with
goods and wares, to be converted into cash at a great loss
to the borrower This was done to avoid the penal
Statutes against Usury It was called taking up com-

For fellows that are bawds to their own wives,
Only to put off horses, and slight jewels,
Clocks, defac'd plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children

Fran. de Med Are there such?

Mont. These are for impudent bawds
That go in men's apparel, for usurers
That share with scriveners for their good re-
portage,

For lawyers that will antedate their writs
And some divines you might find folded there,
But that I shp them o'er for conscience' sake
Here is a general catalogue of knaves
A man might study all the prisons o'er,
Yet never attain this knowledge

Fran de Med Murderers!

Fold down the leaf, I pray
Good my lord, let me borrow this strange doctrine

Mont Pray, use't, my lord

Fran de Med I do assure your lordship,
You are a worthy member of the state,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offenders

Mont Somewhat, sir

Fran de Med O God!

Better than tribute of wolves paid in England *
'Twill hang their skins o'the hedge

Mont I must make bold

To leave your lordship

Fran de Med. Dearly,† sir, I thank you
If any ask for me at court, report
You have left me in the company of knaves

[*Exit MONTECRISO*]

I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my lord's officer, one‡ that lately skipp'd
From a clerk's desk up to a justice's chair,
Hath made this knavish summons, and intends,
As the Irish rebels wont were || to sell heads,
So to make prize of these And thus it happens,

modice, and is often noticed in our ancient writers
See several instances in the notes of Mr Steevens and
Dr Farmer to *Measure for Measure*, A 4 b 4' REED

* *Better than tribute*, &c.] ' This tribute was imposed
on the Welsh by King Edgar, in order that the nation
might be freed from these ravenous and destructive
beasts Drayton, in *Polyolion*, Song 9th, says
'Thrice famous Saxon King, on whom time ne'er shall
prey,

O Edgar! who compeldst our Ludwal hence to pay
Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto thee
And for that tribute paid, as famous may'st thou be,
O conquer'd British king, by whom was first destroy'd
The multitude of wolves, that long this land annoy'd "

REED

† *Dearly*] The 4to of 1631, "dear"

‡ *one*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612 "and"

§ *justice*] The 4to of 1631, "justice's"

|| *wont were*] The 4to of 1631, "were wont"

Your poor rogues pay for't which have not the *
means

To present bribe in fist the rest o'the band
Are raz'd out of the knaves' record, or else
My lord he winks at them with easy will,
His man grows rich, the knaves are the knaves still
But to the use I'll make of it, it shall serve
To point me out a list† of murderers,
Agents for any villany Did I want
Ten leash of courtozans, it would furnish me,
Nay, laundress three armies That in so little
paper

Should be the undoing of so many men ‡
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations
See the corrupted use some make of books
Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,
Draws swords, swells battles, and o'erthrows all
good

To fashion my revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sister's face
Call § for her picture? no, I'll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholic thought I'll frame

Enter ISABELLA's ghost

Her figure 'fore me Now I ha't —how strong ||
Imagination works! how she can frame
Things which are not! Methinks she stands
afoie me,

And by the quick idea of my mind,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture
Thought, as a subtle juggler, makes us deem
Things supernatural, which yet¶ have cause
Common as sickness. 'Tis my melancholy —
How can'st thou by thy death? —How idle am I
To question mine own idleness! —Did ever
Man dream awake till now? —Remove this object,
Out of my brain with't what have I to do
With tombs, or death beds, funerals, or tears,
That have to meditate upon revenge?

[*Exit Ghost*]

So, now 'tis ended, like an old wife's story
Statesmen think often they see stranger sights
Than madmen Come, to this weighty business

* *the*] Omitted in the 4to of 1631

† *list*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, "life" —perhaps
a misprint for "file"

‡ — That in so little paper

§ *Call*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, "Look"

|| *Now I ha't —how strong*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612,

"Now I—d'foot how strong,"

¶ *ye*] Omitted in the two earliest 4tos, and first in-
serted in that of 1665

My tragedy must have some idle mirth in't,
Else it will never pass I am in love,
In love with Corombona, and my suit
Thus halts to her in verse — [Writes
I have done it rarely O the fate of princes!
I am so us'd to frequent flattery,
That, being alone, I now flatter myself
But it will serve, 'tis seal'd

Enter Servant *

Bear this

To the house of convertites,† and watch your
leisure

To give it to the hands of Corombona,
Or to the matron, when some followers
Of Brachiano may be by Away! [Exit Servant
He that deals all by strength, his wit is shallow
When a man's head goes through, each limb will
follow

The engine for my business, bold Count Lodowick

'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,
With empty fist no man doth falcons lure
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter
Like the wild Irish, I'll ne'er think thee dead
Till I can play at football with thy head
Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo §

Enter the Matron || and FLAMINEO

Matron Should it be known the duke hath
such recourse

To your imprison'd sister, I were like
To incur much damage by it

Flam Not a scruple

The Pope lies on his death bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other business
Than guarding of a lady

Enter Servant

Servant Yonder's Flammineo in conference
With the matrona—Let me speak with you,
I would entreat you to deliver for me
This letter to the fair Vittoria

Matron I shall, sir.

Servant With all care and secrecy
Hereafter you shall know me, and receive
Thanks for this courtesy [Exit

Flam How now! what's that?

* Enter Servant] I may observe that occasionally in
old plays Servants enter, as here, without being sum-
moned, just at the moment they happen to be wanted

† convertites] See note †, p. 23

‡ doth] The 4to of 1631, "do"

§ *Flectere, &c*] Virgil, *Æn* vii 312.

|| Enter the Matron, &c] Scene The Same A room
in the House of Convertites

Matron A letter

Flam To my sister! I'll see't deliver'd

Enter BRACHIANO

Brach. What's that you read, Flammineo?

Flam Look

Brach. Ha! [reads] "To the most unfortunate,
his best respected Vittoria"—

Who was the messenger?

Flam I know not

Brach. No! who sent it?

Flam Ud'sfoot, you speak as if a man
Should know what fowl is coffin'd in a bak'd
meat

Afore you cut it up

Brach. I'll open't, were't her heart—What's
here subscrib'd?

"Florence"—this juggling is gross and palpable
I have found out the conveyance—Read it,
read it

Flam [reads] "Your tears I'll turn to triumphs,
be but mine

Your prop is fall'n I pity, that a vine,
Which princes heretofore have long'd to gather,
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither"—

Wine, I futh, my lord, with lees would serve
his turn—

"Your sad imprisonment I'll soon uncharm,
And with a princely uncontrolled arm
Lead you to Florence, where my love and care
Shall hang your wishes in my silver hair"—

A halter on his strange equivocation!—

"Nor for my years return me the sad willow
Who prefer blossoms before fruit that's mellow?—

Rotten, on my knowledge, with lying too long
in the bed straw—

"And all the lines of age this line convinces,
The gods never wax old, no more do princes"—

A pox on't, tear it, let's have no more athenisms,
for God's sake

Brach. Ud'sdeath, I'll cut her into atomies,*
And let the irregular north wind sweep her up,
And blow her into his nostrils! Where's this
where?

Flam That what do you call her?

Brach. O, I could be mad,
Prevent the curs'd disease† she'll bring me to,
And tear my hair off! Where's this changeable
stuff!

Flam. O'er head and ears in water, I assure you
She is not for your wearing

* atomies] The 4to of 1631 "atomies"

† the curs'd disease] One of the consequences of the
venereal disease is the coming off of the hair

Brach. No,* you pander?

Flam. What, me, my lord? am I your dog?

Brach. A blood hound do you brave, do you stand me?

Flam. Stand you! let those that have diseases run,

I need no plasters.†

Brach. Would you be kick'd?

Flam. Would you have your neck broke?

I tell you, duke, I am not in Russia, ‡

My shins must be kept whole

Brach. Do you know me?

Flam. O, my lord, methodically

As in this world there are degrees of evils,

So in this world there are degrees of devils.

You're a great duke, I your poor secretary

I do look now for a Spanish fig,§ or an Italian salad, daily

Brach. Pander, ply your convoy, and leave your prating

Flam. All your kindness to me is like that miserable courtesy of Polyphemus to Ulysses, you reserve me to be devoured last you would

* No] Some copies of the 4to of 1612 "In" the 4to of 1631 "e'en"

† plasters] The 4to of 1631 "plaster"

‡ —I am not in Russia

My shins must be kept whole] "It appears from Giles Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 51, that on determining an action of debt in that country, 'the partie convicted is delivered to the Sergeant, who hath a writte for his warrant out of the Office, to carry him to the *Praveush*, or Righter of Justice if presently hee pay not the moneie, or content not the partie This *Praveush*, or Righter, is a place neere to the office where such as have sentence passed against them and refuse to pay that which is adjudged, are beaten with great cudgels on the shins and calves of their legges Every forenoone from eight to eleven they are set on the *Praveush*, and beaten in this sort till the moneie be payd The after noone and night time they are kepte in chaines by the Sergeant except they put in sufficient suerties for their appearance at the *Praveush* at the hower appointed You shall see fortie or fiftie stand together on the *Praveush* all on a rowe, and their shins thus be cudgelled and beasted every morning with a piteous crye If after a years standing on the *Praveush*, the partie will not, or lacke wherewithall to satisfie his cred tour, it is lawfull for him to sell his wife and children, eyther out right, or for a certaine terme of yeares. And if the price of them doo not amount to the full payment, the creditour may take them to bee his bondslaves, for yeares or for ever, according as the value of the debt requireth." REED

So I Daze,

"Let him have Russian law for all his sins, Whats that?" A 100 blowes on his bare shins"

The Parliament of Bees, 1641, Sig G 2

§ a Spanish fig] "Referring to the custom of giving poisoned figs to those who were the objects either of the Spanish or Italian revenge See Mr Stevens's note on *King Henry V* A 3 S 6" REED

dig turfs out of my grave to feed your larks, that would be music to you Come, I'll lead you to her

Brach. Do you face me?

Flam. O,* sir, I would not go before a politic enemy with my back towards him, though there were behind me a whirlpool.

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA

Brach. Can you read, mistress? look upon that letter

There are no characters nor hieroglyphics,

You need no comment I am grown your receiver God's precious! you shall be a brave great lady, A stately and advanced whore.

Vit. Cor. Say, sir?

Brach. Come, come, let's see your cabinet, discover

Your treasury of love-letters Death and Furies! I'll see them all

Vit. Cor. Sir, upon my soul,

I have not any Whence was this directed?

Brach. Confusion on your politic ignorance!

You are reclaim'd,† are you? I'll give you the bells,

And let you fly to the devil

Flam. Ware hawk, my lord

Vit. Cor. "Florence"! this is some treacherous plot, my lord

To me he ne'er was lovely,‡ I protest,

So much as in my sleep

Brach. Right! they are plots

Your beauty! O, ten thousand curses on't!

How long have I beheld the devil in crystal!§

Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,

With music and with fatal yokes of flowers,

To my eternal ruin Woman to man

Is either a god or a wolf

Vit. Cor. My lord,—

Brach. Away!

We'll be as differing as two adamants,

The one shall shun the other What, dost weep?

Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,

* O] Omitted in some copies of the 4to of 1612

† reclaim'd] Used here with a quibble to reclaim a hawk is to make her gentle and familiar,—to tame her

‡ lovely] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, "thought on"

§ How long have I beheld the devil in crystal] "The boril, which is a kind of crystal, hath a weak tincture of red in it Among other tricks of astrologers, the discovery of past or future events was supposed to be the consequence of looking into it See *Aubrey's Miscellanies*, p. 165 edit. 1721" REED

§ Rowlands, describing a dabbler in magic, says,

"He can transforme himselfe unto an asse, Shew you the Divell in a Chrystall glasse"

The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Paine, 1611, Sat. 3

Ye'd* furnish all the Irish funerals
With howling past wild Irish

Flam. Fie, my lord!

Brach. That hand, that cursèd hand, which I
have wearèd

With doting kisses '—O my sweetest duchess,
How lovely art thou now!—My† loose thoughts
Scatter like quicksilver I was bewitch'd,
For all the world speaks ill of thee.

Vit Cor. No matter

I'll live so now, I'll make that world recant,
And change her speeches. You did name your
duchess,

Brach. Whose death God pardon!

Vit Cor. Whose death God revenge ‡
On thee, most godless duke!

Flam. Now for two § whirlwinds.

Vit Cor. What have I gain'd by thee but
infamy?

Thou hast stain'd the spotless honour of my house,
And frighted thence noble society
Like those, which, sick o'the palsy, and retain
Ill scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunn'd
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call
this house?

Is this your palace? did not the judge style it
A house of penitent whores? who sent me to it?
Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria
To this incestuous college? is't not you?
Is't not your high preferment? Go, go, brag
How many ladies you have undone like me
Fare you well, sir, let me hear no more of you
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,
But I have cut it off, and now I'll go
Weeping to heaven on crutches For your gifts,
I will return them all, and I do wish
That I could make you full executor
To all my sins O, that I could toss myself
Into a grave as quickly! for all thou art worth
I'll not shed one tear more,—I'll burst first.

[*She throws herself upon a bed*]

Brach. I have drunk Lethe—Vittoria!
My dearest happiness! Vittoria!

What do you ail, my love? why do you weep?

Vit Cor. Yes, I now weep ponnards, do you see?

Brach. Are not those matchless eyes mine?

* Ye'd] The 4to of 1631, "We'll"

† My] The three earliest 4tos "Thy"

‡ Brach] *Whose death God pardon!*

Vit Cor] *Whose death God revenge, &c.* A recollection
of Shakespeare,

"Glo Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—which *Jesu* pardon!

Q. Mar] *Which God revenge!* "Richard III, act 1 sc 3

§ two] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, "ten" the 4to
of 1631, "the."

Vit Cor. I had rather ¶

They were not matchless.*

Brach. Is not this lip mine?

Vit Cor. Yes, thus to bite it off, rather than
give it thee

Flam. Turn to my lord, good sister

Vit Cor. Hence, you pander!

Flam. Pander! am I the author of your sin?

Vit Cor. Yes, he's a base thief that a thief
lets in

Flam. We're blown up, my lord

Brach. Wilt thou hear me?

Once to be jealous of thee, is to express
That I will love thee everlastingly,
And never more be jealous

Vit Cor. O thou fool,

Whose greatness hath by much o'ergrown thy wit!
What dar'st thou do that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to be still thy whore? for that,
In the sea's bottom sooner thou shalt make
A bonfire

Flam. O, no oaths, for God's sake!

Brach. Will you hear me?

Vit Cor. Never.

Flam. What a damn'd imposthume is a woman's
will!

Can nothing break it?—Fie, fie, my lord,
Women are caught as you take tortoises,
She must be turn'd on her back—Sister, by this
hand,
I am on your side—Come, come, you have wrong'd
her

What a strange credulous man were you, my lord,
To think the Duke of Florence would † love her!
Will any mercer take another's ware
When once 'tis tou'd and sullied?—And yet, sister,
How scurvily this frowardness becomes you!
Young leverets stand not long, and women's anger
Should, like their fight, procure a little sport,
A full cry for a quarter of an hour,
And then be put to the dead quat.‡

Brach. Shall these eyes,

Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out?

Flam. No cruel landlady i'the world,
Which lends forth groats to broom men, and takes
use for them,

Would do't—

Hand her, my lord, and kiss her be not like

A ferret, to let go your hold with blowing

Brach. Let us renew right hands

* matchless] The 4to of 1612, "matches"

† would] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, "could."

‡ quat] A corrupt form of *squat*,—the sitting of a hare.

Vit. Cor. Hence!

Brach Never shall rage or the forgetful wine
Make me commit like fault

Flam Now you are i'the way on't, follow't hard

Brach Be thou at peace with me, let all the
world

Threaten the cannon

Flam Mark his penitence

Best natures do commit the grossest faults,
When they re given o'er to jealousy, as best wine,
Dying, makes strongest vinegar I'll tell you,—
The sea's more rough and raging than calm rivers,
But not so sweet nor wholesome A quiet woman
Is a still water under a great bridge,*
A man may shoot † her safely

Vit Cor O ye dissembling men!

Flam We suck'd that, sister,
From women's breasts, in our first infancy

Vit Cor To add misery to misery!

Brach Sweetest,—

Vit Cor Am I not low enough?

Ay, ay, your good heart gathers like a snow ball,
Now your affection's cold

Flam Udsfoot, it shall melt
To a heart again, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o'the lees for't

Vit Cor Your dog or hawk should be rewarded
better

Than I have been I'll speak not one word more.

Flam Stop her mouth with a sweet kiss, my
lord So,

Now the tide's turn'd, the vessel's come about
He's a sweet armful. O, we curl'd hair'd men
Are still most kind to women! This is well

Brach That you should chide thus!

Flam O, sir, your little chunnies
Do ever cast most smoke! I sweat for you
Couple together with as deep a silence
As did the Grecians in their wooden horse
My lord, supply your promises with deeds,
You know that painted meat no hunger feeds.

Brach Stay, ingrateful Rome—‡

* *Is a still water under a great bridge* [“Is like a still water under London bridge” was the reading until now [in the editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1744 and 1780] how or why the word *London* was foisted in, it is not easy to guess, as both the old copies give the passage as it is now printed.” COLLIER.]

Dodsley and Reed found the reading, which Mr Collier rightly rejected, in the 4tos of 1665 and 1672.

† *shoot* [“To shoot the bridge was a term used by watermen, to signify going through London bridge at the turning of the tide. The vessel then went with great velocity, and from thence it probably was called *shoot-ing*.” REED]

‡ *Stay, ingrateful Rome*—] Qy “Stay in ingrateful Rome!”

Flam Rome! it deserves to be call'd Barbary
For our villainous usage

Brach Soft! the same project which the Duke
of Florence

(Whether in love or gullery I know not)

Laid down for her escape, will I pursue

Flam And no time fitter than this night, my
lord

The Pope being dead, and all the cardinals
enter'd

The conclave for the electing a new Pope,

The city in a great confusion,

We may attire her in a page's suit,

Lay her post horse, take shipping, and amain
For Padua

Brach I'll * instantly steal forth the Prince
Giovanni,

And make for Padua. You two with your old
mother,

And young Marcello that attends on Florence,

If you can work him to it, follow me

I will advance you all —for you, Vittoria,
Think of a duchess' title

Flam Lo you, sister!—

Stay, my lord, I'll tell you a tale The crocodile,
which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worm breeds
i'the teeth o't, which puts it to extreme anguish
a little bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber-
surgeon to this crocodile, flies into the jaws o't,
picks out the worm, and brings present remedy
The fish, glad of ease, but ingrateful to her that
did it, that the bird may not talk largely of her
abroad for non-payment, closeth her chaps, intend-
ing to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual
silence But nature, loathing such ingratitude,
hath armed this bird with a quill or prick on the
head, top o'the which wounds the crocodile i'the
mouth, forceth her open her bloody prison, and
away flies the pretty tooth picker from her cruel
patient †

Brach Your application is, I have not rewarded
The service you have done me

Flam No, my lord —

You, sister, are the crocodile you are blemished
in your fame, my lord cures it, and though the
comparison hold not in every particle, yet observe,
remember what good the bird with the prick i'the
head hath done you, and scorn ingratitude.—

* *I'll* Omitted in the 4to of 1631

† This tale is an alteration of a fable told originally by Herodotus, lib ii c 68, that a bird, called trochilus, enters the throat of the crocodile, and extracts the leeches that gather there (or, according to some ancient writers, picks particles of flesh from its teeth), and that the grateful crocodile does the bird no injury

It may appear to some ridiculous [Aside]
Thus to talk knave and madman, and sometimes
Come in with a dried sentence, stuff with sige
But this allows my varying of shapes,
Knave do grow great by being great men's apes

IX.

[Exeunt]

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS * LODOVICO, GASPARO, and
the Ambassadors

Fran de Med So, my lord, I commend your
diligence

Guard well the conclave, and, as the order is,
Let none have conference with the cardinals

Lod I shall, my lord—Room for the ambas-
sadors!

Gasp They're wondrous brave † to dry why
do they wear

These several habits?

Lod O, ay, they are knights
Of several orders

That lord in the black cloak, with the silver
cross,

Is Knight of Rhodes, ‡ the next, Knight of St
Michael, §

That, of the Golden Fleece, || the Frenchman,
there,

Knight of the Holy Ghost, ¶ my lord of Savoy,
Knight of the Annunciation, ** the Englishman
Is Knight of the honour'd Garter, †† dedicated

* *Enter Francisco de Medicis, &c* [Scene The same
Before the building in which the cardinals are assembled
for the election of a Pope from what presently follows
in our text it would seem that the conclave is held in a
church (The Vatican, I believe, is the usual place of
conclave)]

Enter "i e fino" REED

† That lord in the black cloak with the silver cross,

Is knight of Rhodes] "A knight of Rhodes was
formerly called a Knight of St John Jerusalem, and now
a knight of Malta The Order was instituted some time
before the conquest of Jerusalem by the Christians in
1099 Segar says, that a governor called Gerardus
commanded that he and all others of that house should
wear a white cross upon a black garment, which was the
original of the Order, and ever since hath been used"—
Honor Military and Civil, fol 1602, p 97 REED

§ *Knight of St Michael*] "This Order was erected in
1409 by Lewis XI King of France See Segar on Honor,
p 81" REED

|| *That of the Golden Fleece*] "Instituted by Philip the
Good Duke of Burgundy and Earl of Flanders, in 1120
See Segar, p 79" REED

¶ *Knight of the Holy Ghost*] "Instituted by Henry III
King of France and Poland, in the year 1579 See Segar,
p 87" REED

** *Knight of the Annunciation*] "An Order begun by
Amedes Count of Savoy, surnamed Il Verde, in memory
of Amedes the first Earl, who, having valorously de-
fended the Isle of Rhodes, did win those arms now borne
by the Dukes of Savoy See Segar, p 85" REED

†† *Knight of the honour'd Garter*] "Founded by King
Edward III" REED

Unto their saint, St. George I could describe to
you

Their several institutions, with the laws
Annexed to their orders, but that time
Permits not such discovery

Fran de Med Where's Count Lodowick?

Lod Here, my lord.

Fran de Med 'Tis o'the point of dinner time
Marshal the cardinals' service

Lod Sir, I shall

Later Servants, with several dishes covered

Stand, let me search your dish—who's this for?

Servant For my lord cardinal Monticelso

Lod Whose this?

Servant For my lord cardinal of Bourbon

The Amb Why doth he search the dishes? to
observe

What meat is drest?

The Amb No, sir, but to prevent

Lest any letters should be convey'd in,

To bribe or to solicit the advancement

Of any cardinal When first they enter,

'Tis lawful for the ambassadors of princes

To enter with them, and to make them suit

For any man their prince affecteth best,

But after, till a general election,

No man may speak with them

Lod You that attend on the lord cardinals,
Open the window, and receive their winds!

A Cardinal [at the window] You must retain
the service the lord cardinals

Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,

They have given over scrutiny, and will fall in
To adoration

Lod Away, away!

Fran de Med I'll lay a thousand ducats you
hear news

Of a Pope presently Hark! sure he's elected

Behold, my lord of Arragon appears

On the church battlements

*Arragon [on the church battlements] Denuntio
vobis *gaudium magnum Reverendissimus cardi-
nalis Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem
apostolicam, et elegit sibi nomen Paulum Quartum*

* *Denuntio vobis, &c*] All the 4tos except that of
1612, "Annuntio"—This was nearly the form in which
the election of a pope was declared to the people See
Roscoe's *Life of Leo the Tenth*, vol II p 166 ed 1805
Cartwright, perhaps, meant to parody this passage of
Webster, when he wrote the following,

"*Moth* Denuncio vobis gaudium magnum,
Robertus de Tinea electus est in sedem Hospita-
lem,
Et assumit sibi nomen Gualfridi"

The Ordinary, Act 5 Sc 4 (Works, 1651)

*Omnes Vivat sanctus pater Paulus Quartus!**

Enter Servant

Servant Vittoria, my lord,—

Fran de Med Well, what of her?

Servant Is fled the city,—

Fran de Med Ha!

Servant With Duke Brachiano

Fran de Med Fled! Where's the Prince Gio-
vanni?

Servant Gone with his father

Fran de Med Let the nation of the con-
vertites

Be apprehended—Fled! O, damnable!

[Exit Servant]

How fortunate are my wishes! why, 'twas thus

I only labour'd I did send the letter

To instruct him what to do Thy fame, fond†
duke,

I first have poison'd, directed thee the way

To marry a whore what can be worse? This
follows,—

The hand must act to drown the passionate
tongue

I scorn to wear a sword and part of wrong

Enter MONTICELSO in state

Mont *Concedimus vobis apostolicam benedic-
tionem et remissionem peccatorum ‡*

My lord reports Vittoria Corombona

Is stol'n from forth the house of convertites

By Brachiano, and they're fled the city

Now, though this be the first day of our state,§

We cannot better please the divine power

Than to sequester from the holy church

These curs'd persons Make it therefore known,

We do denounce excommunication

Against them both all that are theirs in Rome

We likewise banish Set on

[Exeunt MONTICELSO, his train, Ambassadors, &c]

Fran de Med Come, dear Lodovico,

You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute

The intended murder

Lod With all constancy

But, sir, I wonder you'll engage yourself

In person, being a great prince

Fran de Med Drive it me not.

Most of his court are of my faction,

* *Paulus Quartus*] Qv did Webster, in making Monticelso Pope Paul IV follow the work from which he took the plot of this play? The person who was really raised to that dignity was John Peter Carafa

† *fond*] i.e. simple, foolish

‡ In some copies of the 4to of 1612 this benediction is not given

§ *state*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, and the 4to of 1631, "seat"

And some are of my council Noble friend,

Our danger shall be like in this design

Give leave, part of the glory may be mine

[Exeunt FRAN DE MED and GASPARO]

Re enter MONTICELSO

Mont Why did the Duke of Florence with
such care

Labour your pardon? say *

Lod Italian beggars will resolve you that,

Who, begging of an alms, bid those they beg of,

Do good for their own sakes, or it may be,

He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand,

Like kings, who many times give out of measure,

Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure

Mont I know you're cunning Come, what
devil was that

That you were rusing?

Lod Devil, my lord!

Mont I ask you †

How doth the duke employ you, that his bonnet

Full with such compliment unto his knee,

When he departed from you?

Lod Why, my lord,

He told me of a resty Barbary horse

Which he would fain have brought to the career,

The salt,‡ and the ring galliard now, my lord,

I have a rare French rider §

Mont Take you heed

Lest the jade break your neck Do you put me off

With your wild horse tricks? Sirrah, you do lie

O, thou'rt a foul black cloud, and thou dost threat

A violent storm!

Lod Storms are i'the air, my lord

I am too low to storm

Mont Wretched creature!

I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,

Like dogs that once get blood, they'll ever kill

About some murder? was it not?

Lod I'll not tell you

And yet I care not greatly if I do,

Marry, with this preparation Holy father,

* *Why did the Duke of Florence with such care*

Labour your pardon? say] In some copies of the 4to of 1612 this forms part of Francisco's speech, but in other copies of that edition, and in the 4to of 1631, it is rightly given to Monticelso

† *I ask you*] The two oldest 4tos give this to Lodovico but the 4tos of 1665 and 1672 assign it to Monticelso, to whom it obviously belongs

‡ *The salt*] The old eds have "The 'saule,'" &c but a particular kind of leaping or bounding is meant "If then you finde in him [your horse] a naturall inclination of lightnesse, and a spirit both apt to apprehend and execute any sault above ground," &c Markham's *Cavalierie* &c, p 234 ed 1617

§ *French rider*] When this play was written, the French excelled most nations in horsemanship

I come not to you as an intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner what I utter
Is in confession merely, which you know
Must never be reveal'd

Mont You have o'er-act'en me

Lod Sir, I did love Brachiano's duchess dearly,
Or rather I pursu'd her with hot lust,
Though she ne'er knew ou't She was poison'd,
Upon my soul, she was for which I have sworn
To avenge her murder

Mont To the Duke of Florence?

Lod To him I have

Mont Miserable creature!

If thou perst in this, 'tis damnable
Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood,
And not be taunted with a shameful fall?
Or, like the black and melancholic Jew tree,
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves,
And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee
Comes like sweet showers to over-warden'd ground,
They wet, but pierce not deep And so I leave
thee,

With all the Furies hanging 'bout thy neck,
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evil,
In conjuring from thy breast that cruel devil

Fad

Lod I'll give it o'er, he says 'tis damnable
As I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of Camillo's death

He enters FRANCISCO DE MEDICI with a servant

Fran de Med Do you know that count?

Servant Yes, my lord

Fran de Med Bear him these thousand ducats
to his lodging,

Tell him the Pope hath sent them. — [*Aside*]

Happily

That will confirm [him] more than all the rest [*Lod*]

Servant Sir,—

Lod To me, sir?

Servant His Holiness hath sent you a thousand
crowns,

And wills you, if you travel, to make him
Your patron for intelligence

Lod His creature ever to be commanded

[Exit Servant]

Why, now 'tis come about He rail'd upon me,
And yet these crowns were told out and laid ready
Before he knew my voyage O the wit,
The modest form of greatness! that do sit,
Like brides at wedding dinners, with their looks
turn'd

From the least wanton jest, their piling stomach
Sick of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose,
Even acting of those hot and lustful sports

Are to ensue about midnight such his cunning
He sounds my depth thus with a golden plummet
I am doubly arm'd now Now to the act of blood
There's but three Furies found in spacious hell,
But in a great man's breast three thousand dwell

[Lod]

X
*A passage over the stage of BRACHIANO FLAMINIO, MARCELLO HORTENSIO, VITTORIA COLOMBONA, CORNELIA, PANCHE, and others account owners except FLAMINIO and HORTENSIO **

Flam In all the weary minutes of my life,
Day ne'er broke up till now This marriage
Confirms me happy

Hort 'Tis a good assurance

Saw you not yet the Moor that's come to court?

Flam Yes, and conferr'd with him i'the duke's
closet

I have not seen a goodlier personage,
Nor ever talk'd with man better experienc'd
In state affairs or rudiments of war
He hath, by report, serv'd the Venetian
In Candy these twice seven years, and been chief
In many a bold design

Hort What are those two

That becom my company?

Flam Two noblemen of Hungary, that living
in the emperor's service as commanders, eight
years since, contrary to the expectation of all the
court, entered into religion, into the strict order
of Capuchins but, being not well settled in their
undertaking, they left their order, and returned
to court, for which, being after troubled in con-
science, they vow'd their service against the
enemies of Christ, went to Malta, were there
knighted, and in their return back at this great
solemnity, they are resolved for ever to forsake
the world and settle themselves here in a house
of Capuchins in Padua

Hort 'Tis strange

Flam One thing makes it so they have vow'd
for ever to wear, next their bare bodies, those
coats of mail they served in

Hort Hard penance! Is the Moor a Christian?

Flam He is

Hort Why proffers he his service to our duke?

Flam Because he understands there's like to
grow

Some wars between us and the Duke of Florence,
In which he hopes employment

I never saw one in a sterner bold look

Wear more command, nor in a loftier phrase

I express more knowing or more deep contempt

* *Except Flamenco and Hortensio* Scene Padua An
apartment of a palace

† *var.* The 4to of 1631, "war"

Of our right my countrymen He talks
As if he had travell'd all the princes' courts
Of Christendom in all things strives to express,
That all that should dispute with him may know,
Glories, like glow worms,* and off shine bright,
But look'd to me, have neither heat nor light —
The duke!

*Re-enter BRACHIANO with FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS disguised
like MULLINASSAR, LODOVICO ANTONELLI GASLATO
FARNES, CARLO and PEDRO † bearing their swords
and helmets and MARCITTO*

Brach You are nobly welcome We have heard
at full

Your honourable service 'gainst the Turk
To you brave MULLINASSAR, we assign
A competent pension and are only sorry,
The vows of those two worthy gentlemen
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bounty
Your wish is, you may leave your warlike swords
For monument in our chapel I accept it
As a great honour done me, and must crave
You leave to furnish out our duchess' revels
Only one thing, is the last vanity
You ever shall view, deny me not to stay
To see a banquet prepar'd to night
You shall have private standings It hath pleas'd
The great ambassadors of several princes,
In their return from home to their own countries,
To grace our musing, and to honour me
With such a kind of sport

Fran de Med I shall persuade them

To stay, my lord

Brach Set on these to the presence! ‡

*[Exit BRACHIANO, FRAMINEO, MARCITTO, and
HOWARD]*

Car Noble my lord, most fortunately welcome

[The Conspirators here embrace]

You have our vows, seal'd with the sacrament,
To second your attempts

Ped And all things ready

He could not have invented his own ruin
(Had he despair'd) with more propriety §

Lod You would not take my way

Fran de Med 'Tis better order'd

Lod To have poison'd his prayer book, or a pair
of beads,

The pommel of his saddle,* his looking-glass,
Or the handle of his racket,—O, that, that!
That while he had been bandying at tennis,
He might have sworn himself to hell, and strook
His soul into the hazard! O, my lord,
I would have our plot be ingenious,
And have it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather than borrow example

Fran de Med There's no way

More speeding than this thought on

Lod On, † then

Fran de Med And yet methinks that this
revenge is poor,
Because it steals upon him like a thief
To have taken him by the casque in a pitch'd
field,

Led him to Florence!—

Lod It had been rare and there

Have crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlic,
To have shown the sharpness of his government
And a weakness of his lust ‡—Framineo comes

*[Enter LODOVICO ANTONELLI, GASLATO, FARNES,
CARLO and PEDRO]*

Re-enter FRAMINEO, MARCITTO, and ZANCHE

Mar Why doth this devil haunt you, say?

Fram I know not,

For, by this light, I do not conjure for her
'Tis not so great a cunning as men think,
To raise the devil, for here's one up already
The greatest cunning were to lay him down

Mar She is your shame

Fram I prithee, pardon her

In faith, you see, women are like to burs,
Where their affliction throws them, there they'll
stick

Zan That is my countryman, a goodly person
When he's at leisure, I'll discourse with him
In our own language

Fram I beseech you do *[Exit ZANCHE]*
How is it, brave soldier? O, that I had seen
Some of your iron days! I pray, relate
Some of your service to us

Fran de Med 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a

* *Glories like glow worms* &c.] This fine simile occurs again verbatim in the *Duchess of Malin* A 4 S 2

† *Carlo and Pedro*] In both the earliest 4tos "Car" and "Ped" are prefixed to the respective speeches of those personages in this scene, though their entrance is not marked, and their names are found in full length afterwards in stage directions. The 4tos of 1665 and 1672 prefix to the two speeches in question, "Lod" and "Gas"

‡ *Set on these to the presence*] This evidently belongs to Brachiano though all the 4tos give it to Francisco

§ *propriety*] The 4tos of 1665 and 1672, "deftly"

* *The pommel of his saddle*] "This was one of the methods put in practice in order to destroy Queen Elizabeth. In the year 1598 Edward Squire was convicted of anointing the pommel of the Queen's saddle with poison, for which he was afterwards executed. See *Candee's Elizabeth* p. 726 Elz edit 1639" REED

† *On*] The 4to of 1631, "Oh"
‡ *And rankness of his lust*] After these words, the 4tos of 1665 and 1672 insert "But peace," not found in the two earliest 4tos

man to be his own chronicle I did never wash my mouth with mine own praise for fear of getting a stinking breath

Mar You're too stoical The duke will expect other discourse from you

Fran de Med I shall never flatter him I have studied man too much to do that. What difference is between the duke and I? no more than between two bricks, all made of one clay only 't may be one is placed on the top of a turret, the other in the bottom of a well, by mere chance If I were placed as high as the duke, I should stick as fast, make as fair a show, and bear out weather equally

Fiam [aside] If this soldier had a patent to beg in churches, then he would tell them stories

Mar I have been a soldier too

Fran de Med How have you thrived?

Mar Faith, poorly

Fran de Med That's the misery of peace only out-sides are then respected As ships seem very great upon the river, which show very little upon the seas, so some men in the court seem colossuses in a chamber, who, if they came into the field, would appear pitiful pigmies

Fiam Give me a fair room yet hung with arms, and some great cardinal to lug me by the ears as his endeared manion

Fran de Med And thou mayst do the devil knows what villany

Fiam And safely

Fran de Med Right you shall see in the country, in harvest-time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the farmer does not present the fowling piece to them why? because they belong to the lord of the manor, whilst your poor sparrows, that belong to the lord of heaven, they go to the pot for 't

Fiam I will now give you some politic instructions The duke says he will give you a pension that's but bare promise, get it under his hand For I have known men that have come from serving against the Turk, for three or four months they have had pension to buy them new wooden legs and flesh plasters, but, after, 'twas not to be had And this miserable courtesy shows as if a tormentor should give hot cordial drinks to one three quarters dead o'the rack, only to fetch the miserable soul again to endure more dog-days

[Exit FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS]

* a] Omitted in the 4to. of 1612

† The 4tos do not mark the Exit of FRANCISCO but it is necessary to get rid of him, as he enters towards the end of this scene

Re enter HORTENSIO and ZANCHE, with a Young Lord and two more

How now, gallants! what, are they ready for the barriers?

Young Lord Yes, the lords are putting on their armour

Hort What's he?

Fiam A new up start, one that wears like a filconer, and will lie in the duke's Sunday by day, like a maker of almanacs and yet I knew him, since he came to the court, smell worse of sweat than an under tennis-court keeper

Hort Look you, yonder's your sweet mistress

Fiam Thou art my sworn brother I'll tell thee, I do love that Moor, that witch, very constrainedly She knows some of my villany I do love her just as a man holds a wolf by the ears but for fear of turning upon me and pulling out my throat, I would let her go to the devil

Hort I hear she claims marriage of thee

Fiam I ut, I made to her some such dark promise, and, in seeking to fly from it, I run on, like a frightened dog with a bottle in its tail, that run would bite it off, and yet dares not look behind him—Now, my precious puppy

Zanche Ay, your love to me rather cools than heats

Fiam Murry, I am the sounder lover we have many wenches about the town heat too fast

Hort What do you think of these perfumed gallants, then?

Fiam Their skin cannot save them I am confident

They have a certain spice of the disease, For they that sleep with dogs shall rise with fleas

Zanche Believe it, a little painting and gay clothes make you love * me

Fiam How! love a lady for painting or gay apparel? Ill unlearn one example more for thee Æsop had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow I would have courtiers be better divers

Zanche You remember your oaths?

Fiam Lovers' oaths are like munnish prayers, uttered in extremity, but when the tempest is o'er, and that the vessel leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking And yet, amongst gentlemen, protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as shoe makers and Westphalia bacou they are both drawers on,

[Exit] The three earliest 4tos "loath"

for drink draws on protestation, and protestation draws on more drink Is not this discourse better now than the morality * of your sunburnt gentleman?

Re enter CORNELIA

Cor Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to the
stairs [Striking ZANCHE]

Flam You should be clapt by the heels now
strike the court! [Exit CORNELIA †]

Zanche She's good for nothing, but to make
her muds

Catch cold nights they due not use a bed staff
For fear of her light fingers

Mar You're a stumpet,
An impudent one [Kicking ZANCHE]

Flam Why do you kick her, say?
Do you think that she is like a walnut tree?
Must she be cudgell'd ere she bear good fruit?

Mar She brings that you shall marry her

Flam What, then?

Mar I had rather she were pitch'd upon a
stake

In some new seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crows thence

Flam You're a boy, a fool
Be guardian to your honour, I am of age

Mar If I take her near you, I'll cut her throat

Flam With a sin of fathers?

Mar And, for you, I'll whip
This folly from you

Flam Are you choleric?
I'll purge't with rhubarb

Mar O, your brother!

Flam Hung him,
He wrongs me most that ought to offend me
least—

I do suspect my mother play'd foul play
When she conceiv'd thee

Mar Now, by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughter'd sons of Oedipus,
The very flames of our affection
Shall turn two ways. Those words I'll make
thee answer

With thy heart blood

* [mortality] The three earliest stas "mortality"

† The Exit of Cornelia is omitted in the stas, but that she is not on the stage during the deadly quarrel of her sons, is evident from what she afterwards says,

"I hear a whispering all about the court
You are to fight who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel?"

‡ [two] The stas of 1612, "10"

"——— lamina ———"

Scinditur in partes geminoque cucurbitis igit,
Thebomos imitata rogos" Lucan, *Phar* i 550

Flam Do, like the geese in the progress *
You know where you shall find me

Mar Very good [Exit FLAMINEO]
An thou be'st a noble friend, bear him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on't

Young Lord Sir, I shall

[Enter Young Lord, MARCELLO, HORTENSIO, and
two more]

Zanche He comes. Hence petty thought of
my disgrace!

Re enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS

I ne'er lov'd my complexion till now,
'Cause I may boldly say, without a blush,
I love you

Fran de Med Your love is untimely sown,
there's a spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint
one I am sunk in years, and I have vowed never
to marry

Zanche Alas! poor maids get more lovers than
husbands yet you may mistake my wealth
for, as when ambassadors are sent to congratulate
princes, there's commonly sent along with them
a rich present, so that, though the prince like not
the ambassador's person nor words, yet he likes
well of the presentment, so I may come to you
in the same manner, and be better loved for my
dowry than my virtue

Fran de Med I'll think on the motion

Zanche Do I'll now
Detain you no longer At your better leisure
I'll tell you things shall startle your blood
Nor b'come me that this passion I reveal,
Lovers die maid that their flames conceal

[Exit

Fran de Med Of all intelligence this may
prove the best

Sure, I shall draw strange fowl from this foul
nest [Exit

Enter MARCELLO † and CORNELIA

Cor I hear a whispering all about the court
You are to fight who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel?

Mar 'Tis an idle rumour

Cor Will you dissemble? sure, you do not well
To fight me thus you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry I do charge you
Upon my blessing,—nay, I'll call the duke,
And he shall school you

Mar Publish not a fear

Which would convert to laughter 'tis not so
Was not this crucifix my father's?

* [progress] See note, p

† [Enter Marcello, &c] Scene Another apartment in
the same

Cor Yes

Mar I have heard you say, giving my brother
suck,

He took the crucifix between his hands,
And broke a limb off

Cor Yes, but 'tis mended

Enter FLAMINEO

Flam. I have brought your weapon back

[Runs MARCELLO through]

Cor Hail O my horror!

Mar You have brought it home, indeed

Cor Help! O, he's murder'd!

Flam Do you turn your gull up? I'll to
sanctuary,

And send a surgeon to you *[Exit]*

Enter CARLO, HORTENSIO, and PEDRO

Hort How! o the ground!

Mar O mother, now remember what I told
Of breaking of the crucifix! Farewell
There are some sins which heaven doth duly
punish

In a whole family This it is to rise
By all dishonest means! Let all men know,
That time shall long time keep its steady foot
Whose business spread no wider* than the root

Cor O my perpetual sorrow!

Hort Virtuous Marcello!

He's dead—Pray, leave him, lady come, you
shall

Cor Alas, he is not dead, he's in a trance
Whence, here's nobody shall get any thing by his
death Let me call him again, for God's sake!

Car I would you were deceived

Cor O, you abuse me, you abuse me, you
abuse me! How many have gone away thus, for
lack of tendance! Rear up's head, rear up's
head his bleeding inward will kill him

Hort You see he is departed

Cor I let me come to him, give me him as he
is if he be turned to earth, let me but give him
one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into
one coffin Fetch a looking glass,† see if his
breath will not stain it or pull out some feathers
from my pillow, and lay them to his lips Will
you lose him for a little pains taking?

* *with* [The 4to of 1672, "wider"]

† *Fetch a looking glass, &c* [See Shakespeare in *King
Lear*, A 5 S 3]

Land me a looking-glass

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone

Why, then she lives

This feather, stars she lives! if it be so,

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows

That ever I have felt" *REED*

Hort Your kindest office is to pray for him

Cor Alas, I would not pray for him yet He
may live to lay me in the ground, and pray for me,
if you'll let me come to him

*Enter BRACHIANO all armed, with the beaver with
FLAMINEO, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, IODOVICO, and
Page*

Brach Was this your handiwork?

Flam It was my misfortune

Cor He lies, he lies, he did not kill him these
have killed him that would not let him be better
looked to

Brach Have comfort, my griev'd mother

Cor O you! screech owl!

Hort Forbear, good madam

Cor I let me go, let me go

*[She runs to FLAMINEO with her knife drawn, and
coming to him lets it fall]*

The God of heaven forgive thee! Dost not
wonder

I pray for thee? I'll tell thee what's the reason
I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes,
I'd not spend that in cursing Fare thee well
Half of thyself lies there, and must thou
live

To fill an horn glass with his moulder'd ashes,
To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to
come

In blest repentance!

Brach Mother, pray tell me

How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?

Cor Indeed, my younger boy presum'd too
much

Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words,
Drew his sword first, and so, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head
Just in my bosom

Page This is not true, madam

Cor I pray thee, peace

One arrow's graz'd already it were vain

To lose this for that will never be found again

Brach Go, bear the body to Cornelia's lodging
And we command that none acquaint our duchess
With this sad accident For you, Flammeo,
Hark you, I will not grant your pardon

Flam No!

Brach Only a lease of your life, and that shall
last

But for one day thou shalt be forc'd each evening
To renew it, or be hang'd

Flam At your pleasure

[LODOVICO sprinkles BRACHIANO'S beaver with a poison]

Your will is law now, I'll not meddle with it

you] The 4tos of 1666 and 1672, "you"

Brach You once did brave me in your sister's lodging,
I'll now keep you in awe for't—Where's our beaver?

Fran de Med [aside] He calls for his destruction Noble youth,
I pity thy sad fate! Now to the barriers
Thou shalt his passage to the black lake further,
The last good deed he did, he pardon'd murder!

[Exeunt
[Charges and shouts * They fight at barriers † first single pairs, then three to three

Enter BRACHIANO, VITTORIA COROMBONA, GIOVANNI, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, FLAMINEO, with others

Brach An armorer! 'ud's death, an armorer!

Flam. Armorer! where's the armorer?

Brach Tear off my beaver.

Flam Are you hurt, my lord?

Brach O, my brain's on fire!

Enter Armorer

The helmet is poison'd

Armorer My lord, upon my soul,—

Brach Away with him to torture!

There are some great ones that have hand in this,
And near about us

Vit Cor O my lov'd lord! poison'd!

Flam Remove the beaver! Here's unfortunate
lovels!

Call the physicians

Enter two Physicians

A plague upon you!

We have too much of your cunning here already
I fear the ambassadors are likewise poison'd

Brach. O, I am gone already! the infection
Flies to the brain and heart O thou strong heart!
There's such a covenant 'twixt the world and it,
They're loth to break

Giov O my most loved father!

Brach Remove the boy away—
Where's this good woman?—Had I infinite worlds,
They were too little for thee must I leave thee?—
What say you, screech owls, is the venom mortal?

First Phys Most deadly

Brach. Most corrupted politic hangman,
You kill without book, but your art to save
Fails you as oft as great men's needy friends
I that have given life to offending slaves

* Charges and shouts &c.] Scene The lists at Padua.
† barriers] "Barriers cometh of the French word
barres, and signifieth with us that which the Frenchmen call
Jeu de Barres a martial sport or exercise of men armed,
and fighting together with short swords within certain
Barres or lists, whereby they are separated from the spectators." Cowel's Interpreter, ed 1701

And wretched murderers, have I not power
To lengthen mine own a twelve month?—
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.

This unction's sent from the great Duke of Florence

Fran de Med Sir, be of comfort

Brach O thou soft natural death, that art
joint-twin

To sweetest slumber! no rough bearded comets
Stares on thy mild departure, the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement, the hoarse wolf
Scent not thy carion pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on princes

Vit Cor I am lost for ever

Brach. How miserable a thing it is to die
'Mongst women howling!

Enter LOPOVICO and GASPARE, in the habit of Capuchins

What are those?

Flam

Franciscans

They have brought the extreme unction

Brach On pain of death, let no man name death
to me

It is a word infinitely terrible

Withdraw into our cabinet

[Exeunt all except FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS and FLAMINEO

Flam To see what solitariness is about dying
princes! as heretofore they have unpeopled towns,
divorced friends, and made great houses unhoospitable,
so now, O justice! where are their flatterers
now? Flatterers are but the shadows of princes'
bodies, the least thick cloud makes them invisible

Fran de Med There's great morn made for him

Flam Faith, for some few hours salt water will
run most plentifully in every office o' the court
but, believe it, most of them do but weep over
their stepmothers' graves †

Fran de Med How mean you?

Flam Why, they dissemble, as some men do
that live within compass o' the verge

Fran de Med Come, you have thrived well
under him

Flam Faith, like a wolf in a woman's breast, ‡
I have been fed with poultry but, for money,
understand me, I had as good a will to coven him
as e'er an officer of them all, but I had not
cunning enough to do it

Fran de Med What didst thou think of him?
fuph, speak freely

* &c.] The 1to of 1631, "are"

† graves] The 4to of 1631, "grave"

‡ like a wolf in a woman's breast] "The extraordinary
cravings of women during their pregnancy were anciently
accounted for, by supposing some voracious animal to
be within them" STEEVENS.

Flam He was a kind of statesman that would sooner have reckoned how many cannon bullets he had discharged against a town, to count his expence that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he lost before it

Fran de Med O, speak well of the duke

Flam I have done Wilt hear some of my court wisdom? To reprehend princes is dangerous, and to over commend some of them is palpable lying

Re-enter LODOVICO

Fran de Med How is it with the duke?

Lod Most deadly ill

He's fall'n into a strange distraction
He talks of battles and monopolies,
Levying of taxes, and from that descends
To the most brain sick language His mind fastens
On twenty several objects, which confound
Deep sense with folly Such a fearful end
May teach some men that bear too lofty crest,
Though they live happiest, yet they die not best
He hath conferr'd the whole state of the dukedom
Upon your sister, till the prince arrive
At mature age

Flam There's some good luck in that yet

Fran de Med See, here he comes

Enter BRACHIANO presented in a bed • VITTORIA COROMBONA, GASPARO, and Attendants

There's death in his face already

Vit Cor O my good lord!

Brach Away! you have abus'd me

[These speeches are several kinds of distractions, and in the action should appear so]

You have convey'd down forth our territories,
Bought and sold offices, oppress'd the poor,
And I ne'er dicant on't Make up your accounts
I'll now be mine own steward

Flam Sir, have patience

Brach Indeed, I am to blame

For did you ever hear the dusky raven
Chide blackness? or was't ever known the devil
Rail'd against cloven creatures?

Vit Cor O my lord!

Brach Let me have some quails to supper

Flam Sir, you shall

Brach No, some fried dog-fish, your quails
feed on poison

That old dog-fox, that politician, Florence!

* *Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed, &c* [Here the audience were to suppose that a change of scene had taken place,—that the stage now represented Brachiano's chamber in p. 42 Gaspario says, "For Christian charity, avoid the chamber"]

† The 4to of 1631 omits this stage direction

I'll forswear hunting, and turn dog killer

Rare! I'll be friends with him, for, mark you,
an, one dog

Still sets another a-barking Peace, peace!

Yonder's a fine slave come in now

Flam Where?

Brach Why, there,

In a blue bounnet, and a pair of breeches

With a great cod piece ha, ha, ha!

Look you, his cod piece is stuck full of pins,

With pearls o'the head of them Do not you
know him?

Flam No, my lord

Brach Why, 'tis the devil,

I know him by a great rose* he wears on's shoe,

To hide his cloven foot I'll dispute with him,

He's a rare linguist

Vit Cor My lord, here's nothing

Brach Nothing! rare! nothing! when I want
money,

Our treasury is empty, there is nothing

I'll not be us'd thus

Vit Cor O, he still, my lord!

Brach See, see I hummco, that kill'd his brother,
Is dancing on the ropes there, and he carries
A money bag in each hand, to keep him even,
For fear of breaking's neck and thence a
lawyer,

In a gown whipt with velvet, struts and gapes

When the money will fall How the rogue cuts
capers!

It should have been in a halter 'Tis there
what's she?

Flam Vittoria, my lord

Brach Ha, ha, ha! her hair is sprinkled with
arras powder,|

That makes her look as if she had sinn'd in the
pastry—

What's he?

Flam A divine, my lord

[BRACHIANO seems here near his end LODOVICO
and GASPARO, in the habit of Capuchins, pre-
sent him in his bed with a crucifix and hal-
lowed candle]

Brach He will be drunk, avoid him the
argument

Is fearful, when churchmen stagger in't

* rose] i e knot of ribbands

† arras powder] So our author again in the *Duchess of Malf*

"When I was gray I shall have all the court

Powder their hair with arras, to be like me"

A III 8 2

Arras powder means we can hardly doubt, arras powder,
—powder in use of the root of the orchid (See Halliwell's
Dict of Arch and Prov Words, sub Arras)

Look you, six grey rats,* that have lost their tails,
Crawl up the pillow send for a rat-catcher
I'll do a miracle, I'll free the court
From all foul vermin Where's Flammeo?

Flam. I do not like that he names me so often,
Especially on a death bed 'tis a sign [*Aside*
I shall not live long—See, he's near his end

Lod. Pray, give us leave—*Attende, domine*

Brachiane

Flam. See, see how firmly he doth fix his eye
Upon the crucifix

Vit. Cor. O, hold it constant!

It settles his wild spirits, and so his eyes
Melt into tears

Lod. *Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus
esse tuo clypeo, nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo op-
ponas infernali* [*By the crucifix*

Gas. *Olum hastâ caluisti in bello, nunc hanc
sacram hastam vibrabis contra hostem animarum*
[*By the hallored tape*

Lod. *Attende, domine Brachiane, si nunc quoque
probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in
dextrum*

Gas. *Esto securus, domine Brachiane, cogita
quantum habeas meritorum, denique memineris
meam animam pro tuâ oppignoratam si quid esset
periculi*

Lod. *Si nunc quoque probas ea quæ acta sunt
inter nos, flecte caput in lævum—*

He is departing pray, stand all apart,
And let us only whisper in his ears
Some private meditations, which our order
Permits you not to hear

[*Here, the rest bring departed, LODOVICO and GAS-
PARO discover themselves*

Gas. Brachiano,—

Lod. Devil Brachiano, thou art damn'd

Gas. Perpetually

Lod. A slave condemn'd and given up to the
gallows

Is thy great lord and master

Gas. True, for thou

Art given up to the devil.

Lod. O you slave!

You that were held the famous politician,
Whose art was poison!

Gas. And whose conscience, murder!

Lod. That would have broke your wife's neck
down the stairs,

Ere she was poison'd!

Gas. That had your villanous salads!

Lod. And fine embroider'd bottles and perfumes,
Equally mortal with a winter plague!

Gas. Now there's mercury—

Lod. And copperas—

Gas. And quicksilver—

Lod. With other devilish apothecary* stuff,
A melting in your politic brains dost bear!

Gas. This is Count Lodovico

Lod. This, Gasparo

And thou shalt die like a poor rogue

Gas. And stink

Like a dead fly blown dog

Lod. And be forgotten

Before thy funeral sermon

Brach. Vittoria!

Vittoria!

Lod. O, the curs'd devil

Comes to himself again! we are undone

Gas. Strangle him in private

*Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS,
FLAMMEO, and Attendants*

What, will you call him again
To live in treble torments? for charity,
For Christian charity, avoid the chamber

[*Exeunt VITTORIA COROMBONA, FRANCISCO DE
MEDICIS, FLAMMEO and Attendants*

Lod. You would pity me, sir? This is a true love-
knot

Sent from the Duke of Florence

[*BRACHIANO is strangled*

Gas. What, is it done?

Lod. The snuff is out No woman keeper in
the world,

Though she had practis'd seven years at the pest-
house,

Could have done't quantifier

*Re-enter VITTORIA COROMBONA, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS,
FLAMMEO, and Attendants*

My lords, he's dead

Omnes. Rest to his soul!

Vit. Cor. O me! this place is hell [*Exit*

Fran. de Med. How heavily she takes it!

Flam. O, yes, yes,

Had women navigable rivers in their eyes,
They would dispend them all surely, I wonder
Why we should wish more rivers to the city,
When they sell water so good cheap † I'll tell thee,
These are but moonish shades of griefs or fears,
There's nothing sooner dry than women's tears
Why, here's an end of all my harvest, he has
given me nothing

* *apothecary*] The 4to of 1631, "apothecary"

† *comes*] The 4to of 1612, "come"

‡ *good cheap*] Answers to the French *à bon marché*
cheap is an old word for market

* *rats*] The 4to of 1611, "cats"

Court promises! let wise men count them curs'd,
For while you live, he that scores best pays
worst

Fran de Med Sure, this was Florence' doing

Flam Very likely

These are found weighty strokes which come
from the hand,

But those are killing strokes which come from the
head

O, tho' rare tricks of a Machavelian!

He doth not come, like a gross plodding slave,

And buffet you to death, no, my quaint knave,

He tickles you to death, makes you die laughing,

As if you had swallow'd down a pound of saffron

You see the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice,

To teach court honesty, it jumps on ice

Fran de Med Now have the people liberty to
talk,

And descant on his vices

Flam Misery of princes,

That must of force be censur'd by their slaves!

Not only blam'd for doing things we ill,

Put for not doing all that all men will

One were better be a thresher

Ud's death, I would fain speak with this duke yet.

Fran de Med Now he's dead?

Flam I cannot conjure, but if prayers or oaths

Will get to the speech of him, though forty devils

Wait on him in his livery of flames,

I'll speak to him, and shake him by the hand,

Though I be blasted [Exit

Fran de Med Excellent Lodovico!

What, did you terrify him at the last gasp?

Lod Yes, and so idly, that the duke had like

To have terrified us

Fran de Med How?

Lod You shall hear that hereafter

Enter ZANCHE

See, yon's the infernal that would make up sport

Now to the revelation of that secret

She promised when she fell in love with you

Fran de Med You're passionately met in this
sad world

Zanche I would have you look up, sir, these
court-tears

Claim not your tribute to them let those weep

That guiltily partake in the sad cause

I knew last night, by a sad dream I had,

Some mischief would ensue, yet, to say truth,

My dream most concern'd you

Lod Shall's fall a dreaming?

Fran de Med Yes, and for fashion sake I'll
dream with her

Zanche Methought, sir, you came stealing to
my bed

Fran de Med Wilt thou believe me, sweeting?
by this light,

I was a dreamt on thee too, for methought

I saw thee naked

Zanche Fie, sir! As I told you,

Methought you lay down by me

Fran de Med So dreamt I,

And lest thou shouldst take cold, I cover'd thee

With this Irish mantle

Zanche Verily, I did dream

You were somewhat bold with me but to come
to't—

Lod How, how! I hope you will not go to't*
here

Fran de Med Nay, you must hear my dream
out

Zanche Well, sir, forth

Fran de Med When I threw the mantle o'er
thee, thou didst laugh

Exceedingly, methought

Zanche Laugh!

Fran de Med And criest out,

The han did tickle thee

Zanche There was a dream indeed!

Lod Mark her, I pray thee, she snipers like the
suds

A collier hath been wash'd in

Zanche Come, sir, good fortune tends you I
did tell you

I would reveal a secret Isabella,

The Duke of Florence's sister, was poison'd

By a fumd picture, and Cunillo's neck

Was broke by damn'd Flaminio, the mischance

Laid on a vaulting horse

Fran de Med Most strange!

Zanche Most true

Lod The bed of snakes is broke

Zanche I sadly do confess I had a hand
in the black deed

Fran de Med Thou kept'st their counsel?

Zanche Right,

For which, ungod with contrition, I intend

This night to rob Vittoria

Lod Excellent penitence!

Usurers dream on't while they sleep out sermons,

Zanche To further our escape, I have entreated

Leave to retire me, till the funeral,

Unto a friend i'the country that excuse

Will further our escape In coin and jewels

I shall at leat make good unto your use

An hundred thousand crowns

* to [] some copies of the 4to of 1612 'to u'

Fran de Med O noble wench !
Lod Those crowns we'll shue
Zanche It is a dowry,
 Methinks, should make that sun burnt proverb
 false,
 And wash the Ethiopian white
Fran de Med It shall Away !
Zanche Be ready for our flight
Fran de Med An hour 'fore day

[Exit ZANCHE]

O strange discovery ! why, till now we knew not
 The circumstance of either of their deaths

Re-enter ZANCHE.

Zanche You'll wait about midnight in the
 chapel ?

Fran de Med There [Exit ZANCHE]

Lod Why now our action's justified

Fran de Med Tush for justice !

What harm's it justice ? we now, like the partridge,
 Purge the disease with laurel,* for the same
 Shall crown the enterprise, and quit the shame

[Exeunt]

Enter FLAMINIO † and GASPARO at one door another
 way, GIOVANNI attended

Gas The young duke did you ever see a
 sweeter prince ?

Flam I have known a poor woman's bastard
 better favoured this is behind him, now, to his
 face, all comparisons were hateful Wise was the
 courtly peacock that, being a great minion, and
 being compared for beauty by some dottrels that
 stood by to the kingly eagle, said the eagle was a
 far fairer bird than himself, not in respect of her
 feathers, but in respect of her long talons ‡ his
 will grow out in time—My gracious lord !

Gio I pray, leave me, sir

Flam Your grace must be merry 'tis I have
 cause to mourn, for, wot you, what said the little
 boy that rode behind his father on horseback ?

Gio Why, what said he ?

* —we now like the partridge,

Purge the disease with laurel [“So Phryx, ‘Palumbos,
 græculi merula, perdices lauri folio annuum sustulim
 purgant’ Nat Hist lib viii c 27” RUFUS]

† Enter FLAMINIO, &c.] SCENE An apartment in a
 palace—Since in a later scene, p. 47, FLAMINIO speaks
 of BRACHINO as not yet having been four hours dead, and
 since BRACHINO certainly appears to have died at Padua,
 we cannot but wonder to find in the present scene the
 words “committed to Castle Angelo, to the tower yonder”
 Qy ought we to read “committed to Castle Angelo, or
 to the tower yonder” ? Or does all this confusion
 arise from the author's carelessness in determining the
 localities ?

‡ talons] The earliest 4to “Tallants,”—the word being
 formerly often so spelt

Flam “When you are dead, father,” said he,
 “I hope that I shall ride in the saddle” O, 'tis a
 brave thing for a man to sit by himself' he may
 stretch himself in the stirrups, look about, and
 see the whole compass of the hemisphere You're
 now, my lord, in the saddle

Gio Study your prayers, sir, and be penitent
 'Twere fit you'd think on what hath former bin,
 I have heard grief nam'd the eldest child of sin *
 [Exit]

Flam Study my prayers ! he threatens me
 divinely

I am falling to pieces already I care not though,
 like Anacharsis, I were pounded to death in a
 mortar and yet that death were fitter for
 usurers, gold and themselves to be beaten
 together, to make a most cordil cullis † for the
 devil

He hath his uncle's villainous lock already,
 In decimo sexto

Enter Countier

Now, sir, what are you ?

Cour It is the pleasure, sir, of the young duke,
 That you forbear the presence, and all rooms
 That owe him reverence

Flam So, the wolf and the raven

Are very pretty fools when they are young
 Is it your office, sir, to keep me out ?

Cour So the duke wills

Flam Verily, master countier, extremity is not
 to be used in all offices say that a gentlewoman
 were taken out of her bed about midnight, and
 committed to Castle Angelo, to the tower yonder,
 with nothing about her but her smock, would it
 not show a cruel put in the gentleman-porter to
 lay claim to her upper garment, pull it off her
 head and ears, and put her in naked ?

Cour Very good you are merry [Exit]

Flam Doth he make a court ejection of me ?
 a flaming fire brand casts more smoke without a
 chimney than within't. I'll smooke ‡ some of them

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEXICO

How now ! thou art sad

Fran de Med I met even now with the most
 piteous sight

Flam Thou meet'st § another here, a pitiful
 Degraded countier

* “Twere fit you'd think, &c.] In the *Duchess of Malfi*,
 Act V S 5 this couplet, slightly altered, is given to the
 Cardinal

† cullis] See note on the *Duchess of Malfi*, A II S 4

‡ smoor] i e smother

§ meet'nt] So the 4to of 1672 the three earliest 4tos
 “met'nt”

Fran. de Med Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse,
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,—
Such as old grandams watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the nights with,—that,
believe me,

I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharg'd with water

Flam I will see them

Fran. de Med. 'Twere much uncharity in you,
for your sight

Will add unto their tears.

Flam I will see them
They are behind the traverse,* I'll discover
Then superstitious howling

[Draws the curtain

CORNELIA, ZANCHE, and three other Ladies discover
winding MARCELLO'S corse A Song †

Cor This rosemary is wither'd, pray, get
fresh

I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,
When I am dead and rotten Reach the bays,
I'll tie a garland here about his head,
'Twill keep my boy from lightning This
sheet

I have kept this twenty year,‡ and every day
Hallow'd it with my prayers I did not think
He should have worn it

Zanche Look you who are yonder

Cor O, reach me the flowers

Zanche Her ladyship's foolish.

Lady Alas, her grief

Hath turn'd her child again †

Cor You're very welcome
'There's rosemary § for you,—and rue for you,—
[To FLAMINEO

Heart's ease for you, I pray make much of it
I have left more for myself

Fran de Med Lady, who's this?

Cor. You are, I take it, the grave maker

Flam So

Zanche 'Tis Flammeo

Cor Will you make me such a fool? here's a
white hand

* the traverse] "Beside the principal curtains that hung in the front of the stage, they used others as substitutes for scenes, which were denominated traverses" Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 88 ed. Boswell

† A Song] In the printed copies of old plays the "songs" are frequently omitted

‡ year] The 4to. of 1631, "years"

§ There's rosemary, &c.] "See note on *Hamlet*, A. IV. B. 5" STEEVENS

Can blood so soon be wash'd out? * let me see,
When screech owls creak upon the chimney-tops,
And the strange cricket † the oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a corse shall hear
Out upon't, how 'tis speckled † he's handled a
toad, sure

Cowslip water is good for the memory

Pray, buy me three ounces of't

Flam I would I were from hence

Cor Do you hear, sir?

I'll give you a saying which my grand mother
Was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o'er
Unto her lute

Flam Do, as you will, do

Cor "Call for the obsequies of the wretched
[CORNELIA doth this in several forms of distraction

Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men
Call unto his funeral dole

The ant, the field mouse, and the mole,

To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again"

They would not bury him 'cause he died in a
quarrel,

But I have an answer for them

"Let holy church receive him duly,
Since he paid the church tithes truly"

His wealth is summ'd, and this is all his store,
This poor men get, and great men get no more
Now the wares are gone, we may shut up shop
Bless you all, good people

[Re-enter CORNELIA, ZANCHE, and Ladies.

Flam I have a strange thing in me, to the
which

I cannot give a name, without it be

Compassion I pray, leave me

[Exit FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS

This night I'll know the utmost of my fate,
I'll be resolv'd what my rich sister means

* —here's a white hand

Can blood so soon be wash'd out?] Reed calls this "An imitation of Lady Macbeth's sleeping soliloquy"

† "I never saw any thing like this dirge, except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the Tempest As that is of the water, watery, so this is of the earth, earthy Both have that intensity of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates" C. LAMB. (Spec. of Eng. Dram. Poets, p. 233) Reed charges Webster with imitating part of this dirge from the well known passage in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, A. IV. S. 2.

"The ruddock would
With charitable bill," &c

To assign me for my service I have liv'd
Riotously ill, like some that live in court,
And sometimes when my face was full of smiles,
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast
Oft giv'nd honour'd robes those tortures try
We think cag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry

*Enter BRACHIANO a ghost, in his leather cassock and breeches,
and boots with a cowl in his hand a pot of lily
flowers, with a skull in it*

Ha! I can stand thee nearer, nearer yet
What a mockery hath death made thee! thou
look'st sad

In what place art thou? in yon stony gallery?
Or in the cursed dungeon?—No? not speak?
Pray, sir, resolve me, what religion's best
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
To answer me how long I have to live?
That's the most necessary question
Not answer? are you still like some great men
That only walk like shadows up and down,
And to no purpose? say —

*[The Ghost throws earth upon him, and shows him the
skull]*

What's that? O, fatal! he throws earth upon me!
A dead man's skull beneath the roots of flowers!—
I pry, speak, sir, our Italian church men
Make us believe dead men hold conference
With their familiars, and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them

[Exit Ghost]

He's gone, and see, the skull and earth are vanish'd
This is beyond melancholy I do dare my fate
To do its worst Now to my sister's lodging,
And sum up all these honors the disgrace
The prince throw on me next the piteous sight
Of my dead brother, and my mother's dotage,
And last this terrible vision all these
Shall with Vittoria's bounty turn to good,
Or I will drown this weapon in her blood *[Exit]*

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS † LODOVICO, and HORTENSIO

Lod My lord, upon my soul, you shall no
further,

You have most ridiculously engag'd yourself
Too far already For my part, I have paid
All my debts so, if I should chance to fall,
My creditors fall not with me, and I vow
To quit all in this bold assembly
To the meanest follower My lord, leave the city,
Or I'll forswear the murder *[Exit]*

Fran de Med Farewell, Lodovico

* *my*] The *to* of 1631, "his,"—a misprint perhaps for
"this"

† *Enter Francisco de Medicis, &c*] Scene A street
see note†, p 44

If thou dost perish in this glorious act,
I'll rear unto thy memory that fame
Shall in the ashes keep alive thy name *[Exit]*
Hor There's some black deed on foot I'll
presently

Down to the citadel, and raise some force
These strong court-factions, that do brook no
checks,

In the career oft break the riders' necks *[Exit]*
X"

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA with a book in her hand, and
ZANCHE, FLAMINEO following them*

Flam What, are you at your prayers? give over

Vit Cor How, ruffian!

Flam I come to you 'bout worldly business
Sit down, sit down — nay, stay, blouze, you may
heat it —

The doors are fast enough

Vit Cor Ha, are you drunk?

Flam Yes, yes, with wormwood water you
shall taste

Some of it presently

Vit Cor What intends the Fury?

Flam You are my lord's executrix, and I claim
Reward for my long service

Vit Cor For your service!

Flam Come, therefore, here is pen and ink,
set down

What you will give me

Vit Cor There *[Writes]*

Flam Ha! have you done already?

'Tis a most short conveyance

Vit Cor I will read it *[Reads]*

"I give that portion to thee, and no other,

Which Cain groan'd under, having slain his
brother"

Flam A most courtly patent to beg by!

Vit Cor You are a villain

Flam Is't come to this? They say, affrights
cure agues

Thou hast a devil in thee, I will try

If I can scare him from thee Nay, sit still

My lord hath left me yet two cases† of jewels

Shall make me scold your bounty, you shall see
them *[Exit]*

Vit Cor Surc, he's distracted

Zanche O, he's desperate

For your own safety give him gentle language.

Re-enter FLAMINEO with two cases of pistols

Flam. Look, these are better far at a dead lift
Than all your jewel house

* *Enter Vittoria Corombona, &c*] Scene. An apart-
ment in the residence of Vittoria *see note†, p 44*

† *case*] i e pair

THE WHITE DEVIL, OR, VITTORIA COROMBONA

Vit Cor And yet, methinks,
These stones have no fair lustre, they are ill set
Flam. I'll turn the right side towards you you
shall see

How they will sparkle

Vit Cor Turn this lion from me !
What do you want ? what would you have me do ?
Is not all mine yours ? have I any children ?

Flam Pray thee, good woman, do not trouble me
With this vain worldly business, say your
prayers

I made a vow to my deceased lord,
Neither yourself nor I should outlive him
The numbering of four hours

Vit Cor Did he enjoin it ?

Flam He did, and 'twas a deadly jealousy,
Lest any should enjoy thee after him,
That wou'd him vow me to it For my death,
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,
If he could not be safe in his own court,
Being a great duke, what hope, then, for us ?

Vit Cor This is your melancholy and despair

Flam Away !

Fool thou art to think that politicians
Do use to kill the effects of injuries
And let the cause live Shall we groan in prison,
Or be a shameful and a weighty burden
To a public scaffold ? This is my resolve,
I would not live at any man's enticaty,
Nor die at any's bidding

Vit Cor Will you hear me ?

Flam My life hath done service to other men.
My death shall save mine own turn Make you
ready

Vit Cor Do you mean to die indeed ?

Flam With as much pleasure
As e'er my father got me

Vit Cor Are the doors lock'd ?

Zanche Yes, madam

Vit Cor Are you grown an atheist ? will you
turn your body,

Which is the goodly palace of the soul,
To the soul's slaughter-house ? O, the curs'd devil,
Which doth present us with all other sins
Thrice candied o'er, despair with gall and
stibium,

Yet we carouse it off,—Cry out for help !—

[*Aside to ZANCHE*]

Makes us forsake that which was made for man,
The world, to sink to that was made for devils,
Eternal darkness !

Zanche Help, help !

Flam. I'll stop your throat
With winter plums.

Vit Cor I prithee, yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like mandrakes shall rise shrieking

Flam Leave your prating,

For these are but grammatical laments,
Feminine arguments and they move me,
As some in pulpits move their auditory,
More with their exclamation than sense
Of reason or sound doctrine

Zanche [*aside to Vit*] Gentle madam,
seem to consent, only persuade him to teach
The way to death, let him die first

Vit Cor 'Tis good I apprehend it,
To kill one's self is meat that we must take
Like pills, not chew't, but quickly swallow it,
The smart o' the wound, or weakness of the
hand,

My else bring treble torments

Flam I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life
Which is not able to die

Vit Cor O, but frailty !

Yet I am now resolv'd farewell, affliction !
Behold, Brachuno, I that while you liv'd
Did make a flaming altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you, now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all—Farewell, Zanche !

Zanche How, madam ! do you think that I'll
outlive you,

Especially when my best self, I'll answer,
Goes the same voyage ?

Flam O, most loved Moor !

Zanche Only by all my love let me entreat
you,—

Since it is most necessary one * of us
Do violence on ourselves,—let you or I
Be her and taster, teach her how to die

Flam Thou dost instruct me nobly take
these pistols,

Because my hand is stain'd with blood already
Two of these you shall level at my breast,
The other 'gainst your own, and so we'll die
Most equally contented but first swear
Not to outlive me

Vit Cor and Zanche Most religiously

Flam Then here's an end of me, farewell,
daylight !

And, O contemptible physic, that dost take
So long a study, only to preserve

So short a life, I take my leave of thee !—

These are two cupping glasses that shall draw

[*showing the pistols*]

All my infected blood out. Are you ready ?

* one] The 4to of 1612, "none"

Vit Cor and Zanche Ready

Flam Whither shall I go now? O Lucian, thy ridiculous purgatory! to find Alexander the Great cobbling shoes, Pompey tugging points, and Julius Caesar making han buttons! Hannibal selling blacking, and Augustus crying garlic! Charlemagne selling hsts by the dozen, and King Pepin crying apples in a cart drawn with one horse!

Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, air,
Or all the elements by scruples, I know not,
Nor greatly care—Shoot, shoot
Of all deaths the violent death is best,
For from ourselves it steals our-selves so fast,
The pun, once apprehended, is quite past

[They shoot he falls and they run to him, and tread upon him]

Vit Cor What, are you dropt?

Flam I am mix'd with earth already as you are noble,

Perform your vows, and bravely follow me

Vit Cor Whither? to hell?

Zanche To most assur'd damnation?

Vit Cor O thou most curs'd devil!

Zanche Thou art caught—

Vit Cor In thine own engine I tread the fire out

That would have been my ruin

Flam Will you be perjur'd? what a religious oath was Styx, that the gods never durst swear by, and violate! O, that we had such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our courts of justice!

Vit Cor Think whither thou art going

Zanche And remember

What villainies thou hast acted

Vit Cor This thy death

Shall make me like a blazing ominous star

Look up and tremble

Flam O, I am caught with a springe!

Vit Cor You see the fox comes many times short home,

'Tis here prov'd true

Flam Kill'd with a couple of braches!*

Vit Cor No fitter offering for the infernal Furies

Than one in whom they reign'd while he was living

Flam O, the way's dark and horrid! I cannot see

Shall I have no company?

Vit Cor O, yes, thy sins

braches, i. e. bitch hounds

Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither!

Flam O, I smell soot,

Most stinking soot! the chimney is a fire
My liver's parboil'd, like Scotch holly bread,
There's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it scalds—

Wilt thou outlive me?

Zanche Yes, and drive a stake

Thorough thy body, for we'll give it out
Thou didst this violence upon thyself

Flam O cunning devils! now I have tied
you love,

And doubled all your reaches—I am not wounded, *[Rises]*

The pistols held no bullets 'twas a plot

To prove your kindness to me and I live

To punish your ingratitude I knew,

One time or other, you would find a way

To give me a strong potion—O men

That lie upon your death beds, and are haunted

With howling wives, ne'er trust them! they'll re-marry

Ere the worm pierce your winding sheet, ere the spider

Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs—

How cunning you were to discharge! do you

practise at the Artillery yard!—Trust a woman!

never, never! Bruchino be my precedent We

lay our souls to pawn to the devil for a little

pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale

That ever man should marry! For one Hyper-

mnestia* that saved her lord and husband, forty-

nine of her sisters cut their husbands' throats all

in one night there was a shoal of virtuous

horse leeches!—Here are two other instruments

Vit Cor Help, help!

Enter IUDOVICO, GASPARO, PEDRO, and CARLO

Flam What noise is that? ha! false keys i'the court!

Lod We have brought you a mask

Flam A mataklin,† it seems by your drawn swords

Church men turn'd revellers!

* one Hypermnestia. "Hypermnestia, one of the fifty daughters of Danaus, the son of Belus, brother of Ægyptus. Her father, being warned by an oracle that he should be killed by one of his nephews persuaded his daughters, who were compelled to marry the sons of their uncle, to murder them on the first night. Thus was executed by every one except Hypermnestra. She preserved her husband Lynceus, who afterwards slew Danaus." REED

† A mataklin it seems by your drawn swords] "Such a

Carlo * Isabella! Isabella!

Lod Do you know us now?

Flam. Lodovico! and Gasparo!

Lod Yes, and that Moor the duke gave pension to
Was the great Duke of Florence.

Vit Cor O, we are lost!

Flam You shall not take justice from forth my hands,—

O, let me kill her!—I'll cut my safety
Through your coats of steel Fite's a spaniel,
We cannot best it from us What remains now?
Let all that do ill, take this precedent,—
Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent
And of all axioms this shall win the prize,—
'Tis better to be fortunate than wise.

Gas Bind him to the pillar

Vit Cor O, your gentle pity!

I have seen a black bird that would sooner fly
To a man's bosom, than to stay the gripe
Of the fierce sparrow hawk

Gas Your hope deceives you

Vit Cor If Florence be the court, would he
would kill me!†

Gas I ool! princes give rewards with their own hands,

But death or punishment by the hands of others

Lod Sirrah, you once did strike me I'll strike you

Into the centre

dance was that well known in France and Italy by the name of the dance of fools or *Matachans*, who were habited in short jackets, with gilt paper helmets long streamers tied to their shoulders, and bells to their legs. They carried in their hands a sword and buckler with which they made a clashing noise and performed various quick and sprightly evolutions." Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. II p. 135

Compare the following passage of a curious old drama

'*Arar* What's this, a *Masque*?

Hind A *Matachin* you'll find it

[*Hind* stamps with his foot then enters *Arar* and his men]

An excellent Comedy, called the *Prince of Priggs Revels*, on the Practices of that grand thief *Captain Janus Hood*, &c. 1655, Sig. A. 3

To some dance like a *matachin* Middleton alludes when he says,

"two or three varlets came

Into the house with all their rapiers drawn,

As if they'd dance the sword dance on the stage"

A *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*.—*Works*, iv 75, ed. Dyce
* *Carlo*] The two earliest 4tos "*Con*", those of 1665 and 1672, "*Gas*"

† would he would kill me] The 4tos of 1665 and 1672, 'he would not kill me!'

‡ *Intro*] The 4to of 1681 '*Vinto*' but our early writers frequently use "*into*" for "*unto*" (in proof of which more than one passage of Shakespeare might be adduced)

Flam Thou'lt do it like a hangman, a base hangman,

Not like a noble fellow, for thou see'st

I cannot strike again

Lod Dost laugh?

I am Would'st have me die, as I was born, in whiming?

Gas Recommend yourself to heaven

Flam No, I will envy mine own commendations thither

Lod O, could I kill you forty times a day,
And use't four you together, 'twere too little!
Nought grieves but that you are too slow to feed
The fumes of our vengeance What dost think on?

Flam Nothing, of nothing leave thy idle questions

I am the way to study a long silence
To idle were idle I remember nothing
There's nothing of so infinite vexation
As man's own thoughts

Lod O thou glorious strumpet!

Could I divide thy breath from this pure air
When't leaves thy body, I would suck it up,
And breathe't upon some dunghill

Vit Cor You, my death's-man!

Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough,
Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman
If thou be, do thy office in right form,
Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveness

Lod O, thou hast been a most prodigious comit!

But I'll cut off your train,—kill the Moor first

Vit Cor You shall not kill her first, behold my breast

I will be wated on in death, my servant
Shall never go before me

Gas Are you so brave?

Vit Cor Yes, I shall welcome death

As princes do some great ambassadors,
I'll meet thy weapon half way

Lod Thou dost tremble

Methinks fear should dissolve thee into air

Vit Cor O, thou art deceiv'd, I am too true a woman

Conceit can never kill me I'll tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base tear,
Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear

Carlo Thou art my task, black Fury

Zanche I have blood

As red as either of thine wilt drink some?

'Tis good for the falling sickness I am proud

Death cannot alter my complexion,

For I shall ne'er look pale

Lod Strike, strike,
With a joint motion

[*They stab VITTORIA, ZANCHE, and FIAMINEO*]

Vit Cor 'Twas a manly blow
The next thought'st, murder some sucking infant,
And then thou wilt be famous

Flam O, what blade is't?
A Toledo, or an English fox? *
I ever thought a cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather than a doctor
Search my wound deeper, tent it with the steel
That made it

Vit Cor O, my greatest sin lay in my blood!
Now my blood pays for't

Flam Thou'rt a noble sister!
I love thee now if woman do breed man,
She ought to teach him manhood face thee well
Know, many glorious women that are fam'd
For masculine virtue have been vicious,
Only a happier silence did betide them
(She hath no faults who hath the art to hide them

Vit Cor My soul, like to a ship in a black
storm,
Is driven, I know not whither

Flam Then cast anchor
Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear,
But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are
near

We cease to grieve, cease to be fortune's slaves,
Nay, cease to die, by dying Art thou gone?
And thou so near the bottom? false report,
Which says that women vie with the nine Muses
For nine tough durable lives! I do not look
Who went before, nor who shall follow me,
No, at myself I will begin and end
While we look up to heaven, we confound
Knowledge with knowledge O, I am in a mist!

Vit Cor O, happy they that never saw the court,
Nor ever knew great men† but by report! [*Dies*]

Flam I recover like a spent taper, for a flash,
And instantly go out.

Let all that belong to great men remember the
old wives' tradition, to be like the lions of the
Tower on Candlemas day, to mourn if the sun
shine, for fear of the pitiful remainder of winter
to come

* *A Toledo, or an English fox*] "*Toledo*, the capital city of New-Castile, was formerly much famed for making of sword blades. *Fox* a cant term for a sword" *REED*

† *men*] The 4to of 1612, "man"

'Tis well yet there's some goodness in my death,
My life was a black charnel I have caught
An everlasting cold, I have lost my voice
Most irrecoverably Farewell, glorious villains!
This busy trade of life appears most vain,
Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain
Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell,
Strike, thunder, and strike loud, to my farewell!
[*Dies*]

Eng Amb [*within*] This way, this way! break
open the doors! this way!

Lod Hark! are we betray'd?
Why, then let's constantly die all together,
And having finish'd this most noble deed,
Defy the worst of fate, not fear to bleed

Enter Ambassadors and GIOVANNI

Eng Amb Keep back the prince shoot, shoot
[*They shoot, and LODOVICO falls*]

Lod O, I am wounded!
I fear I shall be taken

Gio You bloody villains,
By what authority have you committed
This massacre?

Lod By thine

Gio Mine!

Lod Yes, thy uncle,
Which is a part of thee, enjoin'd us to't
Thou knowst me, I am sure, I am Count Lodowick,

And thy most noble uncle in disguise
Was last night in thy court

Gio Ha!

Carlo Yes, that Moor
Thy father chose his pensioner.

Gio He turn'd murderer!—
Away with them to prison and to torture!
All that have hands in this shall taste our justice,
As I hope heaven

Lod I do glory yet
That I can call this act mine own For my part,
The rack, the gallows, and the torturing wheel,
Shall be but sound sleeps to me here's my rest,
I hush'd this night-piece, and it was my best

Gio Remove the bodies—See, my honour'd
lords,*

What use you ought make of their punishment
Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds

[*Exeunt*]

* *lords*] The old eds "*Lord*"

Instead of an EPILOGUE, only this of Martial supplies me

*Hæc fuerint nobis præmia, si placuit **

For the action of the play, 'twas generally well, and I dare affirm, with the joint-testimony of some of their own quality, for the true imitation of life, without striving to make nature a monster, the best that ever became them whereof as I make a general acknowledgment, so in particular I must remember the well approved industry of my friend Master Perkins,† and confess the worth

of his action did crown both the beginning and end

* *Hæc fuerint, &c*] 11 91

† *Must. Perkins*] Richard Perkins was an actor of considerable eminence. As the old titles of *The White Devil* do not give the names of the performers, we can not determine what part he had in it. If, before this postscript was written, Burbadge had performed Brachinus (which we know was one of his characters see p. 2) we cannot but wonder that no mention should be made of him here. Perhaps Perkins originally played that part—Perkins continued to act for many years, chiefly at the Cock pit or Phoenix, where this play was produced. I find the following notices of him in Herbert's MSS. apud Malone. "[about 1622 ?

the names of the chief players at the Red Bull, called the players of the Revelles, Robert Lee, *Richard Perkins* " &c *Hist. Ac. of the English Stage*, p. 59 ed. Boswell, again, "[about 1637,] I disposed of *Perkins*, Sumner, Sherlock and Turner, to Salisbury Court, and joynd them with the best of that company " Ib. p. 240. He was the original performer of Captain Goodluck in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, of Sir John Belfire in Shirley's *Widdow*, and of Hanno in Nabbes's *Hannibal* and *Scipio* the last piece, as we learn from the title page, was played in 1635. When Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* was revived about 1633 (in which year it was first given to the press), Perkins acted Biribis, see Heywood's Prologue at the Cock pit on the occasion. According to Wright's *Historia Illustrata*, after the suppression of the theatres, Perkins and Sumner (who belonged to the same company) "kept house together at Clokenwell, and were there buried " they "died some years before the restoration". A copy of verses by Perkins is prefixed to Heywood's *Apology for Actors*.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.

The Tragedy of the Dutchesse of Malfy As it was Presented privately, at the Black Friers and publickly at the Globe, By the Kings Majesties Servants The perfect and exact Coppy, with diverse things Printed, that the length of the Play would not beare in the Presentment Written by John Webster Horat — Si quid — Candulus Imperi: si non his utere mecum. London Printed by Nicholas Okes, for John Waterson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne, in Pauls Church yard, 1623 4to

The Dutchesse of Malfy A Tragedy As it was approvedly well acted at the Black Friers, By his Majesties Servants the perfect and exact Coppy, with divers things Printed, that the length of the Play would not beare in the Presentment Written by John Webster Horat — Si quid — Candulus Imperi: si non his utere mecum London Printed by I Raworth, for I Benson, And are to be sold at his shop in St Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetstreet 1640 4to

The Dutchesse of Malfy was reprinted in 1678 and (newly adapted for representation) in 1708 Theobald's alteration of it, called *The Fatal Secret* appeared in 1735 A reprint of the 4to of 1640, "with all its imperfections on its head," is given in the *Ancient British Drama*

The edition of 1623 is by far the most correct of the 4tos lines are found in it, which have dropt out from subsequent editions, leaving the different passages where they ought to stand, unintelligible On collating several copies of this 4to, I have met with one or two various readings of no great importance see prefatory remarks to *The White Devil*, p 2

Malone (note on Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, act iii sc 3) is of opinion that the *Dutchesse of Malfy* had appeared before 1616 supposing that it is the play alluded to in the Prologue (first printed in that year) to Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*

"To make a child now swaddled to proceed
Man," &c

but Malone ought to have been aware that in all probability the Prologue in question was written when *Every Man in his Humour* was first acted, in 1595 or 1596 Among the MSS notes of the same commentator in the Bodleian Library, I find the following "I think it is probable that the *Dutchesse of Malfy* was produced about the year 1612, when the *White Devil* was printed" But enough of such conjectures We are certain that the *Dutchesse of Malfy* was performed before March, 1618-19, when Burbadge, who originally played Ferdinand, died, and we may conclude that it was first produced about 1616

The story of this play is in the *Novelle of Bandello*, Part I N 26, in Belleforest's translation of Bandello, N 19, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, vol ii N 23, ed Haslewood, in Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments*, B ii ch 22 p 322, ed 1597, and in Goulart's *Histoires Admirables*, vol i p 319, ed 1620

Lopo de Vega wrote *El Mayordomo de la Duquesa de Amalia*, 1618 see his *Life* by Lord Holland, vol ii p 147, ed 1817

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE HARDING, BARON BERKELEY,* OF BERKELEY CASTLE,
AND KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS
PRINCE CHARLES

My noble lord,

That I may present my excuse why, being a stranger to your lordship, I offer this poem to your patronage, I plead this warrant —men who never saw the sea yet desire to behold that regiment of waters, choose some eminent river to guide them thither, and make that, as it were, their conduct or postilion by the like ingenious means has your fame arrived at my knowledge, receiving it from some of worth, who both in contemplation and practice owe to your honour their clearest service I do not altogether look up at your title, the ancientest nobility being but a relic of time past, and the truest honour indeed being for a man to confer honour on himself, which your learning strives to propagate, and shall make you arrive at the dignity of a great example I am confident this work is not unworthy your honour's perusal, for by such poems as this poets have kissed the hands of great princes, and drawn their gentle eyes to look down upon their sheets of paper when the poets themselves were bound up in their winding sheets The like courtesy from your lordship shall make you live in your grave, and laurel spring out of it, when the ignorant scorners of the Muses, that like worms in libraries seem to live only to destroy learning, shall wither neglected and forgotten This work and myself I humbly present to your approved censure, it being the utmost of my wishes to have your honourable self my weighty and perspicuous comment, which grace so done me shall ever be acknowledged

By your lordship's

in all duty and observance,

JOHN WEBSTER

* *George Harding, Baron Berkeley*] This nobleman, the twelfth Lord Berkeley, was the son of Sir Thomas Berkeley, and succeeded his grand father, Henry, the eleventh Lord Berkeley He was made Knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles Prince of Wales, November 4th, 1616 He married Elizabeth, second daughter and co heir of Sir Michael Stanhope of Sudbury in Suffolk, and died 10th of August 1648 According to the inscription on his monument in Cranford church, Middlesex he "besides the nobility of his birth, and the experience he acquired by foreign travels, was very eminent for the great candour and ingenuity of his disposition, his singular bounty and affability towards his inferiours, and his readiness (had it been in his power) to have obliged all mankind"—"My good lord," says Massinger, inscribing *The Renegado* to him, "to be honoured for old nobility or hereditary titles, is not alone proper to yourself but to some few of your rank, who may challenge the like privilege with you but in our age to vouchsafe (as you have often done) a ready hand to rouse the dejected spirits of the contemned sons of the Muses, such as would not suffer the glorious fire of poesy to be wholly extinguished, is so remarkable and peculiar to your lordship, that, with a full vote and suffrage, it is acknowledged that the patronage and protection of the dramatic poem is yours and almost without a rival"

The present dedication is found only in the 4to of 1623

IN THE JUST WORTH OF THAT WELL DESERVER, MR JOHN WEBSTER,
AND UPON THIS MASTER-PIECE OF TRAGEDY

In this thou imitat'st one rich and wise,
That sees his good deeds done before he dies
As he by works, thou by this work of fame
Hast well provided for thy living name
To trust to others' honourings is worth's crime,
Thy monument is rais'd in thy life time,
And 'tis most just, for every worthy man
Is his own marble, and his merit can
Cut him to any figure, and express
More art than death's cathedra'l palaces
Where royal ashes keep their court Thy note
Be ever plainness, tis the richest coat
Thy epitaph only the title be,
Write *Duchess*, that will fetch a tear for thee,
For who e'er saw this Duchess live and die,
That could get off under a bleeding eye?

In Tragicum

Ut lux ex tenebris actu percussa tonantis,
Illi, ruina malis, claus fit vita poetis

THOMAS MIDDLETON'S,*

Poeta et Chron Londinensis

TO HIS FRIEND MR JOHN WEBSTER, UPON HIS "DUCHESS OF MALFI"

I never saw thy Duchess till the day
That she was lively bodied in thy play
Howe'er she answer'd her low-rated love
Her brothers' anger did so fatal prove,
Yet my opinion is, she might speak more,
But never in her life so well before

WILL ROWLEY †

TO THE READER OF THE AUTHOR, AND HIS "DUCHESS OF MALFI"

Crown him a poet, whom nor Rome nor Greece
Transcend in all their's for a masterpiece,
In which, whiles words and matter change, and men
Act one another, he, from whose clear pen
They all took life, to memory hath lent
A lasting fame to raise his monument

JOHN FORD ‡

* *Thomas Middletonus, Poeta et Chron Londinensis*] Of Thomas Middleton, who holds no mean rank among our old dramatists, see some account prefixed to my edition of his *Works*—"Chron Londinensis" means Chronologer to the city of London

† *Will Rowley*] See prefatory remarks to *A Cure for a Cuckold*

‡ *John Ford*] Two modern editions of his plays have rendered the name of this poet familiar to most readers. These commendatory verses are found only in the 4to of 1623

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, Duke of Calabria	{ 1 * R. Burbadge,
CARDINAL, his brother	{ 2 J. Taylor
ANTONIO BOLOGNA, steward of the household to the Duchess	{ 1 H. Condell,
DEFRIO, his friend	{ 2 R. Robinson
DANIEL DE BOSOLA, gentleman of the horse to the Duchess	{ 1 W. Ostler,
CASTRUCCIO	{ 2 R. Benthall
MARQUIS OF PESCAIA	J. Underwood
COUNT MAIALESI	J. Town
RODRIGO	
SILVIO	J. Rice
GIBSOLAN	
DOCTOR	T. Pollard
The Several Madmen	R. Pallant
	{ N. Tooley,
	{ J. Underwood, &c
DUCHESS OF MALTA	R. Sharpe
CAROLA, her woman	R. Pallant †
JULIA, Castriuccio's wife, and the Cardinal's mistress	J. Thomson
Old Italy	

Ladies, Children, Pilgrims, Executioners, Officers and Attendants &c

* The names of the actors are given from the dates of 1623 and 1640. Where two names are placed opposite to the same part, the first name is that of the actor who performed the part when the play was originally produced about 1616, the second name is that of his successor to the part on the revival of the play not long before 1623.

Whoever is desirous of learning all that is known concerning these worthies will find it in Malone's *Hist. Ac. of the English Stage* and Chalmers's *Farther Ac.*, &c (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell).—The preceding sentence was written in 1830. I have now also to refer the reader to Mr. Collier's *Memors of the principal actors in the plays of Shakespeare*, printed for the Shakespeare Society.

† Pallant, it appears from the two earliest dates, played not only the Doctor and Carola, but also one of the Officers,

"The Doctor, Carola, Court Officers	}	R. Pallant
---	---	------------

From the same authority we learn that N. Tooley performed "Ferobosco", but no portion of the dialogue of the play, as it now stands, is given to such a character, though he is mentioned in act ii. sc. 2,

"Ant. Who keeps the key o' the park & it?"

Reed. Ferobosco

Ant. Let him bring t presently "

This passage shows that he was one of the attendants.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.

ACT I

SCENE I *

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO

Delio You are welcome to your country, dear Antonio,

You have been long in France, and you return
A very formal Frenchman in your habit
How do you like the French court?

Ant I admire it

In seeking to reduce both state and people
To a fix'd order, their judicious king
Begins at home, quits first his royal palace
Of flattering sycophants, of dissolute
And insidious persons,—which he sweetly terms
His master's master piece, the work of heaven,
Considering *duly* that a prince's court
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow
Pure silver drops in general, but if chance
Some casual example poison t' near the head,
Death and diseases through the whole land spread
And what it is't makes this blessed government
But a most provident council, who dare freely
Inform him the corruption of the times?
Though some o' the court hold it presumption
To instruct princes what they ought to do,
It is a noble duty to inform them
What they ought to foresee—Here comes Bosola,
The only court-gall, yet I observe his railing
Is not for simple love of pity
Indeed, he rails at those things which he wants,
Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had means to be so—Here's the cardinal

Enter Cardinal and BOSOLA

Bos I do haunt you still.

Card So

Bos I have done you better service than to be

slighted thus. Miserable age, where only the
reward of doing well is the doing of it!

Card You enforce your merit too much

Bos I fell into the galleys in your service,
where, for two years together, I wore two towels
instead of a shirt, with a knot on the shoulder,
after the fashion of a Roman mantle. Slighted
thus! I will thrive some way. Black birds fatten
best in hard weather, why not I in these dog-
days?

Card Would you could become honest!

Bos With all your divinity do but direct me
the way to it. I have known many travel far for
it, and yet return as arrant knaves as they went
forth, because they carried themselves always
along with them [*Exit Cardinal*]. Are you
gone? Some fellows, they say, are possessed
with the devil, but this great fellow were able to
possess the greatest devil, and make him worse.

Ant He hath denied thee some suit?

Bos He and his brother are like plum-trees
that grow crooked over standing pools, they are
rich and o'er laden with fruit, but none but crows,
pies, and caterpillars feed on them. Could I be
one of their flattering panders, I would hang on
their ears like a horseleech, till I were full, and
then drop off. I pray, leave me. Who would
rely upon these miserable dependancies, in ex-
pectation to be advanced to-morrow? what crea-
ture ever fed worse than hoping Tantalus? nor
ever died any man more fearfully than he that
hoped for a pardon. There are rewards for hawks
and dogs when they have done us service,* but
for a soldier that hazards his limbs in a battle,
nothing but a kind of geometry is his last sup-
portation.

* dogs when they have done us service. The 4to of 1623
"dogges, and when they have done us service"
a word having dropt out, or having been purposely
omitted.

* Scene I.] Malfi. The present-chamber in the palace
of the Duchess

Delio Geometry!

Bos Ay, to hang in a fur pair of slings, take his latter swing in the world upon an honourable pair of crutches, from hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir, and yet do not you scorn us, for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower. *[Exit]*

Del I know this fellow seven years in the galleys

For a notorious murder, and 'twas thought
The cardinal suborn'd it: he was relens'd
By the French general, Gaston de Foix,
When he recover'd Naples.

Ant 'Tis great pity
He should be thus neglected. I have heard
He's very valiant. This foul melancholy
Will poison all his goodness, for, I'll tell you,
If too immoderate sleep be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soul,
It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all black malcontents, and their close
rearing,

Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing.

Delio The presence gins to fill you promis'd
me

To make me the putaker of the natures
Of some of your great courtiers.

Ant The lord cardinal's,
And other strangers that are now in court?
I shall.—Here comes the great Calabrian duke.

*Enter FERDINAND, CASTRUCIO, SILVIO, RODERIGO,
GUISARDO, and Attendants*

Ferd Who took the ring oftener?*

Sil Antonio Bologna, my lord.

Ferd Our sister duchess' great master of her
household? give him the jewel.—When shall we
leave this sportive action, and fall to action
indeed?

Cast Methinks, my lord, you should not desire
to go to war in person.

Ferd Now for some gravity—why, my lord?

Cast It is fitting a soldier arise to be a prince,
but not necessary a prince descend to be a
captain.

Ferd No.

Cast No, my lord, he were far better do it
by a deputy.

* *Who took the ring oftener?* The allusion is to the sport called *Running at the Ring*, when the tilter, riding at full speed, endeavoured to thrust the point of his lance through, and to bear away, the ring, which was suspended at a particular height.

† *do*] The 4to of 1640, "to do."

Ferd Why should he not as well sleep or eat
by a deputy? this might take idle, offensive, and
base office from him, whereas the other deprives
him of honour.

Cast Believe my experience, that realm is never
long in quiet where the ruler is a soldier.

Ferd Thou toldest me thy wife could not
endure fighting.

Cast True, my lord.

Ferd And of a jest she broke of a captain she
met full of wounds. I have forgot it.

Cast She told him, my lord, he was a pitiful
fellow, to be, like the children of Ismael, all in
tents.*

Ferd Why, there's a wit were able to undo all
the churgeons of the city, for although gallants
should quail, and had drawn their weapons,
and were ready to go to it, yet her persuasions
would make them put up.

Cast That she would, my lord.—How do you
like my Spanish gennet?†

Rod He is all fire.

Ferd I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he was
begot by the wind,† he runs as if he were
ballasted with quick silver.

Silvio True, my lord, he reels from the tilt
often.

Rod *Gris* Ha, ha, ha!

Ferd Why do you laugh? methinks you that
are courtiers should be my touch wood, take fire
when I give fire, that is, laugh [but] when I
laugh, were the subject never so witty.

Cast True, my lord. I myself have heard a
very good jest, and have scorned to seem to have
so silly a wit as to understand it.

Ferd But I can laugh at your fool, my lord.

Cast He cannot speak, you know, but he
makes faces. My lady cannot abide him.

Ferd No!

Cast Nor endure to be in merry company,
for she says too much laughing, and too much
company, fills her too full of the wrinkle.

* *to be, like the children of Ismael, all in tents*] Middleton has the same precious pun,

"All his discourse out of the Book of Surgery,

Cere cloth and alive and lies you all in tents,

Take your camp vict'lers."

None Dissemblers besides Women,—*Works*, iii. 535, ed. Dyce.

In surgery tent is a roll of lint, or other material, used
in searching a wound.

† *I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he was begot by the wind*] "Constat in Lusitania circa Olisiponem oppidum
et Tagum amnem equas luvionis flantis obversas animalium
concepere spiritum, idque partum fieri, et gigni perni-
cissimum ita sed triennium vitæ non excedere." *Hist.*
Nat. viii. 67, tom. ii. p. 212, ed. Delph.

Ferd I would, then, have a mathematical instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compass—I shall shortly visit you at Milan, Lord Silvio

Silvio Your grace shall arrive most welcome

Ferd You are a good horseman, Antonio you have excellent riders in France what do you think of good horsemanship?

Ant Nobly, my lord as out of the Grecian horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave horsemanship arise the first spurs of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action

Ferd You have bespoke it worthily

Silvio Your brother, the lord cardinal, and sister duchess

Enter Cardinal, with Duchess, CARLOTA, and JULIA

Card Are the galleys come about?

Gis They are, my lord

Ferd Here's the Lord Silvio is come to take his leave

Delio Now, sir, your promise what's that cardinal?

I mean his temper? they say he's a brave fellow, Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance,

Count ladies, and one that hath fought single combats

Ant Some such flashes superficially hang on him for form, but observe his inward character he is a melancholy churchman, the spring in his face is nothing but the engendering of toads, where he is jealous of any man, he lays worst plots for them than ever was imposed on Heliculus, for he strews in his way flatterers, panders, intelligencers, atheists, and a thousand such political monsters He should have been Pope, but instead of coming to it by the primitive decency of the church, he did bestow bribes so largely and so unprudently as if he would have carried it away without heaven's knowledge Some good he hath done——

Delio You have given too much of him What's his brother?

Ant The duke there? a most perverse and turbulent nature

What appears in him mirth is merely outside, If he laugh heartily, it is to laugh

All honesty out of fashion

Delio Twins?

Ant In quality

He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits

With others' ears, will seem to sleep o'the bench Only to entrap offenders in their answers, Dooms men to death by information, Rewards by hearsay

Delio Then the law to him

Is like a foul black cob-web to a spider,—

He makes it his dwelling and a prison

To entangle those shall feed him

Ant Most true

He never pays debts unless they be shew'd turns,

And those he will confess that he doth owe

Last, for his brother there, the cardinal,

They that do flatter him most say oracles

Hang at his lips, and verily I believe them,

For the devil speaks in them

But for their sister, the right noble duchess,

You never fix'd your eye on three fair medals

Cast in one figure, of so different temper

For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,

You only will begin then to be sorry

When she doth end her speech, and wish, in wonder,

She held it less vain glory to talk much,

Than your penance to hear her whilst she speaks,

She throws upon a man so sweet a look,

That it were able to use one to a galliard

That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote

On that sweet countenance, but in that look

There speaketh so divine a continence

As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope

Her days are pass'd in such noble virtue,

That sure her nights, nay, more, her very sleeps,

Are more in heaven than other ladies' shifts

Let all sweet ladies break their flattering glasses,

And dress themselves in her

Delio He, Antonio,

You play the wine drawer with her commendations

Ant I'll cast the picture up only thus much, All her particular worth grows to this sum,—

She stuns the time past, lights the time to come *

Card You must attend my lady in the gallery, Some half an hour hence

Ant I shall [*Exeunt ANTONIO and DELIO*]

Ferd Sister, I have a suit to you.

Duch. To me, sir?

Ferd A gentleman here, Daniel de Rosoli, One that was in the gallery—

Duch Yes, I know him

* She stuns the time past lights the time to come! So again our author in his *Monumental Column*, &c.

"Stun the time past, and light the time to come."

Ferd A worthy fellow he is pray, let me entreat for

The provisorship of your horse

Duch. Your knowledge of him

Commends him and prefers him

Ferd Call him hither [*Exit Attendant*]

We [are] now upon parting Good Lord Silvio,

Do us commend to all our noble friends

At the league

Silvio Sir, I shall

Ferd You are for Milan?

Silvio I am

Duch Bring the crochets—We'll bring you down to the haven

[*Exit Duchess, SILVIO, CASTRUCCIO, RODRIGO, GRISOLAN, CARLOLA, JULIA, and Attendants*]

Card Be sure you entertain that Bosola for your intelligence I would not be seen in't, And therefore many times I have slighted him When he did count on furtherance, as this morning

Ferd Antonio, the great-master of her household, Had been far fitter

Card You are deceiv'd in him His nature is too honest for such business— He comes I'll leave you [*Exit*]

Re enter BOSOLA

Bos I was lured to you

Ferd My brother, here, the cardinal could never

Abide you

Bos Never since he was in my debt

Ferd May be some oblique character in your face

Made him suspect you

Bos Doth he study physiognomy? There's no more credit to be given to the face Than to a sick man's urine, which some call The physician's whore because she cozens him He did suspect me wrongfully

Ferd For that

You must give great men leave to take their times

Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceiv'd You see the oft shaking of the cedar tree Fastens it more at root

Bos Yet, take heed, For to suspect a friend unworthily Instructs him the next way to suspect you, And prompts him to deceive you

Ferd There's gold.

Bos So

What follows? never rain'd such showers as these Without thunderbolts the tail of them whose throat must I cut?

Ferd Your inclination to shed blood rides post Before my occasion to use you I give you that To live in the court here, and observe the duchess, To note all the particulars of her haviour,* What suitors do solicit her for marriage, And whom she best affects She's a young widow

I would not have her marry again

Bos No, sir?

Ferd Do not you ask the reason, but be satisfied

I say I would not

Bos It seems you would create me One of your familiars

Ferd Familiar? what's that?

Bos Why, a very quaint invisible devil in flesh,—

An intelligencer

Ferd Such a kind of thriving thing

I would wish thee, and ere long thou mayst arrive

At a higher place by't

Bos Take your devils, Which hell calls angels these curs'd gifts would make

You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor And should I take these, they'd take me [to] hell

Ferd Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I have given

There is a place that I procur'd for you This morning, the provisorship o' the horse, Have you heard on't?

Bos No

Ferd 'Tis yours is't not worth thanks?

Bos I would have you curse yourself now, that your bounty (Which makes men truly noble) e'er should make me

A villain O, that to avoid ingratitude For the good deed you have done me, I must do All the ill man can invent! Thus the devil Candles all sins o'er, and what heaven terms vile, That names he complemental†

Ferd Be yourself, Keep your old garb of melancholy, 'twill express

* *haviour*] The 4to of 1640, "behaviour"
† *complemental*] Or "complemental," i.e. ornamental, belonging to accomplishments

You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come near 'em this will
gain

Access to private lodgings, where yourself
May, like a politic dormouse——

Bos As I have seen some
Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming
To listen to any talk, and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dream What's my
place?

The provisorship o'the horse? say, then, my
corruption

Crew out of horse dung I am your creature

Ferd Away!

Bos Let good men, for good deeds, covet good
fame,
Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame
Sometimes the devil doth preach

[Exit

Re enter Duchess, Cardinal, and CARLOLA

Card We are to part from you, and your own
discretion

Must now be your director

Ferd You are a widow
You know already what man is, and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence——

Card No,
Nor anything without the addition, honour,
Sway your high blood.

Ferd Murry! they are most luxurious*
Will wed twice

Card O, fie!
Ferd Their livers are more spotted
Than Laban's sheep

Duch Diamonds are of most value,
They say, that have pass'd through most jewel-
lers' hands

Ferd Whores by that rule are precious

Duch Will you hear me?
I'll never marry

Card† So most widows say;
But commonly that motion lasts no longer
Than the turning of an hour glass the funeral
sermon

And it end both together

Ferd Now hear me
You live in a rank pasture, here, i'the court,
There is a kind of honey dew that's deadly,
'Twill poison your fame, look to't be not
cunning,

For they whose faces do belie their hearts

* *luxurious*] i.e. incontinent.

† *Card.*] The 4to of 1640 gives, by mistake, this speech
to Ferdinand

Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years,
Ay, and give the devil suck

Duch This is terrible good counsel.

Ferd Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small
thread,

Subtler than Vulcan's engine * yet, believe't,
Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st thoughts,
Will come to light

Card You may flatter yourself,
And take your own choice, privately be married
Under the eves of night——

Ferd Think't the best voyage
That e'er you made, like the irregular crab,
Which, though't goes backward, thinks that it
goes right

Because it goes its own way but observe,
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed than celebrated

Card The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison

Ferd And those joys,
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps
Which do fore run man's mischief

Card Fare you well
Wisdom begins at the end remember it [Exit

Duch I think this speech between you both
was studied,

It came so roundly off

Ferd You are my sister,
This was my father's poniard, do you see?
I'd be loth to see't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his
I would have you give† o'er these chargeable
revels

A visor and a mask are whispering rooms
That were never built for goodness,—fare ye
well,—

And women like that part which, like the
Imprecy,

Hath never a bone in't

Duch Fie, sir!

Ferd Nay,
I mean the tongue, variety of courtship
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow
[Exit

Duch Shall this move me? If all my royal
kindred

Lay in my way unto this marriage,
I'd make them my low footsteps and even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,
By apprehending danger, have achiev'd

* *Vulcan's engine*] i.e. the net in which he caught Mars
and Venus

† *give*] The 4to of 1623, "to give"

Almost impossible actions (I have heard soldiers say so),

So I through frights and threatenings will assay*
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report
I wink'd and chose a husband —Carola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life,—my fame

Car. Both shall be safe,
For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison
Keep poison from their children

Duch. Thy protestation
Is ingenious† and hearty I believe it
Is Antonio come?

Car. He attends you

Duch. Good dear soul,
Leave me, but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good
speed,
For I am going into a wilderness
Where I shall find not ‡ path nor friendly dew
To be my guide

[CAROLA goes behind the arras

Enter ANTONIO §

I sent for you. Sit down,
Take pen and ink, and write. Are you ready?

Ant. Yes

Duch. What did I say?

Ant. That I should write somewhat

Duch. O, I remember

After these|| triumphs and this large expense
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire
What's laid up for to-morrow

Ant. So please your beauteous excellence

Duch. Beauteous!

Indeed, I thank you. I look young for your sake,
You have ta'en my cares upon you

Ant. I'll fetch your grace

The particulars of your revenue and expense

Duch. O, you are

An upright treasurer but you mistook,
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me

Ant. Where?

Duch. In heaven

I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,

In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make* it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procur'd
That violent distraction? †

Ant. O, much better

Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were
quit

But I intend to make you oversee

What good deed shall we first remember? ‡ say

Ant. Begin with that first good deed began
i' the world: ‡

After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage
I'd have you first § provide for a good husband,
Give him all

Duch. All!

Ant. Yes, your excellent self

Duch. In a winding sheet?

Ant. In a couple

Duch. Sunk Winked, that were a strange will!

Ant. 'Twere stranger || if there were no will in
you

To marry again

Duch. What do you think of marriage?

Ant. I like't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell,
There's no third place in't

Duch. How do you reflect it?

Ant. My brushment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus

Duch. Pray, let's hear it

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare
name

Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a cock horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling

Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this?

One of your eyes is blood shot, use my ring to't,
They say 'tis very sovereign 'twas my wedding-
ring,

And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband

Ant. You have parted with it now.

Duch. Yes, to help your eye-sight

Ant. You have made me stark blind

Duch. How?

* *assay*] The 4to of 1640, "affray"

† *ingenious*] i.e. *ingenious*. See note †, p. 26

‡ *nor*] The 4to of 1640, "no"

§ *Enter Antonio*] As previously (p. 61) Antonio has been told that he must attend the duchess "in the gallery" it would seem that here the audience were to imagine that a change of scene had taken place

|| *there*] Both the earliest 4tos "thus"

* *make*] The 4to of 1640, "to make"

† *distraction*] Both the earliest 4tos "distraction"

‡ *that first good deed began i' the world*] The 4to of 1640,

"That good deed that first began i' th' world"

§ *first*] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

|| *stranger*] The old eds "strange"

Ant There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Is dancing in this circle.

Duch. Remove him

Ant How?

Duch There needs small conjuration, when
your finger

May do it thus, is it fit?

[She puts the ring upon his finger he kneels]

Ant What said you?

Duch. Sir,

This goodly roof of yours is too low built,
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse
Without I raise it higher raise yourself,
Or, if you please, my hand to help you so

[Raises hers]

Ant Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,

That is not kept in chains and close pent-rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure
Conceive not I am so stupid but I am

'Whereto your favours tend but he's a fool

'That, being a cold, would thrust his hands i'the
fire

To warm them

Duch So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of

Ant O my unworthiness!

Duch You were ill to sell yourself
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i'the city, their false
lights

Are to rid bad wares off and I must tell you,
If you will* know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.

Ant Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest I have long serv'd virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her

Duch Now she pays it
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us,
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forc'd to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not Go, go brag
You have left me heartless, mine is in your
bosom

I hope 'twill multiply love there You do
tremble

Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me Sir, be confident

What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood,
sir,

'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster

Kneels at my husband's tomb Awake, awake,
man!

I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and, like a
widow,

I use but half a blush in't

Ant Truth speak for me,

I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name

Duch I thank you, gentle love
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quintus est*. This you should have
begg'd now

I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them* too soon

Ant But for your brothers?

Duch Do not think of them
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest

Ant These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some put
of it

Would not have serv'd flattery

Duch Kneel

[CARIOLA comes from behind the arras]

Ant Ha!

Duch Be not amaz'd, this woman's of my
counsel

I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba presentis is absolute marriage

[She and ANTONIO kneel]

Bless, heaven, this sacred gordian, which let
violence

Never untwine!

Ant And may our sweet affections, like the
spheres,

Be still in motion!

Duch Quickening, and make
The like soft music!

* I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus

As fearful to devour them] Occurs again verbatim in
Appius and Virginia, A I S 1

* will] The 4to of 1640, "would"

Ant That we may imitate the loving palms,*
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,
That never bore fruit, divided †

Duch What can the church force more?

Ant That fortune may not know an accident,
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide
Our fixed wishes †

Duch How can the church build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church
That must but echo this—Maud, stand up!†
I now am blind

Ant What's your conceit in this?

Duch I would have you lend your fortune by
the hand

Unto your marriage bed

(You speak in me this, for we now are one)

We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot

To appease my humorous kindred, and if you
please,

Like the old tale in *Alexander and Lodowick*,*

Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste

O, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,

Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets †

[*Exit* DUCHESS and ANTONIO

Car Whether the spirit of greatness or of
woman

Reign most in her, I know not, but it shows

A fearful madness I owe her much of pity [*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I †

[*Enter* BOSOLA and CASTRUCIO

Bos You say you would fain be taken for an
eminent courtier †

Cast 'Tis the very man of my ambition

Bos Let me see you have a reasonable good
face for't already, and your night cap expresses
you are sufficient largely I would have you
learn to twirl the strings of your band with a
good grace, and in a set speech, at the end of
every sentence, to hum three or four times, or
blow your nose till it smart again, to recover
your memory When you come to be a president
in criminal causes, if you smile upon a prisoner,
hang him, but if you frown upon him and
threaten him, let him be sure to scape the
gallows

Cast I would be a very merry president

* *That we may imitate the loving palms, &c*] Compare a
pretty passage of *Glimphorne*,

"O Argalus, I thought

We should have lov'd, and taught the crying world
Affection's primitive pureness, grown like Palmet,
That do with amorous mixture twine their boughs
Into a leagued union and so flourish
Old in each others arms †

Argalus and Parthenia, 1639 Sig F 1

I may also cite here some lines entitled *The Deaf Fagle*,
which were written by my friend Thomas Campbell
when he was at Orin,

"And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots
Of pastoral pleasantness—'t'ough far between,
The village planted near the Marabout's
Round roof has aye its feathery palm trees
Fair'd, for in solitude they bear no fruits †

† *Scene I*] *Malfi* An apartment in the palace of the
Duchess.

Bos Do not sup o' nights, 'twill begot you an
admirable wit

Cast Rather it would make me have a good
stomach to quarrel, for they say, your roaring
boys † eat meat seldom, and that makes them so
valiant. But how shall I know whether the
people take me for an eminent fellow?

Bos I will teach a trick to know it give out
you be a-dying, and if you hear the common
people curse you, be sure you are taken for one
of the prime night caps †

[*Enter* an Old Lady

You come from punting now

Old Lady From what?

Bos Why, from your scurvy face physic To
behold thee not painted inclines somewhat near
a miracle these in thy face here were deep ruts

* *Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick*] *The
Two Faithful Friends, the pleasant History of Alexander
and Lodowick, who were so like one another, that none could
know them anunder wherein is declared how Lodowick
married the Princess of Hungaria, in Alexander's name,
and how each night he layd a naked sword betweene him and
the Princess, because he would not wrong his friend, is
reprinted (from the Pepys Collection) in Evans's Old
Ballads, vol 1 p 77 ed 1810 There was also a play
written by Martin Slaughter, called Alexander and Lodo-
wick the acting of which is several times mentioned in
Henslowes Diary but it never was printed*

† *roaring boys*] A cant term for the insolent bloods and
vapourers of the time, whose delight was to annoy the
well behaved inhabitants of the capital, by quarrelling
and raising violent disturbances on all possible occasions

† *night-caps*] Another cant term, used again by our
author in *The Devil's Law Case*, Act II So I

'Among a shoal or swarm of rooking night-caps'

and foul sloughs the last progress.* There was a lady in France that, having had the small pox, flayed the skin off her face to make it more level, and where's before she looked like a nutmeg grater, after she resembled an abortive hedge hog

Old Lady Do you call this painting?

Bos No, no, but you call [it] careening of an old morphewed lady, to make her disembody again there's rough cast phrase to your plastic

Old Lady It seems you are well acquainted with my closet

Bos One would suspect it for a shop of witchcraft, to find in it the fat of serpents, spawn of snakes, Jews' spittle, and then young children's ordure and all those for the face I would sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than kiss one of you fasting Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth is the very patrimony of the physician, makes him renew his foot cloth† with the spring, and change his high priced courtesan with the fall of the leaf I do wonder you do not loathe yourselves Observe my meditation now

What thing is in this outward form of man
To be beloved? We account it ominous,
If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,
A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling
A man, and fly from 't as a prodigy
Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity
In any other creature but himself
But in our own flesh though we bear diseases
Which have their true names only ta'en from
beasts,—

As the most ulcerous wolf and swinish measles,—
Though we are eaten up of lice and worms,
And though continually we bear about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight
To hide it in rich tissue all our fear,
Nay, all our terror, is, lest our physician
Should put us in the ground to be made sweet—
Your wife's gone to Rome you two couple, and
get you to the wells at Lucca to recover your
aches I have other work on foot

[*Exeunt CASTALDIO and Old Lady*]

I observe our duchess

Is sick a days, she pukes, her stomach seeths,
The fins of her eye-lids look most teeming
blue,‡

* *progress*] See note †, p 9

† *makes him renew his foot cloth*] i e enables him to buy new housings for his horse (or mule)

The *fins of her eye lids look most teeming blue*] So in *The Malcontent*, Act I Sc I, "till the *fins of his eyes look as blue as the welkin*."

She wanes i'the cheek, and waxes fat i the flank,
And, contrary to our Italian fashion,
Wears a loose-bodied gown there's somewhat
in't

I have a trick my chance discover it,
A pretty one, I have bought some apicocks,
The first our spring yields

[*Enter ANTONIO and PETER*]

Delio And so long since married?
You unaze me

Ant Let me seal your lips for ever
For, did I think that any thing but the air
Could carry these words from you, I should wish
You had no breath at all—Now, sir, in your
contemplation?

You are studying to become a great wise fellow

Bos O, sir, the opinion of wisdom is a foul
tetter* that runs all over a man's body if sim-
plicity direct us to have no evil, it directs us to
a happy being, for the subtlest folly proceeds
from the subtlest wisdom let me be simply
honest

Ant I do understand your inside

Bos Do you so?

Ant Because you would not seem to open up to
the world

Puff'd up with your preferment, you continue
Thus out of fashion melancholy have it, have it

Bos Give me leave to be honest in any phrase,
in any compliment whatsoever Shall I confess
myself to you? I look no higher than I can
reach they are the gods that must ride on
winged horses A lawyer's rule of a slow pace
will both suit my disposition and business, for,
mark me, when a man's mind rides faster than
his horse can gallop, they quickly both tire

Ant You would look up to heaven,† but I
think

The devil, that rules i'the air, stands in your light

Bos O, sir, you are lord of the ascendant,
chief man with the duchess, a duke was your
cousin german removed Say you were lineally
descended from King Pepin, or he himself, what
of this? search the heads of the greatest rivers
in the world, you shall find them but bubbles of
water Some would think the souls of princes
were brought forth by some more weighty cause
than those of meaner persons they are deceived,

* *tetter*] The 4to of 1640, "terror"

† *You would look up to heaven, &c*] So our author
again in *The Devil's Iaw case*, Act V S 5

"While they aspire to do themselves most right,
The devil, that rules i the air, hangs in their light"

there's the same hand to them, the like passions sway them, the same reason that makes a vicar to go to law for a tithe-pig, and undo his neighbours, makes them spoil a whole province, and batter down goodly cities with the cannon.

Enter DUCHESS and Ladies.

Duch Your arm, Antonio do I not grow fat? I am exceeding short winded — *Bosola*, I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter, Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in

Bos The duchess us'd one when she was great with child

Duch I think she did.—Come hither, mend my ruff
Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady, and Thy breath smells of lemon pills would thou hadst done!

Shall I swoon under thy fingers? I am So troubled with the mother!†

Bos [*aside*] I fear too much

Duch I have heard you say that the French courtiers

Wear their hats on 'fore the king

Ant I have seen it

Duch In the presence?

Ant Yes

Duch‡ Why should not we bring up that fashion?

'Tis ceremony more than duty that consists In the removing of a piece of felt Be you the example to the rest o' the court, Put on your hat first.

Ant You must pardon me I have seen, in colder countries than in France, Nobles stand bare to the prince, and the distinction

Methought show'd reverently

Bos I have a present for your grace

Duch For me, sir?

Bos Apricocks, madam

Duch O, sir, where are they?

I have heard of none to year

Bos [*aside*] Good, her colour rises

Duch Indeed, I thank you they are wondrous fair ones

What an unskilful fellow is our gardener!

We shall have none this month

Bos Will not your grace pare them?

* *when*] An exclamation of impatience (very common in our old dramatists)

† *the mother*] i.e. hysterical passion

‡ *Why &c.*] This speech is given by mistake in the three earliest texts to Antonio

Duch No they taste of musk, methinks, in deed they do

Bos I know not yet I wish your grace had par'd 'em.

Duch Why?

Bos I forgot to tell you, the knave gardener, Only to rouse his profit by them the sooner, Did ripen them in horse-dung

Duch O, you jest —

You shall judge pray, taste one

Ant Indeed, madam,

I do not love the fruit

Duch Sir, you are loth To rob us of our dainties 'tis a delicate fruit, They say they are restorative

Bos 'Tis a pretty art,

This grafting

Duch 'Tis so, bettering of nature

Bos To make a pippin grow upon a crab, Adamson on a black-thorn — [*Aside*] How greedily she eats them!

A whirlwind strike off these bawd farthingales! For, but for that and the loose bodied gown, I should have discover'd apparently The young sprigal cutting a caper in her belly

Duch I thank you, *Bosola* they were right good ones,

If they do not make me sick

Ant How now, madam!

Duch This green fruit and my stomach are not friends

How they swell me!

Bos [*aside*] Nay, you are too much swell'd already

Duch O I am in an extreme cold sweat!

Bos I am very sorry

Duch Lights to my chamber! — O good Antonio,

I fear I am undone!

Delio Lights there, lights!

[*Exit DUCHESS and Ladies — Exit, on the other side, BOSOLA*]

Ant O my most trusty *Delio*, we are lost! I fear she's full'n in labour, and there's left No time for her remove

Delio Have you prepar'd Those ladies to attend her? and procur'd That politic safe conveyance for the midwife Your duchess plotted?

Ant I have

Delio Make use, then, of this forc'd occasion Give out that *Bosola* hath poison'd her

* *most*] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

With these apricocks, that will give some colour
For her keeping close

Ant Fie, fie, the physicians
Will then flock to her

Delio For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepar'd antidote of her own,
Lest the physicians should re-poison her

Ant I am lost in amazement I know not what
to think on't [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *

Enter BOSOLA

Bos So, so, there's no question but her techni-
ness† and most vulturous eating of the apricocks
are apparent signs of breeding

Enter an Old Lady

Now?

Old Lady I am in haste, sir

Bos There was a young waiting woman had a
monstrous desire to see the glass house—

Old Lady Nay, pray, let me go

Bos And it was only to know what strange
instrument it was should swell up a glass to the
fashion of a woman's belly

Old Lady I will hear no more of the glass
house You are still abusing women?

Bos Who, I? no, only, by the way now and
then, mention your frailties The orange tree
bears ripe and green fruit and blossoms all
together, and some of you give entertainment
for pure love, but more for more precious reward
The lusty spring smells well, but drooping
autumn tastes well If we have the same golden
showers that rained in the time of Jupiter the
thunderer, you have the same Danaes still, to
hold up their laps to receive them Didst thou
never study the mathematics?

Old Lady What's that, sir?

Bos Why, to know the trick how to make a
many lines meet in one centre Go, go, give your
foster daughters good counsel tell them, that
the devil takes delight to hang at a woman's
girdle, like a false rusty watch, that she cannot
discern how the time passes [*Exit Old Lady*]

Enter ANTONIO, RODRIGO, and GRISOLAN

Ant Shut up the court gates

Rod Why, sir? what's the danger?

Ant Shut up the posterns presently, and call
All the officers o'the court

Griz I shall instantly [*Exit*]

Ant Who keeps the key o'the park gate?

Rod Forobosco

Ant Let him bring't presently

Re-enter GRISOLAN with Servants

First Serv O, gentlemen o'the court, the foulest
treason!

Bos [*aside*] If that these apricocks should be
poison'd now,

Without my knowledge!

First Serv There was taken even now a Switzer
in the duchess bed chamber—

Second Serv A Switzer!

First Serv With a pistol in his grent cod piece

Bos Ha, ha, ha!

First Serv The cod piece was the case for t

Second Serv There was a cunning traitor who
would have searched his cod piece?

First Serv True, if he had kept out of the
ladies' chambers and all the moulds of his
buttons were laden bullets

Second Serv O wicked cannibal! a fire-lock
in's cod piece!

First Serv 'Twas a French plot, upon my life

Second Serv To see what the devil can do!

Ant [Are] all the officers here?

Servants We are

Ant Gentlemen,

We have lost much plate you know, and but
this evening

Jewels, to the value of four thousand ducats,
Are missing in the duchess cabinet

Are the gates shut?

Serv Yes

Ant 'Tis the duchess' pleasure

Each officer be lock'd into his chamber

Till the sun rising, and to send the keys

Of all their chests and of their outward doors

Into her bed chamber She is very sick

Rod At her pleasure

Ant She entreats you take't not ill the
innocent

Shall be the more approv'd by it

Bos Gentleman o'the wood yard, where's your
Switzer now?

First Serv By this hand, 'twas credibly re-
ported by one o'the black guard *

[*Exeunt all except ANTONIO and BOSOLA*]

Delio How fares it with the duchess?

Ant She's expos'd

Unto the worst of torture, pain and fear

Delio Speak to her all happy comfort

* Scene II] A hall in the same palace

† *techness*] The 4thos "*teachness*," and "*teachness*"

* *black guard*] See note *, p. 8

Ant How I do play the fool with mine own danger !

You are this night, dear friend, to post to Rome
My life lies in your service

Delio Do not doubt me

Ant O, 'tis far from me and yet fear presents me

Somewhat that looks like danger

Delio Believe it,

'Tis but the shadow of your fear, no more

How superstitiously we mind our evils !

The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,

Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,

Or singing of a cricket, are of power

To daunt whole man in us Sir, fare you well

I wish you all the joys of a bless'd father,

And, for my faith, lay this unto your breast,—

Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best

[*Exit*]

Enter CARLOLA

Car Sir, you are the happy father of a son
Your wife commends him to you

Ant Blessed comfort !—

For heaven's sake tend her well I'll presently

Go at a figure for a nativity [*Exit*]

SCENE III *

Enter BOSOLA, with a dark lantern

Bos Sure I did hear a woman shriek list, ha !
And the sound came, if I receiv'd it right,
From the duchess' lodgings There's some
stratagem

In the confining all our countiers

To their several wards I must have part of it,

My intelligence will freeze else List, again !

It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,

Best friend of silence and of solitariness,

The owl, that scream'd so — Ha ! Antonio !

Enter ANTONIO

Ant I heard some noise — Who's there ? what
art thou ? speak

Bos Antonio, put not your face nor body
To such a forc'd expression of fear

I am Bosola, your friend

Ant Bosola !—

[*Aside*] This mole does undermine me — Heard
you not

A noise even now ?

Bos From whence ?

Ant From the duchess' lodging

Bos Not I did you ?

Ant I did, or else I dream'd

Bos Let's walk towards it,

Ant No it may be 'twas
But the rising of the wind

Bos Very likely

Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat

You look wildly

Ant I have been setting a figure

For the duchess' jewels

Bos Ah, and how falls your question ?

Do you find it radical ?

Ant What's that to you ?

'Tis rather to be question'd what design,

When all men were commended to their lodgings,

Makes you a night-walker

Bos In sooth, I'll tell you

Now all the court's asleep, I thought the devil

Had least to do here, I came to say my prayers,

And if it do offend you I do so,

You are a fine countier

Ant [*aside*] This fellow will undo me.—

You gave the duchess apricocks to day

Pray heaven they were not poison'd !

Bos Poison'd ! a Spanish fig

For the imputation

Ant Traitors are ever confident

Till they are discover'd There were jewels
stol'n too

In my conceit, none are to be suspected

More than yourself

Bos You are a false steward

Ant Sney slave, I'll pull thee up by the
roots

Bos May be the runn will crush you to pieces

Ant You are an impudent snake indeed, sir

Are you scarce warm, and do you show your
sting ?

You libel well, sir

Bos No, sir copy it out,

And I will set my hand to't

Ant [*aside*] My nose bleeds

One that were superstitious would count

This ominous, when it merely comes by chance

Two letters, that are wrote here for my name,

Are drown'd in blood !

Were accident — For you, sir, I'll take order

I'll the morn you shall be safe — [*aside*] 'tis that
must colour

Her lying in — sir, this door you pass not

I do not hold it fit that you come near

The duchess' lodgings, till you have quit your-
self —

* Scene III] The court of the same palace

[*Aside*] The great are like the base, nay, they
are the same,

When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame

[*Exit*]

Bos Antonio hereabout did drop a paper —
Some of your help, false friend — O, here it is
What's here? a child's nativity calculated!

[*Reads*]

"The duchess was delivered of a son, 'tween the
hours twelve and one in the night, Anno Dom
1504,"—that's this year—"decimo nono Decem-
bris,"—that's this night,—"*taken according to the
meridian of Melfi*,"—that's our duchess' happy
discovery!—"The lord of the first house being
combust in the ascendant, signifies short life, and
Mars being in a human sign, joined to the tail of
the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth threaten a
violent death *Cetera non scrutantur*"

Why, now 'tis most apparent this pious fellow
Is the duchess' bawd — I have it to my wish!
This is a parcel of intelligency
Our courtiers were cas'd up for it needs must
follow

That I must be committed on pretence
Of poisoning her, which I'll endure, and laugh at
If one could find the father now! but that
Time will discover — Old Castruccio
In the morning posts to Rome — by him I'll send
A letter that shall make her brothers' gall
Overflow their livers — This was a thrifty way
Though lust do mask in never so strango disguise,
She's oft found witty, but is never wise [Exit]

SCENE IV *

[*Enter Cardinal and Julia*]

Card Sit thou art my best of wishes Prithee,
tell me

What trick didst thou invent to come to Rome
Without thy husband?

Julia Why, my lord, I told him
I came to visit an old anchoress
Here for devotion

Card Thou art a witty false one,—
I mean, to him

Julia You have prevail'd with me
Beyond my strongest thoughts — I would not now
Find you inconstant.

Card Do not put thyself
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds
Out of your own guilt.

Julia How, my lord!

Card You fear

My constancy, because you have approv'd
Those giddy and wild turnings* in yourself

Julia Did you ever find them?

Card Sooth, generally for women,

A man might strive to make glass malleable,
Ere he should make them fix'd

Julia So, my lord

Card We had need go borrow that fantastic
glass

Invented by Guileo the Florentine
To view another spacious world in the moon,
And look to find a constant woman there

Julia This is very well, my lord

Card Why do you weep?

Are tears your justification? the self same tears
Will fall into your husband's bosom, Iuly,
With a loud protestation that you love him
Above the world — Come I'll love you wisely,
That's jealousy, since I am very certain
You cannot make me † cuckold

Julia I'll go home

To my husband

Card You may thank me, Iuly,
I have taken you off your melancholy perch,
Bore you upon my fist, and show'd you gins,
And let you fly at it — I pry thee, kiss me —
When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast
wretched

I like a tame elephant — still you use to thank
me —

Thou hast only kisses from him and high feeding,
But what delight was that? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fingering on the lute,
Yet cannot tune it — still you use to thank me

Julia You told me of a piteous wound in the
heart

And a sick liver, when you woo'd me first,
And spake like one in physic

Card Whos that?

[*Enter Servant*]

Rest him, for my affliction to thee,
Lightning moves slow to't

Serv Madam, a gentleman,

That's come post from Melfi, desires to see you

Card Let him enter — I'll withdraw [Exit]

Serv He says

Your husband, old Castruccio, is come to Rome,
Most pitifully tir'd with riding post. [Exit]

Scene IV] Rome. An apartment in the palace of
the Cardinal

* *turnings*] Both the earliest 4tos "*turning*"
† *make me*] The 4to of 1623, "*me make*"

Enter DELIO

Julia [aside] Signior Delio ! 'tis one of my old suitors.

Delio I was bold to come and see you *

Julia Sir, you are welcome

Delio Do you lie here ?

Julia Sure, your own experience
Will satisfy you no † our Roman prelates
Do not keep lodging for ladies

Delio Very well
I have brought you no commendations from your
husband,
For I know none by him ‡

Julia I hear he's come to Rome

Delio I never knew man and beast, of a horse
and a knight,

So weary of each other if he had had a good back,
He would have undertook to have borne his horse,
His breech was so pitifully sore

Julia Your laughter

Is my pity

Delio Lady, I know not whether
You want money, but I have brought you some

Julia From my husband ?

Delio No, from mine own allowance

Julia I must hear the condition, ere I be bound
to take it

Delio Look on't, 'tis gold hath it not a fine
colour ?

Julia I have a bird more beautiful

Delio Try the sound on't

Julia A lute string full exceeds it
It hath no smell, like cassia or civet,
Nor is it physical, though some fond doctors
Persuade us seethe't § in cullises || I'll tell you,
This is a creature bred by——

Re-enter Servant

Serv Your husband's come,
Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of Calabria
That, to my thinking, hath put him out of his wits
[*Exit*]

Julia Sir you hear
Pray, let me know your business and your suit
As briefly as can be

* to come and see you] The 4to of 1640 "and come to see you"

† no] The 4to of 1640, "now"

‡ Hero and subsequently in this scene, I have let the lines stand as they are divided in the old copies, though some of these speeches hardly read like verse See note †, p 79

§ seethe't] Both the earliest 4tos, "seeth's"

|| cullises] A cullis was a strong and savoury broth of boiled meat strained, for debilitated persons the old receipt books recommend "pieces of gold" among its ingredients.

Delio With good speed I would wish you,
At such time as you are non resident
With your husband, my mistress.

Julia Sir, I'll go ask my husband if I shall,
And straight return your answer [*Exit*]

Delio Very fine !
Is this her wit, or honesty, that speaks thus ?
I heard one say the duke was highly mov'd
With a letter sent from Malfi I do fear
Antonio is betray'd how fearfully
Shows his ambition now ! unfortunate fortune !
They pass through whirl pools, and deep woes do
shun,
Who the event weigh ere the action's done [*Exit*]

SCENE V *

Enter Cardinal, and Ferdinand with a letter

Ferd I have this night digg'd up a mandrake

Card Say you ?

Ferd And I am grown mad with't †

Card What's the prodigy ?

Ferd Read there,—a sister damn'd she's loose
in the hilt,

Grown a notorious strumpet

Card Speak lower

Ferd Lower !

Rogues do not whisper t now, but seek to publish't
(As servants do the bounty of their lords)
Aloud, and with a covetous searching eye,
To mark who note them O, confusion seize her !
She hath had most cunning bawds to serve her
turn,

And more secure conveyances for lust
Than towns of garrison for service

Card Is't possible ?

Can this be certain ?

Ferd Rhubarb, O, for rhubarb
To purge this choler ! here's the cur'd day ‡
To prompt my memory, and here't shall stick
Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge
To wipe it out

Card Why do you make yourself
So wild a tempest ?

Ferd Would I could be one,
That I might toss her palice 'bout her ears,

* Scene V] Another apartment in the same palace

† I have this night digg'd up a mandrake

And I am grown mad with't] Compare Shakespeare, "And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth, That living mortals hearing them run mad"

Romeo and Juliet, A IV S. 3

‡ the cur'd day] i.e. on which the Duchess had been delivered of a son,—set down in the letter sent from Bosola

SCENE V.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.

Root up her goodly forests, blast her meads,
And lay her general territory as waste
As she hath done her honours

Card Shall our blood,
The royal blood of Arragon and Castile,
Be thus attainted?

Ferd Apply desperate physic
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,
The smiting cupping-glass, for that's the mean
To purge infected blood, such blood as heis
There is a kind of pity in mine eye,—
I'll give it to my handkercher, and now 'tis here,
I'll bequeath this to her bastard

Card What to do?

Ferd Why, to make soft lute for his mother's
wounds,

When I have hew'd her to pieces

Card Curs'd creature!
Unequal nature, to place women's hearts
So fir upon the left side!

Ferd Foolish men,
Thit eer will trust their honour in a bark
Mide of so slight weak bulrush as is * woman,
Apt every minute to sink it!

Card Thus
Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honour,
It cannot wield it

Ferd Mothinks I see her laughing,—
Excellent hyena! Talk to me somewhat quickly,
Or my imagination will carry me
To see her in the shameful act of sin

Card With whom?

Ferd Happily with some strong thigh'd barg-
man,

Or one o'the wood yard that can quoit the sledge
Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire
That carries coals up to her privy† lodgings

Card You fly beyond your reason

Ferd Go to, mistress!
'Tis not your whore's milk that shall‡ quench my
wild fire,

But your whore's blood

Card How idly shows this rage, which carries
you,

As men convey'd by witches through the air,
On violent whirlwinds! this intemperate noise
Fity resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection

Ferd Have not you
My palsy?

Card Yes, [but] I can be angry
Without this rupture * there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger Chide yourself
You have divers men who never yet express'd
Their strong desire of rest but by unrest,
By vexing of themselves Come, put yourself
In tune

Ferd So I will only study to seem
The thing I am not I could kill her now,
In you, or in myself, for I do think
It is some sin in us heaven doth revenge
By her

Card Are you stark mad?

Ferd I would have their bodies
Burnt in a coal pit with the ventage stopp'd,
That their curs'd smoke might not ascend to
heaven,
Or dip the sheets they lie in in pitch or
sulphur,

Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match,
Or else to boil their bastard to a cullis,†
And give't his lecherous father to renew
The sin of his back

Card I'll leave you

Ferd Nay, I have done
I am confident, had I been damn'd in hell,
And should have heard of this, it would have put
me

Into a cold sweat In, in, I'll go sleep
Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not stu
That known, I'll find scorpions to sting‡ my
whips,

And fix her in a general eclipse [Exeunt

* rupture] If right, intima—breaking forth into pas-
sion but qy "rapture, —transport, violent emotion"

† cullis] See note ||, p. 72

‡ sting] The 4to of 1640 "stung"

"Lost with a whip of scorpions I pursue

Thy lingering" Milton's *Par Lost*, ii. 701

* u] The 4to of 1640, "this"

† privy] The 4to. of 1640, "private"

‡ shall] The 4to of 1640, "can"

ACT III

SCENE I *

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO

Ant Our noble friend, my most beloved Delio !
O, you have been a stranger long at court
Came you along with the Lord Ferdinand ?

Delio I did, sir and how fares your noble
duchessa ?

Ant Right fortunately well she's an excellent
Feeder of pedigrees, since you last saw her,
She hath had two children more, a son and
daughter

Delio Methinks 'twas yesterday let me but
wink,

And not behold your face, which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dream
It were within this half hour

Ant You have not been in law, friend Delio,
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,
Nor begg'd the reversion of some great man's
place,

Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
Your time so insensibly hasten

Delio Pray, sir, tell me,
Hath not this news arriv'd yet to the ear
Of the lord cardinal ?

Ant I fear it hath
The Lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to court,
Doth bear himself right dangerously

Delio Pray, why ?

Ant He is so quiet that he seems to sleep
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter
Those houses that are haunted are most still
Till the devil be up

Delio What say the common people ?

Ant The common rabble do directly say
She is a stumpet

Delio And your graver heads
Which would be politic, what censure they ?

Ant They do observe I grow to infinite
purchase,†

The left hand way, and all suppose the duchess

Would amend it, if she could, for, say they,
Great princes, though they grudge their officers
Should have such large and unconfined means
To get wealth under them, will not complain,
Lest thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people for other obligation
Of love or marriage between her and me
They never dream of
Delio The Lord Ferdinand
Is going to bed

Enter DUCHESS, FERDINAND, and Attendants

Ferd I'll instantly to bed,
For I am weary—I am to bespeak
A husband for you

Duch For me, sir, pray, who is't ?

Ferd The great Count Malatesta

Duch Fie upon him !

A count ! he's a mere stick of sugar candy,*
You may look quite thorough him When I choose
A husband, I will marry for your honour

Ferd You shall do well in't—How is't, worthy
Antonio ?

Duch But, sir, I am to have private conference
with you
About a scandalous report is spread
Touching mine honour

Ferd Let me be ever deaf to't
One of Pasquil's paper bullets, court calumny,
A pestilent air, which princes' palaces
Are seldom purg'd of Yet say that it were true,
I pour it in your bosom, my fix'd love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay, deny
Faults, were they apparent in you Go, be safe
In your own innocency

Duch [*aside*] O bless'd comfort !
This deadly air is purg'd

[Exeunt DUCHESS, ANTONIO, DELIO, and Attendants]

Ferd Her guilt treads on
Hot-burning coals

Enter BOSOLA

Now, Bosola,

How thrives our intelligence ?

Bos Sir, uncertainly
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but
By whom we may go read ' the stars.

* Scene I] With An apartment in the palace of the
Duchess

† purchase] This word is generally used by old drama-
tists as a cant term for stolen goods, but here it means
riches, valuable property our author in *The Devil's
Law Case* has,

" Tailors in France, they grow to great abominable pur-
chase, and become great officers " Act II Sc. 1

* he's a mere stick of sugar-candy, &c] Repeated almost
verbatim in *The Devil's Law Case*, Act II Sc. 1

Ferd Why, some
 Hold opinion all things are written there
Bos Yes, if we could find spectacles to read
 them
I do suspect there hath been some sorcery
 Us'd on the duchess
Ferd Sorcery! to what purpose?
Bos To make her dote on some despicable fellow
 She shames to acknowledge
Ferd Can your faith give way
 To think there's power in potions or in charms,
 To make us love whether we will or no?
Bos Most certainly
Ferd Away! these are mere gullems, horrid
 things,
 Invented by some cheating mountebanks
 To abuse us Do you think that herbs or
 charms
 Can force the will? Some tricks have been made
 In this foolish practice, but the ingredients
 Were lenitive poisons, such as are of force
 To make the patient mad, and straight the
 witch
 Swears by equivocation they are in love
 The witch craft lies in her rank blood This
 night
 I will force confession from her You told me
 You had got, within these two days, a false key
 Into her bed chamber.
Bos I have
Ferd As I would wish
Bos What do you intend to do?
Ferd Can you guess?
Bos No
Ferd Do not ask, then
 He that can compass me, and know my drifts,
 May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,*
 And sounded all her quick sands.
Bos I do not
 Think so
Ferd What do you think, then, pray?
Bos That you are
 Your own chronicle too much, and grossly
 Flatter yourself
Ferd Give me thy hand, I thank thee
 I never gave pension but to flatterers,
 Till I entertain'd thee Farewell
 That friend a great man's ruin strongly checks,
 Who rails into his belief all his defects [*Exeunt*]

* May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world] So
 Shakespeare,

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth"
A Midsummer night's Dream, Act II Sc 2, on which pas-
 sage see Steevens's note.

SCENE II *

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, and CARIOIA

Duch. Bring me the casket hither, and the
 glass —
 You get no lodging here to-night, my lord
Ant Indeed, I must persuade one
Duch Very good
 I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom,
 That noblemen shall come with cap and knee
 To purchase a night's lodging of their wives
Ant I must lie here
Duch Must! you are a lord of mis rule
Ant Indeed, my rule is only in the night
Duch To what use will you put me?
Ant We'll sleep together
Duch Alas,
 What pleasure can two lovers find in sleep?
Cari My lord, I lie with her often, and I know
 She'll much disgust you
Ant See, you are complain'd of
Cari For she's the sprawling'st bedfellow
Ant I shall like her the better for that
Cari Sir, shall I ask you a question?
Ant Ay, pray thee, Cariola
Cari Wherefore still, when you lie with my
 lady,
 Do you rise so early?
Ant Labouring men
 Count the clock oftenest, Cariola,
 Are glad when their tasks ended
Duch I'll stop your mouth [*Kisses him*]
Ant Nay, that's but one, Venus had two soft
 doves
 To draw her chariot, I must have another —
 [*She kisses him again*]
 When wilt thou marry, Cariola?
Cari Never, my lord
Ant O, fie upon this single life! forgo it
 We read how Daphne, for her peevish flight,
 Became a fruitless bay tree, Syrinx turn'd
 To the pale empty reed, Anaxureto
 Was frozen into marble whereas those
 Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,
 Were by a gracious influence transhap'd
 Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry,
 Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent stars
Cari This is a vain poetry but I pray you,
 tell me,
 If there were propos'd me, wisdom, riches, and
 beauty,
 In three several young men, which should I choose.

* Scene II] The bed chamber of the Duchess in the
 same

† peevish] i. e. foolish

Ant 'Tis a hard question this was Paris' case,
And he was blind in't, and there was great cause,
For how was't possible he could * judge right,
Having three amorous goddesses in view,
And they stark naked? 'twas a motion
Were able to benight the apprehension
Of the severest counsellor of Europe
Now I look on both your faces so well form'd,
It puts me in mind of a question I would ask
Car. What is't?

Ant I do wonder why hard favour'd ladies,
For the most part, keep worse favour'd waiting
women
To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.

Duch. O, that's soon answer'd
Did you ever in your life know an ill painter
Desire to have his dwelling next door to the shop
Of an excellent picture maker? 'twould disgrace
His face-making, and undo him I pritheer,
When were we so † merry?—My hair tangles

Ant Pray thee, Cariola, let's steal forth the
room,
And let her talk to herself I have divers times
Serv'd her the like, when she hath ‡ chaf'd
extremely

I love to see her angry Softly, Cariola
[Jeant ANTONIO and CARIOLA]

Duch. Doth not the colour of my hair gin to
change?
When I wax gray, I shall have all the court
Powder their hair with arras, § to be like me
You have cause to love me, I enter'd you || into
my heart
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys

Enter FERDINAND behind
We shall one day have my brothers take you
napping
Mothinks his presence, being now in court,
Should make you keep your own bed, but you'll
say
Love mix'd with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you,
You shall get no more children till my brothers
Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your
tongue?

'Tis welcome
For know, whether I am doom'd to live or die,
I can do both like a prince

Ferd. Die, then, quickly!

[Giving her a poniard]

Virtue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it that doth eclipse * thee?

Duch. Pray, sir, hear me

Ferd. Or is it true thou art but a bare name,
And no essential thing?

Duch. Sir,—

Ferd. Do not speak.

Duch. No, sir

I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you
Ferd. O most imperfect light of human reason,
That mak'st us † so unhappy to foresee
What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes,
And glory in them there's in shame no comfort
But to be past all bounds and sense of shame

Duch. I pray, sir, hear me I am married

Ferd. So!

Duch. Happily, not to your liking but for that,
Alas, your shears do come untimely now
To clip the bird's wings that's already flown!
Will you see my husband?

Ferd. Yes if I could change
Eyes with a basilisk

Duch. Sure, you came hither
By his confederacy

Ferd. The howling of a wolf
Is music to thee, screech owl pritheer, peace—
Whate'er thou art that hast enjoy'd my sister,
For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own
sake ‡

Let me not know thee I came hither prepar'd
To work thy discovery, yet am now persuaded
It would beget such § violent effects
As would damn us both I would not for ten
millions

I had beheld thee therefore use all means
I never may have knowledge of thy name,
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
On that condition—And for thee, vile woman,
If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old
In thy embracements, I would have thee build
Such a room for him as our anchorites
To holier use inhabit Let not the sun
Shine on him till he's dead, let dogs and monkeys
Only converse with him, and such dumb things
To whom nature denies use to sound his name,
Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it,
If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue,
Lest it bewray him

* eclipse] The 4to of 1640, "clip"

† us] Not found in the three earliest 4tos

‡ For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake] The 4to of 1640,

"For I am sure thou heard'st me, for mine own sake"

§ such] The 4to of 1640, "so"

* could] The 4to of 1640, "should"

† so] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

‡ hath] The 4to of 1640, "had"

§ arras] See note †, p. 41

|| you] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

Duch Why might not I marry?
I have not gone about in this to create
Any new world or custom.

Ferd Thou art undone,
And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead
That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it
About my heart

Duch Mine bleeds for't.

Ferd Thine! thy heart!
What should I name't unless a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild fire?

Duch You are in this
Too strict, and were you not my princely brother,
I would say, too wilful my reputation
Is safe

Ferd Dost thou know what reputation is?
I'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since the instruc-
tion

Comes now too late
Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death
Would travel o'er the world, and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways
Death told them, they should find him in great
battles,

Or cities plagu'd with plagues Love gives them
counsel

To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shep-
herds,

Where downies were not talk'd of, and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left
By their dead parents "Stay," quoth Reputation,
"Do not forsake me, for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again" And so for you
You have shook * hands with Reputation,
And made him invisible So, fare you well
I will never see you more

Duch Why should only I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cr's'd up, like a holy relic? I have youth
And a little beauty

Ferd So you have some virgins
That are witches I will never see thee more

Re enter ANTONIO with a pistol, and CAMBOLA

Duch You saw this apparition?

Ant Yes we are
Betray'd. How came he hither? I should turn
This to thee, for that

Cam Pray, sir, do, and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there
Mine innocence.

Duch That gallery gave him entrance
Ant I would this terrible thing would come
again,
That, standing on my guard, I might relate
My warrantable love —

[She shows the portrait

Ha! what means this?

Duch He left this with me

Ant And it seems did wish
You would use it on yourself

Duch His action
Seem'd to intend so much.

Ant Thus hath a handle to't,
As well as a point turn it towards him,
And so fasten the keen edge in his rank gall

[Knocking within

How now! who knocks? more earthquakes?

Duch I stand
As if mine beneath my feet were ready
To be blown up

Cam 'Tis Bosola

Duch Away!
O misery! methinks unjust actions
Should wear these masks and curtains, and not we
You must instantly part hence I have fashion'd
it already *[Exit ANTONIO*

Enter BOSOLA

Bos The duke your brother is ta'en up in a
whirlwind,
Hath took horse, and 's rid post to Rome

Duch So late?

Bos He told me, as he mounted into the saddle,
You were undone

Duch Indeed, I am very new it

Bos What's the matter?

Duch Antonio, the master of our household,
Hath dealt so falsely with me in 's accounts
My brother stood engag'd with me for money
Tien up of certain Neapolitan Jews,
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit

Bos Strange!—*[Aside]* This is cunning

Duch And hereupon
My brother's bills at Naples are protested
Against—Call up our * officers

Bos I shall *[Exit]*

Re enter ANTONIO

Duch The place that you must fly to is
Ancona
Hire a house there, I'll send after you
My treasure and my jewels Our weak safety

* shook] Some copies of the 4to of 1623, "shooked"

* our] The 4to of 1640, "the"

Runs upon ingenious wheels * short syllables
Must stand for periods I must now accuse you
Of such a feign'd crime as Tasso calls
Magnanima menzogna,† a noble lie,
'Cause it must shield our honours — Hark ! they
are coming

Re-enter BOSOLA and Officers

Ant Will your grace hear me?

Duch I have got well by you, you have
yielded me

A million of losses I am like to inherit
The people's curses for your stewardship
You had the trick in audit time to be sick,
Till I had sign'd your quietus, and that could
you

Without help of a doctor — Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all,
So shall you hold my favour, I pray, let him,
For he's done that, alas, you would not think of,
And, because I intend to be rid of him,
I mean not to publish — U're your fortune else
where

Ant I am strongly minded to brook my
overthrow,

As commonly men born with a hard yoke
I will not blame the cause on't, but do think
The necessity of my malevolent star
Procures this, not her humour O, the inconstant
And rotten ground of service ! you may see,
'Tis even like him, that in a winter night,
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
A loth† to part from't yet parts thence as cold
As when he first sat down

Duch We do confiscate,
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,
All that you have

Ant I am all yours, and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so

Duch So, sir, you have your pass

Ant You may see, gentlemen, what 'tis to
serve

A prince with body and soul [Exit

* *ingenious wheels*] The 4to of 1640 substitutes "in-
genious" So Dekker,

"For that one Acte gives like an *ingenious wheel*
Motion to all *The Works of Babylon*, 1607, Sig C 2
† — as Tasso calls

Magnanima menzogna] In *Corus Lib C ii St 22*,

"Con al pubblico into il capo altero
Offerse, e'l volse in se sola raccorre
Magnanima menzogna, or quando d'il vero
Si bello, che si possa a te preporre"

Most readers must be aware that the great Italian
imitates the "*splendide mendax*" of Horace

† A loth] Some copies of the 4to of 1623, and the 4to
of 1640, "*As loath*."

Bos Here's an example for extortion what
moisture is drawn out of the sea, when foul
weather comes, pours down, and runs into the sea
again.

Duch I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio

Sec Off He could not abide to see a pig's head
gaping * I thought your grace would find him a
Jew

Third Off I would you had been his† officer,
for your own sake

Fourth Off You would have had more money

First Off He stopp'd his ears with black wool,
and to those came to him for money said he was
thick of hearing

Sec Off Some said he was an hermaphrodite,
for he could not abide a woman

Fourth Off How scurvy proud he would† look
when the treasury was full ! Well, let him go

First Off Yes, and the chippings of the but-
tery fly after him, to scour his gold§ chain

Duch Leave us [Recount Officers
What do you think of these?

Bos That these are rogues that in's prosperity,
But to have waded on his|| fortune, could have
wish'd

His dirty sturup rivetted through their noses,
And follow'd after him, like a beu in a ring,
Would have prostituted their daughters to his
lust,

Made their first born intelligencers,¶ thought
none happy

But such as were born under his blest** planet,
And wore his livery and do these lice drop off
now?

Well, never look to have the like again

He hath left a sort†† of flattering rogues behind
him,

Their doom must follow Princes pay flatterers

* *He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping*] So
Shakespeare,

"As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig"

Merchant of Venice, Act IV Sc I
Steevens, in a note on Shylock's speech cites the
parallel passage from Webster, and in order to make it
run like blank verse inserts a monosyllable Shake-
speare's commentators are too often incorrect their
quotations from old poets

† *As*] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

† *he would*] The 4to of 1640, "*would he*"

§ *gold*] The 4to of 1640, "*golden*" Our old dramatists
frequently allude to the gold chain which was formerly
worn (at least in this country) by stewards

|| *As*] The 4to of 1640, "*this*"

¶ *intelligencers*] Some of the copies of the 4to of 1623,
"*and intelligencers*"

** *blest*] Omitted in the 4to of 1640 †† *sort*] i.e. set

In their own money flatterers dissemble their
vices,

And they dissemble then lies, that's justice
Alas, poor gentleman!

Duch Poor! he hath amply fill'd his coffers

Bos Sure, he was too honest Pluto,* the
god of riches,

When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,

He goes limping, to signify that wealth

That comes on God's name comes slowly, but
when he's sent

On the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in
by scuttles

Let me show you what a most unvalued jewel

You have in a wanton humour thrown away,

To bless the man shall find him He was an
excellent

Courier and most faithful, a soldier that
thought it

As beastly to know his own value too little

As devilish to acknowledge it too much

Both his virtue and form deserv'd a far better
fortune

His discourse rather delighted to judge it self
than show it self

His breast was fill'd with all perfection,

And yet it seem'd a private whispering room,

It made so little noise of't

Duch But he was basely descended

Bos Will you make yourself a mercenary
herald,

Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues?
You shall want him

I'll know an honest statesman to a prince

Is like a cedar planted by a spring,

The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful
tree

* *Pluto the god of riches, &c.*] If Webster had elsewhere used the name 'Plutus' I should, for consistency's sake, have substituted it here for '*Pluto*'. But the latter name is not to be considered as wrong even the Greeks themselves confounded *Hæcates*, the god of the lower world with *Hæcates* the god of riches (see Taddell and Scott's *Greek Lex* in v *Hæcates*) So, too, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*, towards the close of the Second Scatrol

† Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
Than *Dis* on heaps of gold fixing his look "

With the present passage of our author compare Bacon's *Assays* 'The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches,) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto he runs and is swift of foot, meaning that riches gotten by good means and just labour pace slowly it might be applied likewise to Pluto taking him for the devil For when riches come from the devil, (as by fraud and oppression, and unjust means,) they come upon speed" *Of Riches*

Rewards it with his shadow you have not
done so

I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes* on

Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied

Together with an intelligence's heart string,

Than depend on so changeable a prince's favour

Fare thee well, Antonio! since the malice of the
world

Would needs down with thee, it cannot be said
yet

That any ill happen'd unto thee, considering thy
fall

Was accompanied with virtue †

Duch O, you render me excellent music!

Bos Say you!

Duch This good one that you speak of is my
husband

Bos Do I not dream? in this ambitious age
Have so much goodness in't as to prefer

A man merely for worth, without these shadows, †
Of wealth and painted honours? possible?

Duch I have had three children by him

Bos Fortunate lady!

For you have made your private nuptial bed

The humble and fair seminary of peace

No question but many an unblessed scholar

Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice

That some preferment in the world can yet

Arise from merit The virgins of your land

That have no dowries shall hope your example

Will raise them to rich husbands Should you want

Soldiers, twould make the very Turks and
Moors

Turn Christians, and serve you for this act

Last, the neglected poets of your time,

In honour of this trophy of a man,

Rais'd by that curious engine, your white hand,

Shall thank you, in your grave, for't, and make
that

More reverend than all the cabinets

Of living princes. For Antonio,

His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,

When heralds shall want coats to sell to men

Duch As I taste comfort in this friendly
speech,

So would I find concealment

* *Bermoothes*] i. e. the Bermudas

† This and the two preceding speeches of Bosola consist partly of lines which it would be difficult to read as prose, and partly of sentences which will not admit of any satisfactory metrical arrangement In my uncertainty how to deal with them, I have allowed them to stand nearly as they are given in the old 4tos

‡ *A man merely, &c.*] This line is found only in the 4to of 1623

Bos O, the secret of my prince,
Which I will wear on the inside of my heart !*

Duch. You shall take charge of all my coin
and jewels,

And follow him, for he retires himself
To Ancona

Bos So

Duch. Whither, within few days,
I mean to follow thee.

Bos Let me think

I would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage
To our Lady of Loretto, scarce seven leagues
From far Ancona, so may you depart
Your country with more honour, and your flight
Will seem a princely progress,† retaining
Your usual train about you

Duch. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand

Card. In my opinion,
She were better progress to the baths at Lucca,
Or go visit the Spa
In Germany, for, if you will believe me,
I do not like this jesting with religion,
This feign'd pilgrimage

Duch. Thou art a superstitious fool
Prepare us instantly for our departure
Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them,
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them

[*Exeunt DUCHESS and CARLOLA*]

Bos A politician is the devil's quilted anvil,
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows
Are never heard : he may work in a lady's chamber,
As here for proof : What rests but I reveal
All to my lord ? O, this base quality
Of intelligencer ! ‡ why, every quality in the world
Prefers but gain or commendation
Now, for this act I am certain to be rais'd,
And men that pant weeds to the life are prais'd
[*Exit*]

SCENE III §

Enter Cardinal FERDINAND, MALATESTI, PESCARA,
DELIO, and SILVIO

Card. ¶ Must we turn soldier, then ?

Mal. The emperor,

* Which I will wear on the inside of my heart. So
Shakespeare,

I will wear him

In my heart's core " *Hamlet*, A. III. S. 2

† progress] See note †, p. 7

‡ intelligencer] The 4to of 1610, "intelligencers"

§ Scene III] An apartment qy in the Cardinal's
palace at Rome

¶ Another scene that hovers between prose and verse
See note †, p. 79

Hearing your worth that way, ere you attain'd
This reverend garment, joins you in commission
With the right fortunate soldier the Marquis of
Pescara,

And the famous Lannoy

Card. He that had the honour *
Of taking the French king prisoner ?

Mal. The same
Here's a plot † drawn for a new fortification
At Naples

Ferd. This great Count Malatesti, I perceive,
Hath got employment ?

Delio. No employment, my lord,
A marginal note in the muster-book, that he is
A voluntary lord

Ferd. He's no soldier

Delio. He has worn gun powder in's hollow
tooth for the tooth ache

Sil. He comes to the leaguer ‡ with a full intent
To eat fresh beef and garlic, means to stay
Till the scent be gone, and straight return to
court

Delio. He hath read all the late service
As the City Chronicle relates it,
And keeps two pewterers § going, only to express
Battles in model

Sil. Then he'll fight by the book

Delio. By the almanac, I think,
To choose good days and shun the critical,
That's his mistress scarf

Sil. Yes, he protests
He would do much for that taffeta.

Delio. I think he would run away from a battle,
To save it from taking prisoner

Sil. He is horribly afraid
Gun-powder will spoil the perfume on't

Delio. I saw a Dutchman break his pate once
For calling him pot-gun, he made his head
Have a bore in't like a musket.

Sil. I would he had made a touch hole to't.
He is indeed a guarded sumpter-cloth, ¶
Only for the remove of the court.

Enter BOSOLA

Pes. Bosola arriv'd ! what should be the
business ?

Some falling out amongst the cardinals

* He that had the honour, &c.] Francis I at the battle
of Pavia gave up his sword to Lannoy

† plot] i.e. plan

‡ leaguer] i.e. camp

§ pewterers] Some copies of the 4to of 1623, and the
4to of 1640, "painters"

¶ guarded sumpter cloth] i.e. a sumpter-cloth with
facings, trimmings.

These factions amongst great men, they are like

Foxes, when their heads are divided,
They carry fire in their tails, and all the country

About them goes to wreck for't

Sil What's that Bosola?

Delio I knew him in Padua,—a fantastical scholar, like such who study to know how many knots was in Hercules' club, of what colour Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the tooth ache. He hath studied himself half bleary eyed to know the true symmetry of Cæsar's nose by a shoeing horn, and thus he did to gain the name of a speculative man

Pls Mark Prince Ferdinand

A very salamander lives in's eye,
To mock the eager violence of fire

Sil That cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression than ever Michael Angelo made good ones—he lifts up's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm

Pes The Lord Ferdinand laughs

Delio Like a deadly cannon
That lightens ere it smokes

Pes These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life, that struggle with great statesmen

Delio In such a deformed silence witches whisper their charms.

Card Doth she make religion her riding-hood

To keep her from the sun and tempest?

Ferd That,
That damns her—Methinks her fault and beauty,
Blended together, show like leprosy,
The whiter, the fouler—I make it a question
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christen'd

Card I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona

To have them banish'd

Ferd You are for Loretto
I shall not be at your ceremony, fare you well—
Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew
She hid by her first husband, and acquaint him
With's mother's honesty

Bos I will

Ferd Antonio!
A slave that only smell'd of ink and counters,
And never in's life look'd like a gentleman,
But in the audit time—Go, go presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,
And meet me at the fort bridge [Exeunt

SCENE IV

Enter Two Pilgrims to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto

First Pil I have not seen a goodlier shrine than this,

Yet I have visited many

Second Pil The Cardinal of Arragon
Is this day to resign his cardinal's hat
His sister duchess likewise is arriv'd
To pay her vow of pilgrimage—I expect
A noble ceremony

First Pil No question—They come

Here the ceremony of the Cardinal's instalment, in the habit of a soldier performed in delivering up his cross hat robes and ring, at the shrine, and receiving him with sword helmet, shield, and spurs then ANTONIO, the DUCHESS, and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are, by a form of banishment in dumb show expressed towards them by the Cardinal and the state of Ancona banish'd during the solemn ceremony this duty is sung to very solemn music by divers churchmen and then recant all except the Two Pilgrims

*Arms and honours deck thy story,**

To thy fame eternal glory†

Adverse fortune ever fly thee

No disastrous fate come nigh thee!

I alone will sing thy praises

Whom to honour virtue raises

And thy study, that divine is,

But to martial discipline is

Lays aside all those robes he by thee

Crown thy arts with arms, thou'lt beautify thee

O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner

Lead bravely thy forces on under war's warlike banner!

O, may'st thou prove fortunate in all martial courses!

Guide thou still by skill in arts and forces!

*Victory attend thee nigh, what time songs loud thy powers
Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings pour
down showers!*

First Pil Here's a strange turn of state! who
would have thought

So great a lady would have match'd herself

Unto so mean a person? yet the cardinal

Bears himself much too cruel

Sec Pil They are banish'd

First Pil But I would ask what power hath
this state

Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?

Sec Pil They are a free state, sir, and her
brother shew'd

How that the Pope, fore hearing of her looseness,
Hath seiz'd into the protection of the church
The dukedom which she held as dowager

First Pil But by what justice?

Sec Pil Sure, I think by none,
Only her brother's instigation

* On this song, in the 4to of 1633 is the following marginal note, 'The Author disclaims this Ditty to be his'
† much] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

First Pil What was it with such violence he took
Off from her finger?

Sec Pil 'Twas her wedding ring,
Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge

First Pil Alas, Antonio!
If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to't, his own weight
Will bring him sooner to the bottom. Come,
let's hence
Fortune makes this conclusion general,
All things do help the unhappy man to fall

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V *

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, CHILDREN, CAMOLA, and
servants

Duch Banish'd Ancona!

Ant Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great men's breath

Duch Is all our train
Shrunk to this poor remainder?

Ant These poor men,†
Which have got little in your service, now
To take your fortune but your wiser bunnings,
Now they are fledg'd, are gone

Duch They have done wisely
This puts me in mind of death physicians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to give o'er
Their patients ‡

Ant Right the fashion of the world
From decay'd fortunes every flatterer shrinks,
Men cense to build where the foundation sinks

Duch I had a very strange dream to night

Ant What was't?§

Duch Methought I wore my coronet of state,
And on a sudden all the diamonds
Were chang'd to pearls

Ant My interpretation
Is, you'll weep shortly, for to me the pearls
Do signify your tears

Duch The birds that live i'the field

* Scene V] Near Corotto*

† These poor men] The 4to of 1610, "these are poor men"

‡ physicians thus

With their hands full of money use to give o'er
Their patients] Cited by the commentators on Shakspeare, to defend the reading "thrive" in the following passage of *Timon of Athens* under the idea that Webster imitated it,

His friends, like physicians
Thrive give him over " Act III Sc. 3
§ was't] The 4to of 1610, "is't?"

On the wild benefit of nature * live
Happier than we, for they may choose their mates,
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring

Enter BOSOLA with a letter

Bos You are happily o'er-taken

Duch From my brother?

Bos Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand your
brother
All love and safety

Duch Thou dost blanch mischief,
Wouldst make it white. See, see, like to calm
weather†

At sea before a tempest, false hearts speak fair
To those they intend most mischief [Reads
"Send Antonio to me, I want his head in a
business"

A politic equivocation!

He doth not want your counsel but your head,
That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead
And here's another pitfall that's strew'd o'er
With roses, mark it, 'tis a cunning one [Reads
"I stand engaged for your husband for several
debts at Naples let not that trouble him, I had
rather have his heart than his money"—
And I believe so too

Bos What do you believe?

Duch That he so much distrusts my husband's
love,
He will by no means believe his heart is with him
Until he see it the devil is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles

Bos Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amity and love which I present you?

Duch Their league is like that of some politic
kings,

Only to make themselves of strength and power
To be our after ruin tell them so.

Bos And what from you?

Ant Thus tell him, I will not come

Bos And what of this?

Ant My brothers have dispers'd
Blood hounds abroad, which till I hear are
muzzled,
No truce though hatch'd with ne'er such politic
skill,

Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will
I'll not come at them

* The birds that live i'the field

On the wild benefit of nature] "Think how comprasionate the creatures of the field that only live on the wild benefit of nature, are unto their young ones" Middleton's
Any thing for a quiet life,—Works, iv 472 ed Dyce

† like to calm weather] The 4to of 1610, "like to the calm weather"

Bos This proclaims your breeding
Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,
As the adamant draws iron Fare you well, sir
You shall shortly hear from's. *[Exit*

Duch I suspect some ambush
Therefore by all my love I do conjure you
To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan
Let us not venture all this poor remainder
In one unlucky bottom

Ant You counsel safely
Best of my life, farewell, since we must part
Heaven hath a hand in't, but no otherwise
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clock or watch, when it is out of frame,
To bring t in better order

Duch I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you —Farewell,
boy

Thou art happy that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery, for all our wit
And healing brings us to a truer sense
Of sorrow —In the eternal church, sir,
I do hope we shall not part thus

Ant O, be of comfort!
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are us'd
Man, like to cassia,* is prov'd best, being binnd

Duch Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,†
Account it praise to suffer tyranny?
And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in't!
I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compar'd myself to't naught made me e'er
Go right but heaven's scourge stick

Ant Do not weep
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing, and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing —Farewell, Cariola,
And thysweetarmful —If I do never see thee more,
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the tiger fare you well

Duch Let me look upon you once more, for
that speech
'Came from a dying father your kiss is colder
Than that I have seen an holy anchorite
Give to a dead man's skull.

Ant My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger fare you well

[Exit ANTONIO and his son

Duch. My laurel is all wither'd
Cari Look, madam, what a troop of arm'd men
Make toward us

Duch. O, they are very welcome
When Fortune's wheel is over-charg'd with princes,

The weight makes it move swift I would have
my rum
Be sudden

Re enter BOSOTA guarded, with a guard

I am your adventure, am I not?

Bos You are you must see your husband no
more

Duch What devil art thou that counterfeit'st
heaven's thunder?

Bos Is that terrible? I would have you tell
me whether

Is that note worse that frights the silly birds
Out of the corn, or that which doth alarm them
To the nets? you have hearkn'd to the last too
much

Duch O misery! like to a rusty our chug'd
cannon,
Shall I never fly in pieces? —Come, to what prison?

Bos To none

Duch Whither, then?

Bos To your palace

Duch I have heard
That Chiron's boat serves to convey all o'er
The dismal lake, but brings none back again

Bos Your brothers mean you safety and pity

Duch Pity!
With such a pity men preserve alive
Pheasants and quails, when they are not fit enough
To be eaten

Bos These are your children!

Duch Yes

Bos Can they prattle?

Duch No
But I intend, since they were born accus'd,
Curses shall be their first language

Bos Hie, madam!
Forget this base, low fellow,—

Duch Were I a man,
I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other

Bos One of no birth

Duch Say that he was born mean,
Man is most happy when's own actions
Be arguments and examples of his virtue

Bos A barren, beggarly virtue

Duch I prithee, who is greatest? can you tell?
Sad tales befit my woe I'll tell you one
A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog fish, who encounters her
With this rough language, "Why art thou so bold
To mix thyself with our high state of flood?"

* To mix thyself with our high state of floods] From
Shakespeare,

"Where it shall mingle with the state of floods"

Second Part of Henry IV Act V Sc. 2

o 2

* Man, like to cassia, &c.] See note †, p. 6

† Russian] The 4to. of 1640, "ruffian"

Being no eminent courtier, but one
That for the calmest and flesh time o'the year
Dost live in shallow rivers, rank st thyself
With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest
thou

Pass by our dog ship without reverence?"
"O," quoth the salmon, "sister, be at peace
Thank Jupiter we both have pass'd the net!
Our value never can be truly known,
Till in the fisher's basket we be shown

I'the market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire"
So to great men the moral may be stretch'd,
Men oft are valu'd high, when they're most
wretch'd —

But come, whither you please I am arm'd 'gainst
misery,

Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will
There's no deep valley but near some great hill
[Exeunt]

ACT IV

SCENE I *

Enter FERDINAND and BOSOLA

Ferd How doth our sister duchess bear herself
In her imprisonment?

Bos Nobly I'll describe her
She's sad as one long† us'd to t, and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Than shun it, a behaviour so noble
As gives a majesty to adversity
You may discern the shape of loveliness
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles
She will muse four hours together, and her
silence,

Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake

Ferd Her melancholy seems to be fortified
With a strange diadun

Bos 'Tis so, and this restraint,
Like English mastives that grow fierce with tying,
Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures she's kept from

Ferd Curse upon her!
I will no longer study in the book
Of another's heart Inform her what I told you.
[Exit]

Enter DUCHESS ‡

Bos All comfort to your grace!

Duch I will have none
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poison'd pills
In gold and sugar?

Bos Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visit you, and sends you word,

* Scene I.] Malfi An apartment in the palace of the Duchess

† long] Omitted in the 4th of 1640

‡ "Exit"

Enter DUCHESS] Here the audience had to imagine a change of scene,—to a chamber in "the lodging" (p. 56) of the Duchess who is now a prisoner confined to certain apartments of her own "palace" see p. 53

'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow
Never to see you more, he comes i'the night,
And prays you gently neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber he will kiss your hand,
And reconcile himself but for his vow
He dares not see you

Duch At his pleasure —
Take hence the lights — He's come

Enter FERDINAND

Ferd Where are you?

Duch Here, sir

Ferd This darkness suits you well

Duch I would ask you pardon

Ferd You have it,
For I account it the honorabl'st revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon — Where are your
cubs?

Duch Whom?

Ferd Call them your children,
For though our national law * distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal

Duch Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o'the church
Shall make you howl in hell for't.

Ferd It had been well,
Could you have liv'd thus always, for, indeed,
You were too much i'the light — but no more,
I come to seal my peace with you Here's a hand
[Gives her a dead man's hand]

To which you have vow'd much love, the ring
upon t

You gave

* For though our national law &c.] So our author again in *The Devil's Law case*, Act IV Sc 2,

For though our civil law makes difference
'Tween the base and the legitimate,
Compassionate nature makes them equal "

Duch I affectionately kiss it

Ferd Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart.

I will leave this ring with you for a love-token,
And the hand as sure as the ring, and ~~do~~ not doubt

But you shall have the heart too when you need a friend,

Send it to him that ow'd * it, you shall see
Whether he can aid you.

Duch You are very cold

I fear you are not well after your travel —

Ha! lights! — O, horrible!

Ferd Let her have lights enough [*Exit*

Duch What witchcraft doth he practise, that
he hath left

A dead man's hand here

[*Here is discovered, behind a traverse,† the artificial
j graves of ANTONIO and his children, appearing
as if they were dead*

Bos Look you, here's the piece from which
'twas ta'en

He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Here after you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered

Duch There is not between heaven and earth‡
one wish

I stay for a' alter this it wastes me more
Than were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill, and yond's an excellent
property

For a tyrant, which I would account mercy

Bos What's that?

Duch If they would bind me to that lifeless
trunk,

And let me freeze to death

Bos Come, you must live

Duch That's the greatest torture souls feel in
hell,

In hell, that they must live, and cannot die
Pardon, I'll new kindle thy coals again,
And revive the rare and almost dead example
Of a loving wife

Bos O, fie! despair? remember

You are a Christian

Duch The church enjoins fasting

I'll starve myself to death

Bos Leave this vain sorrow

Things being at the worst begin to mend the best

When he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eye lid

Duch Good comfortable fellow,

Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set, entreat him live
To be executed again Who must despatch me?
I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in't grist my will

Bos Come, be of comfort, I will save your life

Duch Indeed, I have not leisure to tend
So small a business

Bos Now, by my life, I pity you

Duch Thou art a fool, then,
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity itself * I am full of daggers
Puff, let me blow these vapours from me

Enter Servant

What are you?

Serv One that wishes you long life

Duch I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible
curse

Thou hast given me I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity I'll go pray, —

No, I'll go curse

Bos O, fie!

Duch I could curse the stars

Bos O, fearful!

Duch And those three smiling seasons of the
year

Into a Russian winter may, the world
To its first chaos

Bos Look you, the stars shine still

Duch O, but you must

Remember, my curse hath a great way to go —
Plagues, that make lanes through largest families,
Consume them! —

Bos Fie, lady!

Duch I set them, like tyrants,
Never be remember'd but for the ill they have
done,

Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Churchmen forget them! —

Bos O, uncharitable!

Duch Let heaven a little while cease crowning
martyrs,

To punish them! —

Go, howl them thus, and say, I long to bleed

It is some mercy when men kill with speed [*Exit*

Re-enter FERDINAND

Ferd Excellent, as I would wish, she's plagu'd
in all

* *ow'd*] I e. owned

† *traverse*] See note *, p. 45

‡ *earth*] The 4to of 1640, "the earth"

* *itself*] The three earliest 4tos "it"

These presentations are but flamd in wax
By the curious master in that quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantial bodies

Bos Why do you do this?

Ferd To bring her to despair

Bos Faith, end here,

And go no farther in your cruelty
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads and prayer books

Ferd Dumb her! that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth
Than that which thou wouldst comfort, call'd a
soul

I will send her masks of common courtesans,
Have her meat serv'd up by bawds and ruffians,
And, 'cause she'll needs be mad, I am resolv'd
To remove forth the common hospital
All the mad folk, and place them near her lodging,
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And set their gambols to the full o'the moon
If she can sleep the better for it, let her

Your work is almost ended

Bos Must I see her again?

Ferd Yes

Bos Never

Ferd You must

Bos Never in mine own shape,
That's forfeited by my intelligence
And this last cruel lie when you send me next,
The business shall be comfort

Ferd Very likely,
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee Antonio
Lurks about Milan thou shalt shortly thither,
To feed a fire as great as my revenge,
Which never will slack till it have spent his fuel
Intemperance agues make physicians cruel [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *

Enter DUCHESS and CARIOLA

Duch What hideous noise was that?

Car. 'Tis the wild consort†
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging this tyranny,
I think, was never practis'd till this hour

Duch Indeed, I thank him nothing but noise
and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason

* Another room in "the lodging" of the Duchess see note 1, p. 84 This is properly "Scene III"

† consort] See note on *Northward Ho*, Act II Sc. 1

And silence make me stark mad Sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy

Car. O, 'twill increase your melancholy

Duch Thou art deceiv'd

To hear of greater grief would lessen mine
This is a prison?

Car. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off

Duch Thou art a fool!
The robin red breast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages

Car. Pray, dry your eyes
What think you of, madam?

Duch Of nothing,
When I muse thus, I sleep

Car. Like a madman, with your eyes open

Duch Dost thou think we shall know one
another

In the other world?

Car. Yes, out of question

Duch O, that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the
dead!

From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here I'll tell thee a miracle,
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten
brass,

The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tann'd galley slave is with his oar,
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy Who do I look like
now?

Car. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice,
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied

Duch Very proper,
And Fortune seems only to have her eye-sight
To behold my tragedy—How now?
What noise is that?

Enter Servant

Serv I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
Being full of change and sport, forc'd him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke the self same cure
The duke intends on you

Duch Let them * come in.

* them] The 4to of 1640, "me," a misprint for "em"

Serv There's a mad lawyer, and a secular priest,

A doctor that hath forfeited his wits

By jealousy, an astrologian

That in his works said such a day o'the month

Should be the day of doom, and, failing oft,

Ran mad, an English tailor craz'd i'the brain

With the study of new fashions,* a gentleman usher

Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind

The number of his lady's salutations

Or "How do you" she employ'd him in each morning,†

A farmer, too, an excellent knave in grain,

Mad 'cause he was hinder'd transportation

And let one broker that's mad loose to these,

You'd think the devil were among them

Duch Sit, Curiola.— Let them loose when you please,

For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny

Enter Madmen

Here by a Madman this song is sung to kind of music

O let us have some heavy note,

Some devil's damned howl,

Sounding as from the throat of hell,

Of beats and fatal fust!

As various screech-owls, hyls, and h

Be it hell and howl our parts

Let us some noise have clod your ears

And chorus from hearts

At last when our quires want breath

Our bodies being blest,

We'll sing, like screams, to welcome death,

And die in love and rest

First Madman Doom's day not come yet! I'll draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant. I cannot sleep, my pillow is stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

Second Madman Hell is a mere glass house, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow nons, and the fire never goes out.

Third Madman I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night, I will tythe them over like hay cocks.

Fourth Madman Shall my apothecary out go me because I am a cuckold? I have found out his

roguecy, he makes allum of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with over straining.

First Madman I have skill in heraldry.

Second Madman Hast?

First Madman You do give for your crest a woodcock's head with the brains picked out on't, you are a very ancient gentleman.

Third Madman Greek is turned Turk, we are only to be saved by the Helvetian translation.

First Madman Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

Second Madman O, rather lay a corrosive the law will eat to the bone.

Third Madman He that drinks but to satisfy nature is dunned.

Fourth Madman If I had my glass here, I would show a sight should make all the women here call me mad doctor.

First Madman What's he? a rope maker?

Second Madman No, no, no, a snuffing knife that, while he shows the toombs, will have his hand in a wench's placket.

Third Madman Woe to the caroches that brought home my wife from the mask at three o'clock in the morning! it had a huge featherbed in it.

Fourth Madman I have pried the devil's nuts forty times, roasted them in raven's eggs, and cured wigs with them.

Third Madman Get me three hundred mulch bats, to make posset to procure sleep.

Fourth Madman All the college may throw their caps at me. I have made a soap boiler costume—it was my masterpiece.

[Here the dance consisting of eight Madmen with music ensues, after which Bosola, like an old man, enters.]

Duch Is he mad too?

Serv Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

[Enter Servant and Madmen.]

Bos I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch Ha! my tomb!

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death bed, Gasping for breath—dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is infectious.

Duch Thou art not mad, sure—dost know me?

Bos Yes.

Duch Who art thou?

Bos Thou art a box of worm seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy.* What's this flesh? a little crudded† milk, fantastical puff paste

* *fashions*] The 4to of 1623, 'fashion.'

† Or 'how do you' she employ'd him in each morning.] In *Biome's Northern Lave*, 1662, Mistress Fitchow's gentleman usher is named *How-dee*, see, as illustrative of our text, Act I Sc 6 of that amusing comedy. So too Nabbes, 'and thou a Ladies Gentleman Usher, a bundle of complement ill foibles sticht up with how-dee' *Covant Garden*, 1638, sig. D.

‡ *women's*] The 4to of 1640, 'men's.'

* *mummy*] See note ii, p. 5.

† *crudded*] The 4to of 1640, 'crud'

Our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons
boys use to keep flies in, more contemptible,
since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou
ever * see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in
the body this world is like her little turf of
grass, and the heaven o'er our heads like her
looking glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge
of the small compass of our prison

Duch Am I ot I thy duchess?

Bos Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot
begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs)
twenty years sooner than on a merry milk maid's
Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be
forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear
a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie
with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the
more unquiet bedfellow

Duch I am Duchess of Malfi still

Bos That makes thy sleeps so broken
Glories, like glow worms, afar off shine bright,
But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light †

Duch Thou art very plain

Bos My trade is to flutter the dead, not the
living, I am a tomb maker

Duch And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos Yes

Duch Let me be a little merry — of what stuff
wilt thou make it?

Bos Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duch Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-
bed? do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos Most ambitiously Princes' images on
their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming
to pry up to heaven, but with their hands under
their cheeks, as if they died of the tooth ache
they are not craved with their eyes fixed upon
the stars, but as their minds were wholly bent
upon the world, the self same way they seem to
turn their faces

Duch Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel

Bos Now I shall —

Enter Executioners, with a coffin, cords, and a bell
Here is a present from your princely brothers,
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow

Duch Let me see it

I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good

* ever] The 1to of 1610, "never"

† her] The 4to of 1640, "his"

‡ Glories, like glow worms, &c.] See note *, p. 36

Bos This is your last presence-chamber *

Carri O my sweet lady!

Duch Peace, it affrights not me

Bos I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer

Duch Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb maker

Bos 'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Hark, now every thing is still,
The screech owl and the whistler shrill †
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent,
Your length in days now competent
A long war disturb'd your mind,
Here your perfect peace is sign'd
Of what is it tools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Then life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck
'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,
End your groan, and come away

Carri Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady? — Call for help

Duch To whom? to our next neighbours? they
are mad folk —

Bos Remove that noise

Duch Farewell, Carriola

In my last will I have not much to give
A many hungry guests have fed upon me,
Thine will be a poor reversion

Carri I will die with her

Duch I pray thee, look thou give'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep

CARRIOLA is forced out by the Executioners

Now what you please

What death?

Bos Strangling, here are your executioners

Duch I forgive them

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o'the lungs,
Would do as much as they do

* This is your last presence-chamber] Walker (*Shakespeare's
Versification*, &c., p. 90) would read here "This [i.e. This
is] your last," &c.

† the whistler shrill] So Sponser,

"The whistler shrill, that whoso hears doth dy"

The Faerie Queene, B. II. C. XII. st. 36

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

Bos Doth not death fright you?

Duch Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world?

Bos Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you
This cord should terrify you

Duch Not a whit
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits, and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways any way, for
heaven sake,

So I were out of your whispering Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take
I would fain put off my last woman's fault
I'd not be tedious to you

First Executioner We are ready

Duch Dispose my breath how please you, but
my body
Bestow upon any women, will you?

First Executioner Yes

Duch Pull, and pull strongly, for your able
strength

Must pull down heaven upon me --
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd*
As princes'† palaces, they that enter there
Must go upon their knees [A kneels] — Come, violent
death,

Serve for mandragora to make me sleep! —
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[The Executioners strangle the Duchess]

* Yet stay heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd

As princes' palaces, &c.] When Webster wrote this
passage, the following charming lines of Shakespeare
were in his mind

"Scoop boys this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may yet through
And keep their impious turbans on without
Good morrow to the sun" *Cymbeline*, Act III Sc 3
† princes] The 4to of 1610 "princely"

‡ All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with
which the duchess's death is ushered in are not more re-
mote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance than
the strange character of suffering which they seem to
bring upon their victim is beyond the imagination of
ordinary poets. As they are not like inflictions of this
life, so her language seems not of this world. She has
lived among horrors till she is become 'native and en-
dowed unto that element' She speaks the dialect of
despair, her tongue has a smatch of Tartarus and the

Bos Where's the waiting woman?

Fetch her some other strangle the children

[CARIOIA and Children are brought in by the Ex-
ecutioners who presently strangle the Children

Look you, there sleeps your mistress

Car. O, you are * damn'd
Perpetually for this! My turn is next,
Is't not so order'd?

Bos Yes, and † I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for't

Car. You are deceiv'd, sir,
I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die,
I will first ‡ come to my answer, and know
How I have offended

Bos Come, despatch her —

You kept her counsel, now you shall keep ours

Car. I will not die, I must not, I am contracted
To a young gentleman

First Executioner Here's your wedding-ring

Car. Let me but speak with the duke I'll
discover

Treason to his person

Bos Delays — throttle her

First Executioner She bites and scratches

Car. If you kill me now,
I am damn'd, I have not been at confession
This two years

Bos [to Executioners] When? §

Car. I am quick with child

Bos Why, then,
Your credit's sav'd

[The Executioners strangle CARIOIA

Bear her into the next room,

Let these ¶ be still

[Exit the Executioners with the body of CARIOIA

Enter FERDINAND

Ferd. Is she dead?

souls in bile. What are 'Lute's iron crown the broken
bull of Perillus, Procrustes' bed to the wren images
which counterfeit death, to the wild masques of madmen
the tomb marker, the bell man, the living person's dug
the mortification by degrees! To move a horror skil-
fully to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon her as
much as it can bear, to wear and weary a life till it is
ready to drop and then step in with mortal instruments
to take its last fortuit, this only a Webster can do.
Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horrors' heap
horrors accumulate, but they cannot do this. They
mistake quantity for quality, they terrify babes with
painted devils, but they know not how a soul is capable
of being moved, their terrors want dignity, their
dreadfulments are without decorum. C. Lamb, (*Spec of*
Eng Dram Poets, p. 217)

you are] The 4to of 1610, "thou art"

† and] Omitted in the 4to of 1610

‡ And] Omitted in the 1to of 1610

§ When] See note *, p. 68

¶ these] Old eds "this

Bos She is what
You'd have her But here begin your pity
[Shows the Children strangled]

Alas, how have these offended!

Ferd The death

Of young wolves is never to be pitied

Bos Fix your eye here

Ferd Constantly

Bos Do you not weep?

Other sins only speak, murder shrieks out

The element of water moistens the earth,

But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens

Ferd Cover her face, * mine eyes dazzle she
died young

Bos I think not so, her infelicity

Seem'd to have years too many

Ferd She and I were twins,

And should I die this instant, I had liv'd

Her time to a minute

Bos It seems she was born first

You have bloodily approv'd the ancient truth,

That kindred commonly do worse agree

Than remote strangers

Ferd Let me see her face

Again Why didst not thou pity her? what

An excellent honest man mightst thou have been,

If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary!

Or, bold in a good cause, oppos'd thyself,

With thy advanced sword above thy head,

Between her innocence † and my revenge!

I bide thee, when I was distracted of my wits,

Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast don't

For let me but examine well the cause

What was the meanness of her match to me?

Only I must confess I had a hope,

Had she continu'd widow, to have gain'd

An infinite mass of treasure by her death

And what ‡ was the main cause? her marriage,

That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart

For thee, as we observe in tragedies

That a good actor many times is curs'd

For playing a villain's part, I hate thee for't,

And, for my sake, say, thou hast done much ill
well

Bos Let me quicken your memory, for I
perceive

You are falling into ingratitude I challenge

The reward due to my service

Ferd I'll tell thee

* *Cover her face*] So in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act v
sc. 3 when the dead bodies of Goneril and Regan are
brought in, Albany says, "Cover their faces"

† *innocence*] The 4to of 1640, "innocency"

‡ *what*] The 4to of 1627, "that"

What I'll give thee

Bos Do

Ferd I'll give thee a pardon

For this murder

Bos Ha!

Ferd Yes, and 'tis

The largest bounty I can study to do thee

By what authority didst thou execute

This bloody sentence? *

Bos By yours

Ferd Mine! was I her judge?

Did any ceremonial form of law

Doom her to not-being? did a complete jury

Deliver her conviction up to the court?

Where shalt thou find this judgment register'd,

Unless in hell? See, like a bloody fool,

Thou'st forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die
for't

Bos The office of justice is perverted quite
When one thief hangs another Who shall dare
To reveal this?

Ferd O, I'll tell thee,

The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up,

Not to devour the corpse, but to discover

The horrid murder †

Bos You, not I, shall quake for't.

Ferd Leave me

Bos I will first receive my pension

Ferd You are a villain

Bos When your ingratitude

Is judge, I am so

Ferd O horror,

That not the frown of him which binds the devils

Can prescribe him obedience!—

Never look upon me more

Bos Why, fare thee well

Your brother and yourself are worthy men

You have a pair of hearts as hollow graves,

Rotten, and rotting others, and your vengeance,

* *sentence*] The 4to of 1640, "a voice"

† *The wolf shall*, &c.] A common superstition "For
the same month next after that Adrian and Justinian
had buried the dead body of De Laurier, behold a huge
and ravenous Wolf (being lately aroused from the adja-
cent vast woods) seeking up and down for his prey, came
into Adrian's orchard next adjoining to his house (pur-
posely sent thither by God as a Minister of his sacred
justice and revenge), who sending some dead curion
(which indeed was the dead Corps of De Laurier, that
was but shallowly buried there in the ground), he fiercely
with his paws and nose turns up the earth, and it last
pulls and drags it up and there till an hour after the
break of day remains devouring and eating up of the
flesh of his Arms, Legs, Thighs and Buttocks But (as
God would have it) he never touched any part of his
face, but leaves it fully undisfigured" *God's Revenge
against Murder*, Book VI Hist. 27, p. 407, ed. 1670

Like two chain'd bullets,* still goes aim in arm
You may be brothers, for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a blood I stand like one
That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream
I am angry with myself, now that I wake

Ferd Get thee into some unknown part o'the
world,

That I may never see thee †

Bos Let me know

Wherefore I should be thus neglected Sir,
I serv'd your tyranny, and rather strove
To satisfy yourself than all the world
And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd
You that did counsel it, and rather sought
To appear a true servant than an honest man

Ferd I'll go hunt the badger by owl light
'Tis a deed of darkness [Exit

Bos He's much distracted Off, my painted
honour!

While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,
We seem to swim in ice and freeze in fire
What would I do, were this to do again?
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe—She stirs, here's
life—

Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine
Out of this sensible hell—she's wum, she
breathes—

Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh colour—Who's there?
Some cordial drink!—Alas! I dare not call
So pity would destroy pity—Her eye opens,

And heaven in it seems to open, that late was shut,
To take me up to mercy

Duch Antonio!

Bos Yes, madam, he is living,

The dead bodies you saw were but tigh'd statues
He's reconcil'd to your brothers, the Pope hath
wrought

The atonement ‡

Duch Mercy!

[Dies

Bos O, she's gone again! there the cords of
life broke

O sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience
Is a black register wherein is writ
All our good deeds and bad, a perspective
That shows us hell! That we cannot be suffer'd
To do good when we have a mind to it!

This is my sorrow,

These tears, I am very certain, never grew

In my mother's milk my estate is sunk

Below the degree of fear where were

These penitent fountains while she was living!

O, they were frozen up! Here is a sight

As dueful to my soul as is the sword

Unto a wretch hath slain his father Come,

I'll bear thee hence,

And execute thy last will, that's deliver

Thy body to the reverend dispose

Of some good women that the cruel tyrant

Shall not deny me Then I'll post to Milan,

Where somewhat I will speedily enact

Worth my dejection

[Exit

ACT V

SCENE I ‡

Enter ANTONIO and DILIO

Ant What think you of my hope of reconcil-
ment

To the Aragonian brethren?

Dilio I misdoubt it,

* Like two chain'd bullets] So Heywood,

* My friend and I

Like two chain bullets side by side, will fly

Thro' the jaws of death

A Challenge for Beattie, 1636, sig. D

† That I may never see thee] In composing this scene,
Webster seems to have had an eye to that between King
John and Hubert in Shakespeare's *King John*, Act IV
sc. 2

‡ Scene I] Milan A public place (it would seem)

For though they have sent their letters of safe con-
For your repair to Milan, they appear [duct
But nets to entrap you The Marquis of Pescara,
Under whom you hold certain land in cheat,
Much 'gainst his noble nature hath been mov'd
To seize those lands, and some of his dependants
Are at this instant making it their suit
To be invested in your revenues
I cannot think they mean well to your life
That do deprive you of your means of life,
Your living

* The idea of making the Duchess speak after she has
been strangled was doubtless taken from the death of
Desdemona in Shakespeare's *Othello*, Act V last scene

‡ atonement] i.e. reconciliation

‡ last] Omitted in the 4to of 1610

Ant You are still an heretic
To any safety I can shape myself

Delio Here comes the marquis I will make
myself

Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whether it is flying

Ant I pray, do

Enter PASCARA

Delio Sir, I have a suit to you

Pes To me?

Delio An easy one

There is the Citadel of Saint Bennet,
With some demesnes, of late in the possession
Of Antonio Bologna,—please you bestow them on
me

Pes You are my friend, but this is such a suit,
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take

Delio No, sir?

Pes I will give you ample reason for't
Soon in private —here's the cardinal's mistress

Enter JULIA

Julia My lord, I am grown your poor peti-
tioner,
And should be an ill beggar, had I not
A great man's letter here, the cardinal's,
To court you in my favour *[Gives a letter]*

Pes He entreats for you
The Citadel of Saint Bennet, that belong'd
To the banish'd Bologna

Julia Yes

Pes I could not have thought of a friend I
could rather

Pleasure with it 'tis yours

Julia Sir, I thank you,
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd
Both in your gift, and speediness of giving
Which makes your grant the greater *[Exit]*

Ant How they fortify
Themselves with my ruin!

Delio Sir, I am
Little bound to you

Pes Why?

Delio Because you denied this suit to me, and
gave't
To such a creature

Pes Do you know what it was?
It was Antonio's land, not forfeited
By course of law, but ravish'd from his throat
By the cardinal's entreaty it were not fit
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong
Upon my friend, 'tis a gratification
Only due to a strumpet, for it is injustice.

Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of innocents
To make those followers I call my friends
Look ruddier upon me? I am glad
This land, ta'en from the owner by such wrong,
Returns again unto so foul an use
As salary for his lust Learn, good Delio,
To ask noble things of me, and you shall find
I'll be a noble giver

Delio You instruct me well

Ant Why, here's a man now would fright im-
pudence
From sauciest beggars

Pes Prince Ferdinand's come to Milan,
Sick, as they give out, of an apoplexy,
But some say 'tis a frenzy I am going
To visit him *[Exit]*

Ant 'Tis a noble old fellow

Delio What course do you mean to take,
Antonio?

Ant This night I mean to venture all my
fortune,

Which is no more than a poor lingering life,
To the cardinal's worst of malice I have got
Private access to his chamber, and intend
To visit him about the mid of night,
As once his brother did our noble duchess
It may be that the sudden apprehension
Of danger,— for I'll go in mine own shape,—
When he shall see it fight* with love and duty,
May draw the poison out of him, and work
A friendly reconciliation if it fail,
Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling,
For better fall once than be ever falling

Delio I'll second you in all danger, and, howe'er,
My life keeps link with yours

Ant You are still my lov'd and best friend
[Faint]

— ♦ —

SCENE II †

Enter PASCARA and DOCTOR

Pes Now, doctor, may I visit your patient?

Doc If't please your lordship but he's instantly
To take the air here in the gallery
By my direction

Pes Pray thee, what's his disease?

Doc A very pestilent disease, my lord,
They call lycanthropia

Pes What's that?

I need a dictionary to't

* *fraught* is *fraught*

† *Scene II*] The same A gallery in the residence of
the Cardinal and Ferdinand (a palace, it appears see
the speech of Pascara towards the close of the play,—

"The noble Delio, as I came to the palace," &c.)

Doc I'll tell you *
In those † that are possess'd with't there o'erflows
Such melancholy humour they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into wolves,
Stral forth to church yards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up as two nights since
One met the duke 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind Saint Munk's church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder, and he howl'd fearfully,
Sud he was a wolf, only the difference
Was, a wolf's skin was ‡ hairy on the outside,
His on the inside, bide them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh and try straight I was sent for,
And, having minister'd to him, found his grace
Very well recover'd

Pes I am glad on't

Doc Yet not without some fear
Of a relapse If he grow to his fit again,
I'll go a nearer way to work with him §
Than ever Paracelsus dream'd of, if
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madness out
of him
Stand aside, he comes

Enter FERDINAND Cardinal, MALATESTI, and ROYOLA

Ferd Leave me

Mal Why doth your lordship love|| this so
litaines?

* I'll tell you &c.] Ceste Maudie comme le sermone
Aetius au sixiesme livre chapitre ii & Paulus au 3^e liu
chap 16 & autres modernes est une espece de melan
cholie mais estu ingement none & vehemente Curcace
qui en sont atteints sortent de leurs maisons au mois de
Feurier contrefont les loups presque en toute chose, &
toute nuit ne font que courir par les carrefours et
autour des sepulchres

un de ces melancholiques Lycanthropes, quo
nous appellons Loups garoux et portent
lors sur ses espauls la crosse entiere & la jambe d'un mort

Il y eust aussi comme recite
Job fincel au 3^e liu des Miracles, un villageois pres de
Pauz l'un mil cinq cens quarante & un lequel pensoit
estre Loup & assaillit plusieurs hommes par les champs
en lui quelques uns En fin prins & non sans grande
difficulte et assura fermement qu'il estoit loup, & qu'il n'y
auoit autre difference, si non que les loups ordinairement
moyent velus dehors, et lui listoit entre cuer et chair
Quelques uns trop inhumains & loups par effect voulus
experimenter la verite du fuet, lui firent plusieurs
railleries sur les bras & sur les jambes puis ennoies
leur fure & l'innocence de ce pauvre melancholique le
commurent aux chirurgiens pour le penser entre les
mains desquels il mourut quelques jours apres " Gou
lut, — Histoire admirable et memorables de nostre temps
recueillies de plusieurs auteurs, &c. tom 1 pp 336 337
ed 1620

† those] The 4to of 1640, "those"

‡ was] The 4to of 1640 "is"

§ I'll go a nearer way to work with him] This line is
found only in the 4to of 1623

|| love, The 4to of 1640 "use"

Ferd Eagles commonly fly alone they are
crows, daws, and stulings that flock together
Look, what's that follows me?

Mal Nothing, my lord

Ferd Yes.

Mal 'Tis your shadow

Ferd Stay it, let it not haunt me

Mal Impossible, if you move, and the sun shine

Ferd I will throtle it

[*Throws himself down on his sho low*

Mal O, my lord, you are angry with nothing

Ferd You are a fool how is't possible I should
catch my shadow, unless I fall upon t? When I go
to hell, I mean to carry a bribe, for, look you, good
gifts evermore make way for the worst persons

Pes Rise, good my lord

Ferd I am studying the art of patience

Pes 'Tis a noble virtue

Ferd To drive six snails before me from this
town to Moscow, neither use goad nor whip to
them, but let them take their own time,—the
patient'st man in the world match me for an expe
riement,—and I'll crawl after like a sheep bite

Card Force him up [*They raise him*

Ferd Use me well, you were best What I
have done, I have done I'll confess nothing *

Doc Now let me come to him—Are you mad,
my lord? are you out of your princely wits?

Ferd What's he?

Pes Your doctor

Ferd Let me have his beard sawed off, and his
eye brows filed more civil

Doc I must do mad tricks with him, for that's
the only way on't—I have brought your grace a sa
lmon under's skin to keep you from sun burning

Ferd I have cruel sore eyes

Doc The white of a cockatrice egg is present
remedy

Ferd Let it be a new laid one, you were best—
Hide me from him physicians are like kings,—
They brook no contradiction

Doc Now he begins to fear me now let me
alone with him

Card How now! put off your gown! †

* What I have done, I have done I'll confess nothing]
Like Iago

† Demand me nothing what you know you know
From this time forth I never will speak word

Othello Act V last scene

† put off your gown] A piece of buffoonery, similar to
that with which the Grave digger in Hamlet still unmoss
the gallies, used to be practised here. For in the 4to of
1709, the Doctor, according to the stage direction "put
off his gown, clonks, one after another"—Whit prelates was
written in 1630 since that time the monarchs have pro
perly restricted the Grave digger to a single waistcoat.

Doc Let me have some forty urnals filled with rose water he and I'll go pelt one another with them—Now he begins to fear me—Can you fetch a flask, sir?—Let him go, let him go, upon my peril I find by his eye he stands in awe of me, I'll make him as tame as a dormouse.

Ferd Can you fetch your flasks, sir?—I will stamp him into a cullis,* flay off his skin, to cover one of the anatomies this rogue hath set i'the cold yonder in Barber Chirurgeon's hall—Hence, hence! you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice there's nothing left of you but tongue and belly, flattery and lechury [Exit

Pes Doctor, he did not fear you throughly

Doc True, I was somewhat too forward

Bos Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgment Hath fall'n upon this Ferdinand!

Pes Knows your grace
What accident hath brought unto the prince
This strange distraction?

Card [aside] I must feign somewhat—Thus they say it grew

You have heard it rumour'd, for these many years
None of our family dies but there is seen
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition to us to have been murder'd
By her nephews for her riches—Such a figure
One night, as the prince sat up late at's book,
Appear'd to him, when crying out for help,
The gentlemen of's chamber found his grace
All on a cold sweat, alter'd much in face
And language—since which apparition,
He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear
He cannot live

Bos Sir, I would speak with you

Pes We'll leave your grace,
Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,
All health of mind and body

Card You are most welcome

[*Exeunt ESCARA, MALATESTI and Doctor*]

Are you come? so—[*Aside*] This fellow must not know

By any means I had intelligence
In our duchess' death, for, though I counsell'd
it,

The full of all the engagement† seem'd to grow
From Ferdinand—Now, sir, how fares our sister?
I do not think but sorrow makes her look
Like to an oft dy'd garment—she shall now
Taste comfort from me—Why do you look so
wildly?

O, the fortune of your master here the prince

* a cullis] See note 1], p. 72

† engagement] The 4to of 1640, "agreement"

Dejects you, but be you of happy comfort
If you'll do one thing for me I'll entreat,
Though he had a cold tomb stone o'er his bones,
I'd make you what you would* be

Bos Any thing,

Give it me† in a breath, and let me fly to t
They that think long snail expedition win,
For musing much o'the end cannot begin

[*Enter JULIA*]

Julia Sir, will you come in to supper?

Card I am busy, leave me

Julia [aside] What an excellent shape hath
that fellow! [Exit

Card 'Tis thus—Antonio lurks here in Milan
Inquire him out, and kill him—While he lives,
Our sister cannot marry, and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her—Do this, and
style me

Thy advancement

Bos But‡ by what means shall I find him out?

Card There is a gentleman call'd Delio
Here in the camp, that hath been long approv'd
His loyal friend—Set eye upon that fellow,
Follow him to mess, may be Antonio,
Although he do account religion
But a school name, for fashion of the world
May accompany him, or else go inquire out
Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe
Him to reveal it—There are a thousand ways
A man might find to trace him, as to know
What fellows hunt the Jews for taking up
Great sums of money, for sure he's in want,
Or else to go to the picture makers, and learn
Who bought§ his picture lately—some of these
Happily may take

Bos Well, I'll not freeze i'the business
I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,
Above all sights i'the world

Card Do, and be happy [Exit

Bos This fellow doth breed basilisks in
eyes,

He's nothing else but murder, yet he seems
Not to have notice of the duchess' death
'Tis his cunning—I must follow his example,
There cannot be a surer way to trace
Than that of an old fox

[*Re-enter JULIA*]

Julia So, sir, you are well met.

Bos How now!

* would] The 4to of 1640, "should"

† it me] The 4to of 1640, "me it"

‡ But] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

§ bought] The 4tos "brought"

Julia Nay, the doors are fast enough
Now, sir, I will make you confess your treachery

Bos Treachery!

Julia Yes, confess to me
Which of my women 'twas you hir'd to put
Love powder into my drink!

Bos Love powder!

Julia Yes, when I was at Malfi
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?
I have already suffer'd for thee so much pain,
The only remedy to do me good
Is to kill my longing

Bos Sure, your pistol holds
Nothing but perfumes or kissing comfits *
Excellent lady!

You have a pretty way on't to discover
Your longing. Come, come, I'll disarm you,
And am you thus yet this is wondrous strange

Julia Compare thy form and my eyes together,
You'll find my love no such great miracle
Now you'll say

I am wonton this nice modesty in ladies
Is but a troublesome familiar
That hunts them

Bos Know you me, I am a blunt soldier

Julia The better
Sure, there wants here where there are no lively
sparks
Of roughness

Bos And I want compliment

Julia Why, ignorance
In courtship cannot make you do amiss,
If you have a heart to do well

Bos You are very fur

Julia Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead unguilty

Bos Your bright eyes
Gave a quiver of darts in them sharper
Than sun beams

Julia You will mar me with commendation,
Put yourself to the charge of counting me,
Whereas now I woo you

Bos [aside] I have it, I will work upon this
creature —

Let us grow most amorously familiar
If the great cardinal now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villain?

Julia No, he might count me a wanton,
Not lay a scruple of offence on you,
For if I see and steal a diamond,
The fault is not in the stone, but in me the thief
That purloins it. I am sudden with you

* *Kissing-comfits* i.e. perfumed sugar plums, to sweeten the breath

We that are great women of pleasure use to cut off
These uncertain wishes and unquiet longings,
And in an instant join the sweet delight
And the pretty excuse together Had you been
in the street,

Under my chamber window, even there *
I should have courted you

Bos O, you are an excellent lady!

Julia Bid me do somewhat for you presently
To express I love you

Bos I will, and if you love me,
Fail not to effect it
The cardinal is grown wondrous melancholy
Demand the cause, let him not put you off
With feign'd excuse discover the main ground on't

Julia Why would you know this?

Bos I have depended on him,
And I hear that he is fallen in some disgrace
With the emperor at he be, like the mice
That forsake falling houses, I would shift
To other dependence

Julia You shall not need
Follow the wars I'll be your maintenance
Bos And I your loyal servant but I cannot
Leave my calling

Julia Not leave an ungrateful
General for the love of a sweet lady!
You are like some cannot sleep in feather beds,
But must have blocks for their pillows

Bos Will you do this?

Julia Cunningly

Bos To-morrow I'll expect the intelligence

Julia To-morrow I get you into my cabinet
You shall have it with you Do not delay me,
No more than I do you I am like one
That is condemn'd, I have my pardon promis'd,
But I would see it seal'd Go, get you in
You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart
Like a skein of silk [Exit Bos & A

Re-enter Cardinal

Card Where are you?

Enter Servants

Servants Here

Card Let none, upon your lives, have conference
With the Prince Ferdinand, unless I know it —
[Aside] In this distraction he may reveal
The murder [Exit Servants]

Yond's my lingering consumption
I am weary of her, and by any means
Would be quit of

* Under my chamber window, even there! This line is found only in the 4to. of 1621

Julia. How now, my lord! what ails you?

Card. Nothing

Julia. O, you are much alter'd

Come, I must be your secretary, and remove
This lead from off your bosom what's the matter?

Card. I may not tell you

Julia. Are you so far in love with sorrow
You cannot part with part of it? or think you
I cannot love your grace when you are sad
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have been a secret to your heart
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?

Card. Satisfy thy longing,—
The only way to make thee keep my counsel
Is, not to tell thee *

Julia. Tell your echo this,
On flatterers, that like echoes still report
What they hear though most imperfect, and not
me,

For if that you be true unto yourself,
I'll know

Card. Will you rack me?

Julia. No, judgment shall
Draw it from you it is an equal fault,
To tell one's secrets unto all or none

Card. The first argues folly

Julia. But the last tyranny

Card. Very well why, imagine I have com-
mitted

Some secret deed which I desire the world
May never hear of

Julia. Therefore may not I know it?
You have conceal'd for me as great a sin
As adultery Sir, never was occasion †
For perfect trial of my constancy
Till now sir, I beseech you—

Card. You'll repent it.

Julia. Never

Card. It hurries thee to ruin I'll not tell thee
Be well advis'd, and think what danger 'tis
To receive a prince's secrets they that do,
Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant ‡

* The only way to make thee keep my counsel

Is not to tell thee] So Shakespeare whom our author
so frequently imitates

and for secrecy

No lady closer, for I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know "

First Part of *Henry IV* Act II Sc 1

† As adultery Sir, never was occasion] The 4to of 1640,
As adultery Sir I beseech you

‡ Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant] Re-
sembles a line of Heywood,

"Or be his breast hoop'd with ribbes of brasse "

The Silver Age, 1613, Sig G

To contain them I pray thee, yet be satisfied,
Examine thine own frailty, 'tis more easy
To tie knots than unloose them 'tis a secret
That, like a lingering poison, may chance lie
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven year hence

Julia. Now you dally with me

Card. No more, thou shalt know it
By my appointment the great Duchess of Malfi
And two of her young children, four nights since,
Were strangl'd

Julia. O heaven! sir, what have you done!

Card. How now? how settles this? think you
your bosom
Will be a grave dark and obscure enough
For such a secret?

Julia. You have undone yourself, sir

Card. Why?

Julia. It lies not in me to conceal it.

Card. No?

Come, I will swear you to't upon this book

Julia. Most religiously

Card. Kiss it [She kisses the book
Now you shall never utter it, thy curiosity
Hath undone thee thou'rt poison'd with that
book,

Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel,
I have bound thee to't by death

Re enter BOSOLA

Bos. For pity sake, hold!

Card. Ha, Bosola!

Julia. I forgive you

This equal piece of justice you have done,
For I betray'd your counsel to that fellow
He overheard it, that was the cause I said
It lay not in me to conceal it

Bos. O foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poison'd him?

Julia. 'Tis weakness,
Too much to think what should have been done
I go,

I know not whither [Dies
Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?

Bos. That I might find a great man like yourself,
Not out of his wits as the Lord Ferdinand,
To remember my service

Card. I'll have thee hew'd in pieces

Bos. Make not yourself such a promise of that
life

Which is not yours to dispose of

Card. Who plac'd thee here?

Bos. Her lust, as she intended

Card. Very well

Now you know me for your fellow murderer

Bos And wherefore should you lay fair marble colours
Upon your rotten purposes to me?
Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i' the graves
Of those were actors in't?

Card No more, there is
A fortune attends thee

Bos Shall I go sue to * Fortune any longer?
'Tis the fool's pilgrimage.

Card I have honours in store for thee

Bos There are many † ways that conduct to
seeming honour,
And some of them very dirty ones

Card Throw to the devil
Thy melancholy The fire burns well,
What need we keep a stinging of't, and make
A greater ‡ smother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?

Bos Yes.

Card Take up that body

Bos I think I shall

Shortly grow the common bier for church yards

Card I will allow thee some dozen of attendants
To aid thee in the murder

Bos O, by no means. Physicians that apply
horse leeches to any rank swelling use to cut off
their tails, that the blood may run through them
the faster let me have no train when I go to
shed blood, lest it make me have a greater when
I ride to the gallows

Card Come to me after midnight, to help to
remove
That body to her own lodging I'll give out
She died o' the plague, 'twill breed the less
inquiry
After her death

Bos Wheres Castruccio her husband?

Card He's rode to Naples, to take possession
Of Antonio's citadel

Bos Believe me, you have done a very happy
turn

Card Fail not to come there is the master key
Of our lodgings, and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you

Bos You shall find me ready [*Exit Cardinal*]
O poor Antonio, though nothing be so needful
To thy estate as pity, yet I find
Nothing so dangerous! I must look to my footing
In such slippery ice pavements men had need

To be frost nail'd well, they may break their necks
else,

The precedent's here afore me How this man
Bears up in blood! seems fearless! Why, 'tis well
Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
Only a dead wall between Well, good Antonio,
I'll seek thee out, and all my care shall be
To put thee into safety from the reach
Of these most cruel biters that have got
Some of thy blood already It may be,
I'll join with thee in a most just revenge
The weakest arm is strong enough that strikes
With the sword of justice Still methinks the
duchess

Haunts me there, there!—'Tis nothing but my
melancholy

O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup,
That throws men down only to raise * them up!

[*Exit*]

SCENE III †

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO

Delio Yond's the cardinal's window This for
tification

Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey,
And to yond side o' the river lies a wall,
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
Gives the best echo that you ever heard,
So hollow and so dismal, and withal
So plun in the distinction of our words,
That many have suppos'd it is a spirit
That answers

Ant I do love these ancient ruins
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history
And, questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men ‡ lie interr'd
Lov'd the church so well and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopied their
bones

Till dooms day, but all things have their end
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to
men,

Must have like death that we have

Echo Like death that we have.

Delio Now the echo hath caught you

Ant It groan'd, methought, and giveth

A very deadly accent

Echo Deadly accent

* to] The 4to of 1640, "a"

† many] The 4to of 1623, "a many"

‡ greater] The 4to of 1640, "great"

ruins] The 4to of 1640,
Scene III] The same A fortification
men] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

Delio I told you 'twas a pretty one you may
make it

A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
Or a thing of sorrow

Echo A thing of sorrow

Ant Ay, sure, that suits it best

Echo That suits it best

Ant 'Tis very like my wife's voice

Echo Ay, wife's voice

Delio Come, let us walk further from't

I would not have you go* to the cardinal's to-night
Do not

Echo Do not

Delio Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting
sorrow

Than time take time for't, be mindful of thy
safety

Echo Be mindful of thy safety

Ant Necessity compels me

Make scrutiny throughout the passages†
Of your own life, you'll find it impossible
To fly your fate

Echo O, fly your fate!

Delio Hark! the dead stones seem to have
pity on you,

And give you good counsel

Ant Echo, I will not talk with thee,
For thou art a devil thing

Echo Thou art a devil thing

Ant My duchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope sweetly O heaven,
Shall I never see her more!

Echo Never see her more

Ant I mark'd not one repetition of the echo
But that, and on the sudden a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow

Delio Your fancy merely

Ant Come, I'll be out of this ague,
For to live thus is not indeed to live,
It is a mockery and abuse of life
I will not henceforth save myself by halves,
Lose all, or nothing

Delio Your own virtue save you!
I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you
It may be that the sight of his own blood
Spread in ‡ so sweet a figure may beget
The more compassion However fare you
well

Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,

Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none
Contempt of pain, that we may call our own

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *

Enter Cardinal *PISCARA*, *MATATESTI*, *RODRIGO*, and
GRISOLAN

Card You shall not watch to-night by the sick
prince,

His grace is very well recover'd

Mal Good my lord, suffer us

Card O, by no means,
The noise, and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him I pray, all to bed
And though you hear him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I entreat you

Pis So, sir, we shall not.

Card Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honour, for I was enjoin'd to't
By himself, and he seem'd to urge it sensibly

Pis Let our honours bind this trifle

Card Nor any of your followers

Mal Neither

Card It may be, to make trial of your promise,
When he's asleep, myself will rise and feign
Some of his inward tricks, and cry out for help,
And fawn myself in danger

Mal If your throat were cutting,
I'd not come if you, now I have protested against it

Card Why, I thank you

Gris 'Twas a foul storm to night

Rod The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shook like
an osier

Mal 'Twas nothing but pure kindness in the
devil,

To rock his own child

[*Exeunt all except the Cardinal*]

Card The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother, is, because at midnight
I may with better privacy convey
Julia's body to her own lodging O, my conscience!
I would pray now, but the devil takes away my
heart

For having any confidence in prayer
About this hour I appointed Bosola
To fetch the body when he hath serv'd my turn
He dies. [*Exit*]

Enter *Bosola*

Bos. Ha! 'twas the cardinal's voice, I heard
him name

Bosola and my death Listen, I hear one's footing

* Scene IV] The same An apartment in the residence of the Cardinal and Ferdinand see note †, p. 92

* go] Omitted in the 4to of 1610

† passages] So the 4to of 1705 (an iteration of the play, and of no authority, but evidently right here) The earlier 4tos 'passages'

‡ in] The 4to of 1610, "into"

Enter FERDINAND

Ferd Strangling is a very quiet death

Bos. [*aside*] Nay, then, I see I must stand upon my guard.

Ferd What say [you] to that? whisper softly, do you agree to't? So, it must be done i'the duk the cardinal would net for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it [*Exit*

Bos My death is plotted, here's the consequence of murder
We value not desert nor Christian breath,
When we know black deeds must be cur'd with death

Enter ANTONIO and Servant.

Serv Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray
I'll fetch you a dark lantern [*Exit*

Ant Could I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon

Bos. Fall right, my sword!— [*Stabs him*
I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray

Ant O, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit

In a minute

Bos What art thou?

Ant A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appear myself

Re enters Servant with a lantern

Serv Where are you, sir?

Ant Very near my home—Bosola!

Serv O, misfortune!

Bos Smother thy pity, thou art dead also—
Antonio!

The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life!
We are merely the stars' tennis balls, struck and banded

Which way please them—O good Antonio,

I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear

Shall make thy heart break quickly! thy fair duchess

And two sweet children—

Ant Their very names

Kindle a little life in me

Bos Are murder'd

Ant Some men have wish'd to die

At the hearing of sad tidings, I am glad

That I shall do't in sadness * I would not now

Wish my wounds balm'd nor heal'd, for I have no use

To put my life to In all our quest of greatness,
Like wanton boys, whose pastime is their care,

* *sadness*] i.e. seriousness, earnest.

We follow after bubbles blown in the air
Pleasure of life, what is't? only the good hours
Of an ague, merely a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation I do not ask
The process of my death, only commend me
To Delio

Bos Break, heart!

Ant And let my son fly the courts of princes. [*Dies*

Bos Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio

Serv I brought him hither,
To have reconcil'd him to * the cardinal

Bos I do not ask thee that
Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,
And bear him where the lady Julia
Was wont to lodge †—O, my fate moves swift!
I have this cardinal in the forge already,
Now I'll bring him to the hammer O dreadful
misprision!

I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base, I'll be mine own example—
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st [*Leaves*

SCENE V ‡

Enter Cardinal with a book

Card I am puzzled in a question about hell
He says, in hell there's one material fire,
And yet it shall not burn all men like
Lay him by How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I look into the fish ponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing armed with a rake,
That seems to strike at me

Enter Bosola, and Servant bearing ANTONIO'S body

Now, art thou come?

Thou look'st ghastly
There sits in thy face some great determination
Mix'd with some fear

Bos Thus it lightens into action
I am come to kill thee

Card Ha!—Help! our guard!

Bos Thou art deceiv'd,
They are out of thy howling

Card Hold, and § I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee

Bos Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable

* to] The 4to. of 1640, 'with'

† where the lady Julia

Was wont to lodge] i.e. in that part of the palace
where &c. see note †, p. 92

‡ Scene V.] Another apartment in the same

§ and] Omitted in the 4to. of 1640

Card Raise the watch ! we are betray'd !

Bos I have confin'd your flight
I'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,
But no further

Card Help ! we are betray'd !

*Enter, above,** PESCARA, MAIATESTI, RODERIGO, and
GRISOLAN

Mal Listen

Card My dukedom for rescue !

Rod Eie upon his counterfeiting !

Mal Why, tis not the cardinal

Rod Yes, yes, 'tis he

But I'll see him hang'd ere I'll go down to him

Card Here's a plot upon me, I am assaulted !
I am lost,

Unless some rescue !

Gris He doth this pretty well,
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine
honour

Card The sword's at my throat !

Rod You would not bawl so loud then

Mal Come, come, let's go

To bed he told us thus much aforehand

Pes He wish'd you should not come at him,
but, believe't,

The accent of the voice sounds not in jest
I'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines
Force ope the doors *[Exit above*

Rod Let's follow him aloof,
And note how the cardinal will laugh at him
[Exeunt, above, MAIATESTI, RODERIGO, and
GRISOLAN

Bos There's for you first,
'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door
To let in rescue *[Kills the Servant*

Card What cause hast thou to pursue my life ?

Bos Look there

Card Antonio !

Bos Slain by my hand unwittingly
Pray, and be sudden when thou kill d'st thy
sister,

Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,
And left her naught but her † sword

Card O, mercy !

Bos Now it seems thy greatness was only
outward,
For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity
Can drive thee I'll not waste longer time, there !
[Stabs him

Card Thou hast hurt me

Bos Again ! *[Stabs him again*

* *above*] i. e. on the upper stage, the raised platform
towards the back of the stage
† *her*] The 4to. of 1640, "the"

Card Shall I die like a leveret,
Without any resistance?—Help, help, help !
I am slain !

Enter FERDINAND

Ferd The alarm ! give me a fresh horse,
Rally the vaunt guard, or the day is lost.
Yield, yield ! I give you the honour of arms,
Shake my sword over you, will you yield ?

Card Help me, I am your brother !

Ferd The devil !

My brother fight upon the adverse party !

*[He wounds the Cardinal, and, in the scuffle,
gives BOSOLA his death wound*

There flies your ransom

Card O justice !

I suffer now for what hath former bin
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin *

Ferd Now you're brave fellows. Caesar's for-
tune was harder than Pompey's, Caesar died in
the arms of prosperity, Pompey at the feet of
disgrace You both died in the field. The pain's
nothing pain in many times is taken away with the
apprehension of greater, as the tooth-ache with
the sight of a barber that comes to pull it out
there's philosophy for you

Bos Now my revenge is perfect.—Sink, thou
man cease *[Kills FERDINAND*
Of my undoing !—The last part of my life
Hath done me best service

Ferd Give me some wet hay, I am broken
winded

I do account this world but a dog kennel
I will vault credit and affect high pleasures
Beyond death †

Bos He seems to come to himself,
Now he's so near the bottom

Ferd My sister, O my sister ! there's the cause
on't

Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust.
[Diss

Card Thou hast thy payment too

Bos Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth,
'Tis ready to part from me I do glory
That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid
Begun upon a huge and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

Enter, below, PESCARA, MAIATESTI, RODERIGO, and
GRISOLAN

Pes How now, my lord !

Mal O sad disaster !

Rod How comes this ?

* *I suffer now, &c*] See note *, p. 44

† *Beyond death*] Found only in the 4to. of 1623

Bos Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi murder'd
By the Arragonian brethren, for Antonio
Slain by this * hand, for lustful Julia
Poison'd by this man, and lastly for myself,
That was an actor in the main of all
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i'the end
Neglected

Pes How now, my lord !

Card Look to my brother
He gave us these large wounds, as we were
struggling

Here i'the rushes † And now, I pray, let me
Be lud by and never thought of [Dies

Pes How fatally, it seems, he did withstand
His own rescue !

Mal Thou wretched thing of blood, ‡
How came Antonio by his death ?

Bos In a mist, I know not how
Such a mistake as I have often seen
In a play O, I am gone !
We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,
That, ruin'd, yield no echo Fair you well
It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die

* *tho*] The three earliest 4tos " his "

† *the rushes*] See note †, p. 21

‡ *thing of blood*] Shakespeare has

"from face to foot

"He was a thing of blood"

Coriolanus, Act II Sc 2.

In so good a quarrel O, this gloomy world !
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live !
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just
Mine is another voyage [Dies

Pes The noble Delio, as I came to the palace,
Told me of Antonio's being here, and show'd me
A pretty gentleman, his son and heir

Enter DELIO, and ANTONIO'S SON

Mal O sir, you come too late !

Delio I heard so, and
Was arm'd for t, ere I came Let us make noble
use

Of this great ruin, and join all our force
To establish this young hopeful gentleman
In a mother's right These wretched eminent
things

Leave no more fume behind em, than should one
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow,
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both form and matter I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end

[Exeunt

THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE.

The Devils Law case Or, When Women goe to Law the Devil is full of Business A new Tragicomedy The true and perfect Copie from the Originall As it was approovedly well Acted by her Majesties Servants Written by John Webster Non quum dicit, sed quum loquitur London, Printed by A. M. for John Gismant, and are to be sold at his Shop in Pauls Alley at the Signe of the Lionnet 1625 4to

That this play must have been written but a short time before it was given to the press is evident from the following allusion in it to the massacre of the English by the Dutch at Amboyna, which took place in February 1622,

"How ' go to the East Indies, and so many Hollanders gone to fetch sauce for their pickled herrings ' some have been peppered there too lately Act IV Sc 2

Whence the author derived the story of *The Devils Law Case* I know not The following observations by Langbaine are hardly worth quoting "An accident like that of Romeo's stabbing Contarino out of malice, which turned to his preservation is (if I mistake not,) in Skenkius his Observations At least I am sure, the like happened to Phenix Jason, as you may see in Q. Val. Maximus, lib 1 cap 8 The like story is related in Goults *Historie Admirables*, tome 1 p 178 " *Account of the King Dram Poets, &c*

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND ALL ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, SIR THOMAS FINCH,
KNIGHT BARONET *

SIR,

Let it not appear strange, that I do aspire to your patronage. Things that taste of any goodness love to be sheltered near goodness: nor do I flatter in this, which I hate, only touch at the original copy of your virtues. Some of my other works, as *The White Devil*, *The Duchess of Malfi*, *Guise*, † and others, you have formerly seen. I present this humbly to kiss your hands, and to find your allowance: nor do I much doubt it, knowing the greatest of the Critics have cheerfully entertained less poems than this, and had I thought it unworthy, I had not inquired after so worthy a patronage. Yourself I understand to be all courtesy: I doubt not therefore of your acceptance, but resolve that my election is happy, for which favour done me, I shall ever rest

Your worship's humbly devoted,

JONAS WINTER

TO THE JUDICIOUS READER

I hold it in these kind of poems with that of Horace, *Sapientia prima stultitiae curatio*, ‡ to be free from those vices which proceed from ignorance, of which, I take it, this play will ingeniously acquit itself. I do chiefly therefore expose it to the judicious: *locus est et pluribus umbris*, § others have leave to sit down and read it, who come unbidden. But to these, should I now present them with the most excellent music, it would delight them no more than *auriculas citharae collecta sonde dolentes* ||. I will not further insist upon the approbation of it, for I am so far from praising myself, that I have not given way to divers of my friends, whose unbecoming commendatory verses offered themselves to do me service in the front of this poem. A great part of the grief of this, I confess, lay in action, yet can no action ever be graceful, where the decency of the language, and ingenious structure of the scene, arrive not to make up a perfect harmony. What I have failed of this, you that have approved my other works, (when you have read this,) tax me of. For the rest, *Non ego ventosae pluviae suffragari venio* ¶.

* Sir Thomas Finch, Knight Baronet] Was the second son of Sir Moryc Finch. His mother having been created Countess of Winchelsea, he, on her decease in 1643, succeeded to her honours as first Earl of Winchelsea. He married Cecile, daughter of Sir John Wentworth, Bart., and died in 1639. In the later editions of Collins's *Pierage* his death is fixed in 1631, but see Hasted's *Hist. of Kent* vol. iii. p. 199, and the Corrigenda to it, p. 48.

† *Guise*] A lost play. See the Introductory Essay to this work.

‡ *Sapientia prima, &c.*] *Epist.* 1. 1.

§ *locus est, &c.*] Horace, *Epist.* 1. 5.

|| *auriculas citharae, &c.*] Horace, *Epist.* 1. 2.

¶ *Non ego, &c.*] Horace, *Epist.* 1. 19.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROMFLO, a merchant son of LEONORA
CONSTANTINO a nobleman
INCHIO, a knight of Malta.
CRISTIANO a Spanish lawyer
JULIO, his son
ARIGERO an advocate
CONTINUERO a lawyer
SANTONFITA
PROSPERO
BATTISTA
A Capuchin
Two Surgeons
Judges, Lawyers, Bellmen, Register, Marshal, Herald, and Servants.

LEONORA
JOSEFA her daughter
ANGELICA, a nun
WINIFRED

THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE.

ACT I

SCENE I *

Enter ROMELIO and PROSPERO

Pros You have shown a world of wealth I
did not think

There had been a merchant liv'd in Italy
Of half your substance

Rom I'll give the King of Spain
Ten thousand ducats yearly, and discharge
My yearly custom The Hollanders scarce trade
More generally than I my factors' wives
Wear chaperons of velvet, and my scriveners,
Merely through my employment, grow so rich
They build their palaces and belvederes
With musical water-works Never in my life
Had I loss at sea they call me on the Exchange
The Fortunate Young Man, and make great suit
To venture with me Shall I tell you, sir,
Of a strange confidence in my way of trading?
I reckon it as certain as the gain
In erecting a lottery.

Pros I pray, sir, what do you think
Of Signior Baptista's estate?

Rom A mere beggar
He's worth some fifty thousand ducats

Pros Is not that well?

Rom How, well! for a man to be melted to
snow water

With toiling in the world from three-and twenty
Till three score, for poor fifty thousand ducats!

Pros To your estate 'tis little, I confess
You have the spring tide of gold

Rom Faith, and for silver,

Should I not send it packing to the East Indies,
We should have a glut on't

Enter Servant

Serv Here's the great lord Contarino

Pros O, I know

His business, he's a suitor to your sister

Rom Yes, sir but to you,
As my most trusted friend, I utter it,—
I will break the alliance

Pros You are ill advis'd, then
There lives not a complete gentleman
In Italy, nor of a more ancient house

Rom What tell you me of gentry? 'tis naught
else

But a superstitious relic of time past
And sift it to the true worth, it is nothing
But ancient riches, and in him, you know,
They are pitifully in the wane He makes his
colour

Of visiting us so often, to sell land,
And thinks, if he can gain my sister's love,
To recover the treble value

Pros Sure, he loves her
Entirely, and she deserves it

Rom Faith, though she were
Crook'd shoulder'd, having such a portion,
She would have noble suitors but truth is,
I would wish my noble venturer take heed,
It may be, while he hopes to catch a gilt-head,
He may draw up a gudgeon

Enter CONTARINO

Pros He's come Sir, I will leave you

[*Re-ent PROSPERO and Servant*]

Con I sent you the evidence of the piece of
land

* Scene I] Naples A room in the house of Leonora
(I had originally marked this scene "in the house of
Romelio" but compare act II. sc 3, where Leonora says,
"Why do they ring
Before my gate thus?")

I motion'd to you for the sale

Rom Yes

Con Has your counsel perus'd it?

Rom Not yet, my lord Do you intend to travel?

Con No

Rom O, then you lose

That which makes man most absolute

Con Yet I have heard

Of divers that, in passing of the Alps,

Have but exchang'd their virtues at dear rate

For other vices

Rom O, my lord, he not idle

The chiefest action for a man of great spirit

Is, never to be out of action * We should think

The soul was never put into the body,

Which has so many rare and curious pieces

Of mathematical motion to stand still

Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds,

In the trenches for the soldier, in the wakeful study

For the scholar, in the furrows of the sea

For men of our profession, of all which

Arise and spring up honour Come, I know

You have some noble great design in hand,

That you levy so much money

Con Sir, I'll tell you

The greatest part of it I mean to employ

In payment of my debts, and the remainder

Is like to bring me into greater bonds,

As I aim it

Rom How, sir?

Con I intend it

For the charge of my wedding

Rom Are you to be married, my lord?

Con Yes, sir, and I must now entreat your pardon,

That I have conceal'd from you a business

Wherein you had at first been call'd to counsel,

But that I thought it a less fault in friendship,

To engage myself thus far without your knowledge,

Than to do it against your will another reason

Was, that I would not publish to the world,

Nor have it whisper'd scarce, what wealthy voyage

I went about, till I had got the mine

In mine own possession

Rom You are dark to me yet

* The chiefest action for a man of great spirit is, never to be out of action] Mr Collier (*Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures*, &c p xcvi) maintains that here the right reading is "The chiefest axiom" &c,—which I think very doubtful, considering how our old dramatists (even Shakespeare himself) affect the repetition of words

Con I'll now remove the cloud Sir, your sister and I

Are vow'd each other's, and there only wants

Her worthy mother's and your fair consents

To style it marriage this is a way,

Not only to make a friendship, but confirm it

For our posterities How do you look upon't?

Rom Believe me, sir, as on the principal column

To advance our house why, you bring honour with you,

Which is the soul of wealth I shall be proud

To live to see my little nephews ride

O the upper hand of their uncles, and the daughters

Be rank'd by heralds at solemnities

Before the mother, all this deriv'd

From your nobility Do not blame me, sir,

If I be taken with't exceedingly,

For this same honour, with us citizens,

Is a thing we are mainly fond of, especially

When it comes without money, which is very seldom

But as you do perceive my present temper,

Be sure I am yours,—[*aside*] br'd with scorn and laughter

At your over confident purpose,—and, no doubt, My mother will be of your mind

Con 'Tis my hope, sir [*Exit ROMELIO*]

I do observe how this Romelio

Has very worthy parts, were they not blasted

By insolent vain glory There rests now

The mother's approbation to the match,

Who is a woman of that state and bearing,

Though she be city born, both in her language

Her garments, and her table, she excels

Our ladies of the court she goes not gaudy,

Yet have I seen her wear one diamond

Would have bought twenty gay ones out of their clothes,

And some of them, without the greater grace,

Out of their hopes. She comes I will try

How she stands affected to me, without relating

My contract with her daughter

Enter LEONORA

Leon Sir, you are nobly welcome, and presume You are in a place that's wholly dedicated To your service

Con I am ever bound to you For many special favours.

Leon Sir, your fame renders you Most worthy of it

Con It could never have got

A sweeter air to fly in than your breath.*

Leon You have been strange a long time, you are weary

Of our unseasonable time of feeding
Indeed, the Exchange bell makes us dine so late,
I think the ladies of the court from us
Learn to lie so long a bed

Con They have a kind of Exchange among them too

Marry, unless it be to hear of news, I take it,
Then's is, like the New Bourse,† thinly furnish'd
With tires and new fashions. I have a suit to you.

Leon I would not have you value it the less,
If I say, 'tis granted already

Con You are all bounty
'Tis to bestow your picture on me

Leon O, sir,
Shadows are coveted in summer, and with me
'Tis full o' the leaf

Con You enjoy the best of time
This latter spring of yours shows in my eye
More fruitful, and more temperate withal,
Than that whose date is only limited
By the music of the cuckoo

Leon Indeed, sir, I dare tell you,
My looking glass is a true one, and as yet
It does not terrify me. Must you have my picture?

Con So please you, lady, and I shall preserve it
As a most choice object

Leon You will enjoin me to a strange punishment

With what a compell'd face a woman sits
While she is drawing! I have noted divers,
Either to feign smiles, or suck in the lips
'To have a little mouth, ruffle the cheeks
To have the dimple seen, and so disorder
The face with affectation, at next sitting
It has not been the same. I have known others
Have lost the entire fashion of their face
In half an hour's sitting.

Con How?

* It could never have got

A sweeter air to fly in than your breath! See again our author in his *Monumental Column*, &c.

“Never found painters since they convers'd with death,
A sweeter air to fly in than his breath.”

And so too Massinger,

“My own prunes fly in”

In such pure air as your sweet breath, fair lady,
Cannot but please me.”

The Picture, act v. sc. last
† the New Bourse] i.e. the New Exchange in the Strand, where were shops in which female finery and trinkets of every description were sold. Our old dramatists do not scruple to attribute to a foreign country the peculiarities of their own

Leon. In hot weather

The painting on their face has been so mellow,
They have left the poor man harder work by half,
To mend the copy he wrought by. But, indeed,
If ever I would have mine drawn to the life,
I would have a painter steal it at such a time
I were devoutly kneeling at my prayers
There is then a heavenly beauty in't, the soul
Moves in the superficies

Con Excellent lady,
Now you teach beauty a preservative
More than 'gainst fading colours, and your
judgment

Is perfect in all things

Leon Indeed, sir, I am a widow,
And want the addition to make it so,
For man's experience has still been held
Woman's best eyesight. I pray, sir, tell me —
You are about to sell a piece of land

To my son, I hear

Con 'Tis truth

Leon Now I could rather wish
That noblemen would ever live in the country,
Rather than make their visits up to the city
About such business. O, sir, noble houses
Have no such goodly prospects any way
As into their own land the decay of that,
Next to their begging church land, is a ruin
Worth all men's pity. Sir, I have forty thousand

crowns

Sleep in my chest shall waken when you please,
And fly to your commands. Will you stay
supper?

Con I cannot, worthy lady

Leon I would not have you come hither, sir,
to sell,

But to settle your estate. I hope you understand
Wherefore I make this proffer. So, I leave you

Con [Exit] [Ou] what a treasury have I perch'd! “I
hope

You understand wherefore I make this proffer.”
She has got some intelligence how I intend to
marry

Her daughter, and ingenuously* perceiv'd
That by her picture, which I begg'd of her,
I meant the fair Jolenta. Here's a letter
Which gives express charge not to visit her
Till midnight

[Reads]

“Fail not to come, for 'tis a business that concerns
both our honours

Yours, in danger to be lost, Jolenta.”

* ingenuously] See note †, p. 26

'Tis a strange injunction what should be the business?

She is not chang'd, I hope I'll thither straight,
For women's resolutions in such deeds,
Like bees, light oft on flowers, and oft on weeds

[Exit]

SCENE II *

Enter LINCOLN, ROMFIO, and JOLENTA

Rom O, sister, come, the tailor must to work,
To make your wedding clothes—

Jol The tomb maker,
To take measure of my coffin

Rom Tomb maker!
Look you, the King of Spun greets you
Jol What does this mean?

Do you serve process on me?

Rom Process! come,
You would be witty now

Jol Why, what's this, I pray?

Rom Infinite grace to you it is a letter
From his catholic majesty for the commendas
Of this gentleman for your husband.

Jol In good season
I hope he will not have my allegiance stretch'd
To the undoing of myself

Rom Undo yourself! he does proclaim him
here—

Jol Not for a traitor, does he?

Rom You are not mad —
For one of the noblest gentlemen

Jol Yet kings many times
Know merely but men's out sides Was this
commendation

Voluntary, thank you?

Rom Voluntary! what mean you by that?

Jol Why, I do not think but he begg'd it of
the king,

And it may fortune to be out of's way
Some better suit, that would have stood his lord-
ship

In far more stead Letters of commendations!
Why, 'tis reported that they are grown stale
When places fall in the University

I pray you, return his pass, for to a widow
That longs to be a courtier this paper
May do knight's service

Eico Mistake not, excellent mistress these
commendas

Express, his majesty of Spun has given me
Both addition of honour, as you may perceive

* Scene II] Another room in the same

By my habit, and a place here to command
O'er thirty gulleys this your brother shows,
As wishing that you would be partner
In my good fortune

Rom I pray, come hither
Have I any interest in you?

Jol You are my brother

Rom I would have you, then, use me with that
respect

You may still keep me so, and to be sway'd
In this main business of life, which wants
Greatest consideration, your marriage,
By my direction here's a gentleman—

Jol Sir, I have often told you,
I am so little my own to dispose that way,
That I can never be his

Rom Come, too much light
Makes you moon ey'd are you in love with
title?

I will have a herald, whose continual practice
Is all in pedigree, come a wooing to you,
Or an antiquary in old buskins

Eico Sir, you have done me
The kindest wrong that ever was offer'd to
A gentleman of my breeding

Rom Why, sir?

Eico You have led me
With a vain confidence that I should marry
Your sister, have proclaim'd it to my friends,
Employ'd the greatest lawyers of our state
To settle her a jointure, and the issue
Is, that I must become ridiculous
Both to my friends and enemies I will leave you,
Till I call to you for a strict account
Of your unmanly dealing

Rom Stay, my lord —
Do you long to have my throat cut?—Good my
lord,

Stay but a little, till I have remov'd
This count must from her eyes, till I wake her
From this dull sleep, wherein she'll dream herself
To a deformed beggar — You would marry
The great lord Contarino—

Enter LEONORA

Leon Contarino
Were you talking of? he lost last night at dice
Five thousand ducats, and when that was gone,
Set at one throw a lordship that twice trebled
The former loss

Rom And that flew after

Leon And most cunningly
Carried the gentleman in his caroeche

To a lawyer's chamber, there most legally
To put him in possession was this wisdom?

Rom O, yes, their credit in the way of gaming
Is the main thing they stand on, that must be paid,
Though the brewer bawl for's money and this
lord

Does she prefer, i'the way of marriage,
Before our choice here, noble Ercole

Leon You'll be advis'd, I hope Know for
your sakes

I married, that I might have children,
And for your sakes, if you'll be rul'd by me,
I will never marry again Here's a gentleman
Is noble, rich, well flatur'd, but 'bove all,
He loves you entirely his intents are aim'd
For an expedition 'gainst the Turk,
Which makes the contract cannot be delay'd

Jol Contract! you must do this without my
knowledge!

Give me some potion to make me mad,
And happily not knowing what I speak,
I may then consent to t

Rom Come, you are mad already,
And I shall never hear you speak good sense
Till you name him for husband

Erco Lady, I will do

A manly office for you, I will leave you
To the freedom of your own soul may it move
whither

Heaven and you please!

Jol Now you express yourself

Most nobly

Rom Stay, sir, what do you mean to do?

Leon Heu me [*kneels*] if thou dost marry
Contarino,

All the misfortune that did ever dwell
In a parent's curse light on thee!

Erco O, wise lady certainly heaven never
Intended kneeling to this fearful purpose

Jol Your imprecation has undone me for ever!

Erco Give me your hand

Jol No, sir

Rom Give't me, then

O, what rare workmanship have I seen this
To finish with your needle! what excellent music
Have these struck upon the viol! Now I'll teach
A piece of art

Jol Rather, a damnable cunning,
To have me go about to give't away
Without consent of my soul

Rom Kiss her, my lord

If crying had been regarded, maidenheads
Had ne'er been lost, at least some appearance
Of crying, as an April shower i'the sunshine

Leon She is yours

Rom Nay, continue your station, and deal you
In dumb show kiss this doggedness out of her

Leon To be contracted in tears is but fashion-
able

Rom Yet suppose that they were hearty,—

Leon Virgins must seem unwilling

Rom O, what else?

And you remember, we observe the like
In greater ceremonies than these contracts,
At the consecration of prelates they use ever
Twice to say nay, and take it

Jol O brother!

Rom Keep your possession, you have the door
by the ring,

That's livery and seisin in England * but, my lord,
Kiss that tear from her lip, you'll find the rose
The sweeter for the dew

Jol Bitter as gall

Rom Ay, ay, all you women,
Although you be of never so low stature,
Have gall in you most abundant, it exceeds
Your brains by two ounces I was saying some
what —

O, do but observe i'the city, and you'll find
The thiftest baguns that were ever made,
What a deal of wangling ere they could be
brought

To an upshot!

Leon Great persons do not ever come together—

Rom With revelling faces, nor is it necessary
They should the strangeness and unwillingness
Wears the greater state, and gives occasion that
The people may buzz and talk of't, though the
bells

Be tongue tied at the wedding

Leon And truly I have heard say,
To be a little strange to one another
Will keep your longing fresh

Rom Ay, and make you beget
More children when you're married some doctors
Are of that opinion You see, my lord, we are
merry

At the contract your sport is to come hereafter
Erco I will leave you, excellent lady, and
withal

Leave a heart with you so entirely yours,
That, I protest, had I the least of hope

* you have the door by the ring

That's livery and seisin in England] The allusion here
is to a ceremony used in the common law on conveyance
of lands, houses &c when the ring or latch of the door
is delivered to the feoffee livery and seisin are delivery
and possession

To enjoy you, though I were to wait the time
That scholars do in taking their degree
In the noble arts, 'twere nothing howsoever,
He parts from you that will depart from life
To do you any service, and so, humbly
I take my leave

Jol. Sir, I will pray for you [Exit ENCOLE

Rom. Why, that's well, 'twill make your
prayer complete,
To pray for your husband

Jol. Husband!

Leon. This is

The happiest hour that I ever arriv'd at [Exit

Rom. Husband! ay, husband come, you
peevish thing,

Smile me a thank for the pains I have ta'en

Jol. I hate myself for being thus enforc'd
You may soon judge, then, what I think of you
Which are the cause of it

Enter WINIFRED, passing over

Rom. You, lady of the laundry, come hither

Win. Sir!

Rom. Look,* as you love your life, you have an
eye

Upon your mistress I do henceforth bar her
All visitants I do hear there are bawds abroad
That bring cut works† and mantoons,‡ and
convey letters

To such young gentlewomen, and there are others
That deal in corn cutting and fortune telling
Let none of these come at her, on your life,
Nor Deuce ace, the wafer woman, thit pings abroad
With musk melons and malakatoons,§ noi

* Look as you love your life, you have an eye

[upon your mistress, &c.] Here Webster recollected
Ben Jonson,

"Be you sure now,
You have all your eyes about you and let in
No face woman, nor bawd, that brings French masks
And cut works see you, nor old cronies with wafers,
To convey letters nor no youths, disguised
Like country wives, with cream and marrow puddings
Much know y' may be vented in a pudding
Much bawdy intelligence they are shrewd cyphers"

The Devil is an ass, act ii sc i

† cut works] See note †, p 6

‡ mantoons] Qy if from "mantle, a great robe or
mantle"? Florio Ital. In t ed 1611

§ malakatoons] The malakatoon, mal' cotton mal-
cotton, malcotton, or maldigtoon, (for so variously do
old writers spell the word,) was a sort of lute peach
Gerard in his *Herball*, enumerating different kinds of
peaches, mentions "the Blacke Peach, the Malcotton
the White," &c p 1446 ed 1633

"Pine are much after the Figure of a Scotch [Scotch?]
Thistle, and in my minde taste most like a Peach or
Maligatoon." Note on a poem (p 10) entitled *A Descrip-
tion of the Last Voyage to Bermudas, on the Ship Mary
Gold*, by J H [ardy]. 1671, 4to

The Scotchwoman with the cittern, do you mark,
Nor a dancer by any means, though he ride on a
foot cloth,*

Nor a hackney-coachman, if he can speak French
Win. Why, sir,—

Rom. By no means, no more words —

Nor the woman with marrow-bone-puddings I
have heard

Strange juggling tricks have been convey'd to a
woman

In a pudding you are apprehensive?

Win. O good sir, I have travell'd

Rom. When you had a bastard, you travell'd†
indeed

But, my precious chaperoness,
I trust thee the better for that, for I have heard,
There is no wailer keeper of a park,
To prevent stalkers or your night walkers,
Than such a man as in his youth has been
A most notorious deer stealer

Win. Very well, sir,

You may use me at your pleasure

Rom. By no means, Winifred, that were the way
To make thee travel again Come, be not angry,
I do but jest, thou know'st, wit and a woman
Are two very frail things, and so, I leave you

[Exit

Win. I could weep with you, but 'tis no matter,
I can do that at any time I have now
A greater mind to rail a little plague of these
Unsanctified matches! they make us loathe
The most natural desire our grandam Eve ever
left us

Force one to marry against their will! why, 'tis
A more ungodly work than enclosing the commons

Jol. Prithce, peace

This is indeed an argument so common,
I cannot think of matter new enough
To express it bad enough

Win. Here's one, I hope,

Will put you out of t

Enter CONTARINO

Con. How now, sweet mistress!

You have made sorrow look lovely of late,
You have wept

Win. She has done nothing else these three
days had you stood behind the arras, to have
heard her shed so much salt water as I have
done, you would have thought she had been
turned fountain

* foot cloth] See note *, p 7

† travell'd] Here, in the first edition of this collection,
I printed "travell'd" but the pun is plain enough with
the old spelling

Con. I would fain know the cause can be worthy

This thy sorrow

Jol [to WIN] Reach me the caskanet*—I am studying, sir,

To take an inventory of all that's mine

Con What to do with it, lady?

Jol To make you a deed of gift

Con That's done already, you are all mine

Win Yes, but the devil would fain put in for's share,

In likeness of a separation

Jol O, sir, I am bewitch'd

Con Ha!

Jol Most certain, I am forespoken†

To be married to another can you ever think That I shall ever thrive in't? am I not, then, bewitch'd?

All comfort I can teach myself is this,—

There is a time left for me to die nobly,

When I cannot live so

Con Give me, in a word, to whom, or by whose means,

Are you thus torn from me?

Jol By Lord Lucok, my mother, and my brother

Con I'll make his bravery‡ fitter for a grave

Than for a wedding

Jol So you will beget

A far more dangerous and strange disease

Out of the cure you must love him again

For my sake, for the noble Ercole

Had such a true compassion of my sorrow,—

Hark in your ear, I'll show you his right worthy

Demeanour to me

Win O you pretty ones!

I have seen this lord many a time and oft

Set her in's lap, and talk to her of love

So feelingly, I do protest it has made me

Run out of myself to think on't.

* *caskanet*] A word not found in dictionaries I meet with it in a formidable list of articles necessary for a lady's toilette in *Lingua* 'such stirre with Sticks and Combes, *caskanets*, Dressings, Purles Falles, Squares Buskes, Bodies, Scarfies, Neck laces, Carcanets, &c' [Sig I 2, ed. 1607]

† *forespoken*] Used here with a quibble,—one of its meanings being 'bewitched'

‡ *my*] The old copy "by"

§ *bravery*] i.e. finery.

O sweet breath'd monkeys,* how they grow together!

Well, 'tis my opinion,

He was no woman's friend that did invent

A punishment for kissing

Con If he bear himself so nobly,

The manliest office I can do for him

Is to afford him my pity, since he's like

To fall of so dear a purchase for your mother,

Your goodness quits her ill for your brother,

He that vows friendship to a man, and proves

A traitor, deserves rather to be hang'd

Than he that counterfeits money, yet for your sake

I must sign his pardon too Why do you tremble?

Be safe, you are now free from him

Jol O, but, sir,

The intermission from a fit of an ague

Is grievous, for, indeed, it doth prepare us

To entertain torment next morning

Con Why, he's gone to sea

Jol But he may return too soon

Con To avoid which, we will instantly be married

Win To avoid which, get you instantly to bed together,

Do, and I think no civil lawyer for his fee

Can give you better counsel

Jol Fie upon thee! prudence, leave us

Con Be of comfort, sweet mistress

Jol On one condition, we may have no quarrel About this

Con Upon my life, none

Jol None, upon your honour!

Con With whom? with Ercole?†

You have delivered him guiltless

With your brother? he's part of yourself

With your complimentary mother?

I use not fight with women

To-morrow we'll be married

Let those that would oppose this union

Grow ne'er so subtle, and entangle themselves

In their own work like spiders, while we two

Haste to our noble wishes, and presume

The hindrance of it will breed more delight,

As black copartiments show‡ gold more bright

[Exeunt]

* *monkeys*] The old copy "monkey"

† *With whom? with Ercole? &c*] I let the first six lines of this speech stand as they do in the old copy—they seem to defy any tolerable metrical arrangement.

‡ *copartiments show*] The old copy "*copartiments shewes*"

ACT II

SCENE I *

*Enter CRISPIANO and SANITONEI**Cris* Am I well habited?*San* Exceeding well, any man would take you for a merchant. But, pray, sir, resolve me, what should be the reason that you, being one of the most eminent civil lawyers in Spain, and but newly arrived from the East Indies, should take this habit of a merchant upon you?*Cris* Why, my son lives here in Naples, and in's not doth far exceed the exhibition† I allowed him.*San* So, then, and in this disguise you mean to trace him?*Cris* Partly for that, but there is other business of greater consequence.*San* Futh, for his expense, 'tis nothing to your estate: what, to Don Crispiano, the famous corie gidor of Seville, who by his more practice of the law, in less time than half a jubilee, hath gotten thirty thousand ducats a-year?*Cris* Well, I will give him line, Let him run on in's course of spending.*San* Freely?*Cris* Freely.*For* I protest, if that I could conceive My son would take more pleasure or content, By any course of riot, in the expense, Than I took joy, nay, soul's felicity, In the getting of it, should all the wealth I have Waste to as small an atomy as flies. I the sun, I do protest on that condition It should not move me.*San* How's this? Cannot he take more pleasure in spending it riotously than you have done by scraping it together? O, ten thousand times more! and I make no question, five hundred young gallants will be of my opinion. Why, all the time of your collectionship Has been a perpetua' calendar—begin first With your melancholy study of the law. Before you came ‡ to finger the ruddocks, after that,

The tiring importunity of clients, To rise so early, and sit up so late,

You made yourself half ready in a dream,* And never pray'd but in your sleep. Can I think That you have half your lungs left with crying out For judgments and days of trial? Remember, sir, How often have I borne you on my shoulder, Among a shoal or swarm of reeking night-caps,† When that your worship has bepiss'd yourself, Either with vehemency of argument, Or being out from the matter: I am merry.

Cris Be so.*San* You could eat like a gentleman, at leisure, But swallow [d] it like flip dragons,‡ as if you had liv'd

With chewing the cud after.

Cris No pleasure in the world was comparable to t*San* Possible?*Cris* He shall never taste the like, Unless he study law.*San* What, not in wenching, sir?

Tis a court-game, believe it, as familiar As gleeck § or any other.

Cris Wenching! O, fie! the disease follows it. Beside, can the fingering taffetas or lawns Or a painted hand or a breast, be like the pleasure In taking clients' fees, and piling them In several goodly rows before my desk? And according to the bigness of each heap, Which I took by a leer (for lawyers do not tell them),

I wail'd || my cap, and withal gave great hope. The cause should go on their sides.

San What think you, then, Of a good cry of hounds? it has been known Dogs have hunted lordships to a fault.

* You made yourself half ready in a dream] To make oneself self ready is the old expression for dressing oneself. All night caps] See note † p. 60.

† Flip dragons] Ruffs, plums, ear-flap ends &c made to float in a dish of ardent spirits from which when set on fire, they were to be snatched by the mouth and swallowed. The amorous youths of olden time delighted in drinking off flip dragons to the health of their mistresses. This nasty sport, still common in Holland, I have seen practised in our own country by boys during Christmas holidays.

§ gleeck] A fashionable game at cards in our author's time. Full instructions how to play at "this noble and delightful Game or Recreation" may be found in *The Compleat Gamester*, p. 67, et seq. ed. 1709.

|| wail'd] I i. lowered.

* Scene I.] An apartment in some house of public resort,—on the Quay or on the Exchange, perhaps.

† exhibition] i. e. pension, allowance.

‡ came] The old copy "come."

Cris Cry of curs!

The noise of clients at my chamber door
Was sweeter music far, in my conceit,
Than all the hunting in Europe

San Pray, stay, sir

Say he should spend it in good house keeping

Cris Ay, marry, sir, to have him keep a good house,

And not sell't away, I'd find no fault with that
But his kitchen I'd have no bigger than a saw pit,
For the smallness of a kitchen, without question,
Makes many noblemen in France and Spain
Build the rest of the house the bigger.

San Yes, mock beggars

Cris Some sevenscore chimneys,

But half of them have no tunnels.

San A pox upon them, kickshaws, that beget
Such monsters without fundaments!

Cris Come, come, leave citing other vanities,
For neither wine, nor lust, nor riotous feasts,
Rich clothes, nor all the pleasure that the devil
Has ever practis'd with to raise a man
To a devil's likeness, e'er brought man that
pleasure

I took in getting my wealth—so I conclude,
If he can outvie me, let it fly to the devil—
Yon's my son—what company keeps he?

Enter ROMPIO, JULIO, ARIOSTO, and BARTER

San The gentleman he talks with is Romchio,
The merchant

Cris I never saw him till now

'A has a brave sprightly look—I knew his father,
And sojourn'd in his house two years together
Before this young man's birth—I have news to
tell him

Of certain losses happen'd him at sea,
That will not please him

San What's* that dapper fellow
In the long stocking? I do think 'twas he
Came to your lodging this morning

Cris 'Tis the same

There he stands but a little piece of flesh,
But he is the very miracle of a lawyer,
One that persuades men to peace, and compounds
quarrels

Among his neighbours, without going to law

San And is he a lawyer?

Cris Yes, and will give counsel

In honest causes gratis, never in his life
Took fee but he came and spake for't, is a man
Of extreme practice, and yet all his longing
Is to become a judge

* If hat's] The old copy 'What'

San. Indeed, that's a rare longing with men of
his profession—I think he'll prove the miracle of
a lawyer indeed

Rom Here's the man brought word your father
died i'the Indies

Jul He died in perfect memory, I hope,
And made me his heir

Cris Yes, sir

Jul He's gone the right way, then, without
question—Friend, in time of mourning we must
not use any action that is but necessary to the
making men merry—I do therefore give you
nothing for your good tidings

Cris Nor do I look for it, sir

Jul Honest fellow, give me thy hand—I do
not think but thou hast carried new year's gifts
to the court in thy days, and learn'd'st there to
be so free of thy pains-taking

Rom Here's an old gentleman says he was
chamber fellow to your father, when they studied
the law together at Barcelona

Jul Do you know him?

Rom Not I, he's newly come to Naples

Jul And what's his business?

Rom 'A says he's come to recd your good counsel

Cris [aside to ARI] To him, rate him soundly

Jul And what's your counsel?

ARI Why, I would have you leave
Your whoring

Jul He comes hotly upon me—it first—
Whoring!

ARI O young quat,* incontinence is plagu'd
In all the creatures of the world!

Jul When did you ever hear that a cock-
sparrow

Had the French pox?

ARI When did you ever know any of them fit
but in the nest? ask all your cantharide mongers
that question—remember yourself, sir

Jul A very fine naturalist! a physician, I take
you, by your round glop,† for 'tis just of the
bigness, and no more, of the case for a mind
'tis concluded you are a physician—What do
you mean, sir? you'll take cold

ARI 'Tis concluded you are a fool a precious
one—you are a mere stick of sugarcandy,‡ a
man may look quite thorough you

Jul You are a very bold gamester

* O young quat] Quat means originally a puppet—
Compare Shakespeare,

'I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense'
Othello, Act V. Sc. I.

† Glop] i.e. broaches (properly, large wide ones)

‡ you are a mere stick of sugarcandy &c.] See note*,

Ar. I can play at chess, and know how to handle a rook

Jul. Pray, preserve your velvet from the dust
Ar. Keep your hat upon the block, sir, 'twill continue fashion the longer

Jul. I was never so abus'd with the hat in the hand

In my life

Ar. I will put on. Why, look you, Those lands that were the client's are now become The lawyer's, and those tenements that were The country gentleman's are now grown To be his tailor's

Jul. Tailor's!

Ar. Yes, tailors in France, they grow to great abominable purchase,* and become great officers—How many ducats think you he has spent within a twelvemonth, besides his father's allowance?

Jul. Besides my father's allowance! Why, gentleman, do you think an auditor begat me? Would you have me make even at year's end?

Rom. A hundred ducats a month in breaking Venice glasses

Ar. He learnt that of an English drunkard, and a knight too, as I take it—That comes of your numerous wardrobe

Rom. Ay, and weaving cut work,† a pound a purl

Ar. Your duntly embroidered stockings, with overblown roses,‡ to hide your gouty ankles

Rom. And wearing more taffeta for a garter than would serve the galley dung boat for streamers

Ar. Your switching up at the horse race, with the illustriassini

Rom. And studying a puzzling arithmetic at the cock pit

Ar. Shaking your elbow at the table board §

Rom. And resorting to your whore in hired velvet, with a spangled copper fringe at her Netherlands

Ar. Whereas, if you had stayed at Padua, and fed upon cow trotters and fresh beef to supper,—

Jul. How I am baited!

Ar. Nay, be not you so forward with him neither, for 'tis thought you'll prove a main part of his undoing

* purchase] See note †, p. 74

† cut-work] See note †, p. 6

‡ roses] See note *, p. 41

§ table-board] The old copy "Taule-board"—Tables (*Lat. Tabularum lusus, Fr. Tables*), is the old name for backgammon but other games were played with the same board. On the back of the title-page of the old play *o' Arden of Feversham*, ed. 1633, is a representation of a table board.

Jul. I think this fellow is a witch

Rom. Who I, sir?

Ar. You have certain rich city chuffs, that when they have no acres of their own, they will go and plough up fools, and turn them into excellent meadow, besides some enclosures for the first cherries in the spring, and apricocks, to pleasure a friend at court with. You have pothecaries deal in selling commodities* to young gallants, will put four or five coxcombs into a sieve, and so dump with them upon their counter: they'll scarce them through like Guinea pepper: they cannot endure to find a man like a pair of tenners, they would undo him in a trice

Rom. May be there are such

Ar. O, terrible exactors, follows with six hands and three heads!

Jul. Ay, those are hell hounds

Ar. Take heed of them, they'll rent thee like tent-hooks. Haik in your ear, there is intelligence upon you: the report goes, there has been gold conveyed beyond the sea in hollow anchors. Farewell, you shall know me better, I will do thee more good than thou art aware of. [Exit

Jul. He's a mad fellow

San. He would have made an excellent barber, he does so curry it with his tongue. [Exit

Cris. Sir, I was directed to you

Rom. From whence?

Cris. From the East Indies

Rom. You are very welcome

Cris. Please you walk apart, I shall acquaint you with particulars Touching your trading i'the East Indies

Rom. Willingly pray, walk, sir

[*Account CRISPINO and ROMILIO*]

Enter ERCOLE

Erc. O my right worthy friends, you have stay'd me long
One health, and then aboard, for all the galleys
Are come about

Enter CONTARINO

Con. Signior Ercole,

The wind has stood my friend, sir, to prevent Your putting to sea.

Erc. Pray, why, sir?

Con. Only love, sir,

That I might take my leave, sir, and withal Entreat from you a private recommends To a friend in Malta: it would be deliver'd To your bosom, for I had no time to write.

* commodities] See note †, p. 27

Exc Pray, leave us, gentlemen

(*Exeunt JULIO and BAPTISTA*)

Will please you sit? [*They sit down.*]

Con Sir, my love to you has proclaim'd you one

Whose word was still led by a noble thought,
And that thought follow'd by as fair a deed
Deceive not that opinion we were students
At Padua together, and have long
To the world's eye shown like friends was it
hearty

On your part to me?

Exc Unfeign'd.

Con You are false

To the good thought I held of you, and now
Join the worst part of man to you, your malice,
To uphold that falsehood sacred innocence
Is fled your bosom Signior, I must tell you
To draw the picture of unkindness truly,
Is to express two that have dearly lov'd,
And fall'n at variance 'Tis a wonder to me,
Knowing my interest in the fair Jolenta,
That you should love her

Exc Compare her beauty and my youth together,
And you will find the fair effects of love
No miracle at all

Con Yes, it will prove

Prodigious to you I must stay your voyage

Exc Your warrant must be mighty

Con 'T has a seal

From heaven to do it, since you would ravish
from me

What's there entitled mine and yet I vow,
By the essential front of spotless virtue,
I have compassion of both our youths,
To approve which, I have not ta'en the way,
Like an Italian, to cut your throat
By practice,* that had given you now for dead,
And never frown'd upon you

Exc You deal fair, sir

Con Quit me of one doubt, pray, sir

Exc Move it

Con 'Tis this,

Whether her brother were a main instrument
In her design for marriage

Exc If I tell truth,

You will not credit me

Con Why?

Exc I will tell you truth,

Yet show some reason you have not to believe me
Her brother had no hand in't is't not hard
For you to credit this? for you may think,

I count it baseness to engage another
Into my quarrel, and for that take leave
To dissemble the truth Sir, if you will fight
With any but myself, fight with her mother,
She was the motive

Con I have no enemy in the world, then, but
yourself

You must fight with me

Exc I will, sir

Con And instantly

Exc I will haste before you point whither

Con Why, you speak nobly, and for this fair
dealing,

Were the rich jewel which we vary for
A thing to be divided, by my life,
I would be well content to give you half
But since 'tis vain to think we can be friends,
'Tis needful one of us be ta'en away
From being the other's enemy

Exc Yet, methinks,

This looks not like a quarrel

Con Not a quarrel!

Exc You have not appall'd your fury well,
It goes too plun, like a scholar

Con It is an ornament

Makes it more terrible, and you shall find it
A weighty injury, and attended on
By discreet valour because I do not strike you,
Or give you the lie,—such foul preparatives
Would show like the stale injury of wine,—
I reserve my rage to sit on my sword's point,
Which a great quantity of your best blood
Cannot satisfy

Exc You promise well to yourself
Shall have no seconds?

Con None, for fear of prevention

Exc The length of our weapons?

Con Well fit them by the way

So whether our time calls us to live or die,
Let us do both like noble gentlemen
And true Italians

Exc For that let me embrace you

Con Methinks, being an Italian, I trust you
To come somewhat too near me
But your jealousy gave that embrace to try
If I were arm'd, did it not?

Exc No, believe me,

I take your heart to be sufficient proof,
Without a privy coat, and, for my part,
A taffeta is all the shirt of mail
I am arm'd with

Con You deal equally *

[*Exeunt*]

* practice] i. e. artifice, treachery

* Mr Lamb calls this scene between Contarino and

Re-enter JULIO, with a Servant

Jul Where are these gallants, the brave Ercole
And noble Contarino?

Ser They are newly gone, sir,
And bade me tell you that they will return
Within this half hour

Re-enter ROMFIO

Jul Met you the Lord Ercole?

Rom No, but I met the devil in villanous
tidings

Jul Why, what's the matter?

Rom O, I am pour'd out
Like water! the greatest rivers; the world
Are lost in the sea, and so am I pray, leave me
Where's Lord Ercole?

Jul You were scarce gone hence,
But in came Contarino

Rom Contarino!

Jul And entreated
Some private conference with Ercole,
And on the sudden they have given us the slip
Rom One mischief never comes alone they
are gone

To fight

Jul To fight?

Rom An you be gentlemen,
Do not talk, but make haste after them

Jul Let's take several ways, then,
And if 't be possible, for women's sakes,
For they are proper men, use our endeavours
That the prick do not spoil them *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II *

Enter ERCOLE and CONTARINO

Con You'll not forgo your interest in my
mistress?

Erc My sword shall answer that come, are
you ready?

Con Before you fight, sir, think upon your
cause,

It is a wondrous foul one, and I wish
That all your exercise, these four days past,
Had been employ'd in a most fervent prayer,
And the foul sin for which you are to fight
Chiefly remember'd in't

Erc I'd as soon take
Your counsel in divinity at this present,
As I would take a kind direction from you

Ercole "the model of a well managed and gentlemanlike
difference" *Spec of Eng Dram Poets*, p 193

* Scene II] A field near Naples.

For the managing my weapon, and, indeed,
Both would show much alike Come, are you
ready?

Con Bethink yourself

How far the object is that we contend for

Erc O, I cannot forget it *[They fight]*

Con You are hurt

Erc Did you come hither only to tell me so,
Or to do it? I mean well, but 'twill not thrive

Con Your cause, your cause, sir
Will you yet be a man of conscience, and make
Restitution for your rage upon your death bed?

Erc Never, till the grave gather one of us
[They fight again]

Con That was fair, and home, I think

Erc You prate as if you were in a fence school

Con Spare your youth, have compassion on
yourself

Erc When I am all in pieces! I am now unfit
For any lady's bed, take the rest with you
[CONTARINO, wounded, falls upon ERCOLE]

Con I am lost in too much daring—Yield
your sword

Erc To the pangs of death I shall, but not to
thee

Con You are now at my repairing or confusion
Beg your life

Erc O, most foolishly demanded,—
To bid me beg that which thou canst not give!

*Enter ROMFIO, PIOSPERO, BAPTISTA, ARIOSTO, and
JULIO*

Pros See, both of them are lost! we come too
late

Rom Take up the body, and convey it
To Saint Sebastian's monastery

Con I will not part with his sword, I have
won't

Jul You shall not—
Take him up gently, so, and bow his body,
For fear of bleeding inward
Well, these are perfect lovers

Pros Why, I pray?

Jul It has been ever my opinion,
That there are none love perfectly indeed,
But those that hang or drown themselves for love
Now these have chose a death next to beheading.
They have cut one another's throats, brave valiant
lads

Pros Come, you do ill, to set the name of
valour

Upon a violent and mad despair
Hence may all learn, that count such actions well,
The roots of fury shoot themselves to hell
[Exeunt]

SCENE III *

Enter ROMELIO and ARIOSTO

Ario Your losses, I confess, are infinite,
Yet, sir, you must have patience

Rom Sir, my losses
I know, but you I do not.

Ario 'Tis most true

I am but a stranger to you, but am wish'd
By some of your best friends to visit you,
And, out of my experience in the world,
To instruct you patience

Rom Of what profession are you?

Ario Sir, I am a lawyer

Rom Of all men living,
You lawyers I account the only men
To confirm patience in us your delay,
Would make three parts of this little Christian
world

Run out of their wits else Now I remember
You read lectures to Julio are you such a teacher
For patience?

Ario Yes, sir, I have had some crosses

Rom You are married, then, I am certain

Ario That I am, sir

Rom And have you studied patience?

Ario You shall find I have

Rom Did you ever see your wife make you
cuckold?

Ario Make me cuckold?

Rom I ask it seriously can you have not seen
that,

Your patience has not ta'en the right degree
Of wearing scarlet, I should rather take you
For a bachelor in the art than for a doctor

Ario You are merry

Rom No, sir, with leave of your patience
I am horrible angry

Ario What should move you
Put forth that harsh interrogatory, if these eyes
Ever saw my wife do the thing you wot of?

Rom Why, I'll tell you,—
Most radically to try your patience,
And the mere question shows you but a dunce
in't,—

It has made you angry there's another lawyer's
beard

In your forehead, you do bristle

Ario You are very conceited +
But, come, this is not the right way to cure you
I must talk to you like a divine

Rom I have heard

Some talk of it very much, and many times
To their auditors' impatience but, I pray,
What practice do they make of 't in their lives?
They are too full of choler with living honest,
And some of them not only impatient
Of their own slightest injuries, but stark mad
At one another's preferment Now to you, sir
I have lost three goodly caracks *

Ario So I hear

Rom The very spice in them,
Had they been shipwreck'd here upon our coast,
Would have made all our sea a diench

Ario All the sick horses in Italy
Would have been glad of your loss, then

Rom You are conceited too

Ario Come, come, come,
You gave those ships most strange, most dreadful,
And unfortunate names, I never look'd they'd
prosper

Rom Is there any ill omen in giving names to
ships?

Ario Did you not call one *The storm's defiance*,
Another *The scourge of the sea*, and the third
The great Leviathan?

Rom Very right sir

Ario Very devilish names
All three of them, and surely I think
They were curs'd in their very cradles,—I do mean,
When they were upon their stocks

Rom Come, you are superstitious
I'll give you my opinion, and tis serious
I am persuaded there came not cuckolds enow
To the first launching of them, and 'twas that made
them

Thrive the worse for't O, you cuckolds handsel
Is pray'd for in the city!

Ario I will hear no more
Give me thy hand my intent of coming hither
Was to persuade you to patience as I live,
If ever I do visit you again,
It shall be to entreat you to be angry sure, I will,
I'll be as good as my word, believe it

Rom So, sir [*Exit ARIOSTO*] How now!
Are the screech owls abroad already?

Enter LEONORA

Leon What a dismal noise you bell makes!
Sure, some great persons dead

Rom No such matter,
It is the common bell man goes about
To publish the sale of goods.

Leon Why do they ring

* *Scene III*] The court of Leonora's house
† conceited] i. e. disposed to jest, merry

* *caracks*] i. e. large ships of burden.

Before my gate thus? Let them into the court *
I cannot understand what they say

Enter Two Bellmen and a Capuchin

Cap For pity's sake, you that have tears to shed,
Sigh a soft requiem, and let fall a bead
For two unfortunate nobles, whose sad fate
Leaves them both dead and excommunicate
No churchman's prayer to comfort their last
groans,

No sacred sod † of earth to hide their bones,
But as their fury wrought them out of breath,
The canon speaks them guilty of their own death

Leon What noblemen, I pray, sir?

Cap The Lord Lucile

And the noble Contarino, both of them slain
In single combat

Leon O I am lost for ever!

Rom Denied Christian burial! I pray, what
does that,

On the dead lazy march in the funeral,
Or the flattery in the epitaphs, which shows
More sluttish fat than all the spiders' webs
Shall ever grow upon it, what do these
Add to our well being after death?

Cap Not a scruple

Rom Very well, then

I have a certain meditation,
If I can think of [t], somewhat to this purpose
I'll say it to you, while my mother there
Numbers her beads

You that dwell near these graves and vaults,
Which oft do hide physicians' faults,
Note what a small room does suffice
To express men's good their vanities
Would fill more volume in small hand
Than all the evidence of church land
Funerals hide men in civil wearing,
And are to the drapery a good hearing,
Make the heralds laugh in their black raiment,
And all die worthies die worth payment
To the altar offerings, though their fame,
And all the charity of their name,
'Tween heaven and this yield no more light
Than rotten trees which shine in the night
O, look the last act be the best in the play,
And then rest, gentle bones yet pray,
That when by the precise you are view'd,
A supersedeas be not su'd,
To remove you to a place more airy,

That, in your stead, they may keep chary
Stock fish or sea-coal, for the abuses
Of sacrilege have turn'd graves to viler uses.
How, then, can any monument say,
Here rest these bones till the last day,
When Time, swift both of foot and feather,
May bear them the sexton kens not whither?
What care I, then,* though my last sleep
Be in the desert or in the deep,
No lamp nor taper, day and night,
To give my charnel chargeable light?
I have there like quantity of ground,
And at the last day I shall be found —
Now, I pray, leave me

Cap I am sorry for your losses

Rom Um, sir, the more spacious that the
tennis court is,

The more large is the hazard

I dare the spiteful Fortune do her worst,
I can now fear nothing

Cap O, sir, yet consider,
He that is without fear is without hope,
And sins from presumption better thoughts
attend you!

[Exeunt Capuchin and Bellmen]

Rom Poor Jolenta! should she hear of this,
She would not, after the report, keep fresh
So long as flowers in graves

Enter PROSPERO

How now, Prospero!

Pros Contarino has sent you here his will,
Wherewith he has made your sister his sole heir

Rom Is he not dead?

Pros He's yet living

Rom Living! the worse luck

Leon 'The worse! I do protest it is the best
That ever came to disturb my prayers

Rom How!

Leon Yet I would have him live
To satisfy public justice for the death
Of Ercole O, go visit him, for heaven's sake!
I have within my closet a choice relic,
Preservative 'gainst swooning, and some earth
Brought from the Holy Land, might sovereign
To staunch blood — Has he skilful surgeons, think
you?

Pros The best in Naples

Rom How oft has he been dress'd?

Pros But once

* *Let them into the court*] Here we are to suppose that the court-gate is opened either by Romeo or by an attendant

† *sod*] The old copy "seed."

* *What care I then, &c*] Compare the splendid conclusion of Sir Thomas Brown's *Urn Burial*, "'Tis all one to be in St. Innocent's Church-yard as in the sands of Egypt, ready to be any thing in the ecstasie of being over, as content with six foot as the Moles of Adrianus"

Leon. I have some skill this way
The second or third dressing will show clearly
Whether there be hope of life I pray, be near him,
If there be any soul can bring me word,
That there is hope of life

Rom. Do you prize his life so ?

Leon. That he may live, I mean,
To come to his trial, to satisfy the law

Rom. O, is't nothing else ?

Leon. I shall be the happiest woman !

[*Exeunt LEONORA and PROSPERO*]

Rom. Here is cruelty apparell'd in kindness !
I am full of thoughts, strange ones, but they're no
good ones

I must visit Contarino, upon that
Depends an engine shall weigh up my losses,
Were they sunk as low as hell yet let me think,
How I am impair'd in an hour, and the cause o' it,
Lost in security O, how this wicked world
bewitches,
Especially made insolent with riches !
So sails with fore winds stretch'd do soonest break,
And pyramids a'the top are still most weak [*Exit*]

SCENE IV *

[*Enter Capuchin, and 1 ROOK: led between two*]

Cap. Look up, sn

You are preserv'd beyond natural reason,
You were brought dead out o'the field, the
surgeons

Ready to have embalm'd you

Etc. I do look

On my action with a thought of terror
To do ill and dwell in't is unmanly

Cap. You are divinely inform'd, sn

Lic. I fought for one in whom I have no more
right
Than false executors have in orphans' goods
They cozen them of yet though my cause were
naught,
I rather chose the hazard of my soul,

* *Scene IV*] A room in the monastery of Saint Sebastian

Than forgo the compliment of a choleric man
I pray, continue the report of my death, and give
out,

'Cause the church denied me Christian burial,
The vice admiral of my galleys took my body,
With purpose to commit it to the earth,
Either in Sicil or Malta

Cap. What am you at
By this rumour of your death ?

Etc. There is hope of life
In Contarino, and he has my prayers
That he may live to enjoy what is his own,
The fair Jolenta where,* should it be thought
That I were breathing, happily her friends
Would oppose it still

Cap. But if you be suppos'd dead,
The law will strictly prosecute his life
For your murder

Etc. That's prevented thus
There does belong a noble privilege
To all his family, ever since his father
Boie from the worthy emperor Charles the Fifth
An answer to the French king's challenge, at such
time

The two noble princes were engag'd to fight
Upon a frontier arm o'the sea, in a flat bottom'd
bont,

That if any of his family should chauce
To kill a man i'the field in a noble cause,
He should have his pardon now, sn, for his cause,
The world may judge if it were not honest
Pray, help me in speech, 'tis very painful to me

Cap. Sn, I shall

Etc. The guilt of this lies in Romeo,
And, as I hear, to second this good contract,
He has got a nun with child

Cap. These are crimes
That either must make work for speedy repentance
Or for the devil

Etc. I have much compassion on him,
For sin and shame are ever tied together
With gordian knots, of such a strong thread spun,
They cannot without violence be undone [*Exeunt*]

* *where*] i.e. which was

ACT III.

SCENE I *

Enter ANOSTO and CRISTIANO

An. Well, sir, now I must claim
Your promise, to reveal to me the cause
Why you live thus clouded

Cris. Sir, the King of Spain
Suspects that you, Romelio here, the merchant,
H'as discover'd some gold mine to his own use,
In the West Indies, and for that employs me
To discover in what part of Christendom
He vents this treasure. Besides, he is inform'd
What mad tricks have been play'd of late by
ladies

An. Most true and I am glad the King has
heard on't
Why, they use their lords as if they were their
wards,

And as your Dutchwomen in the Low Countries
Take all and pay all, and do keep their husbands
So silly all their lives of their own estates,
That, when they are sick and come to make their
will,

They know not precisely what to give away
From their wives, because they know not what
they are worth,

So here should I repeat what factions,
What bat-fowling for offices,
As you must conceive their game is all the night,
What calling in question one another's honesties,
With all what away they bear in the viceroy's court,
You'd wonder it it

'Twill do well shortly, can we keep them off
From being of our council of war

Cris. Well, I have vow'd
That I will never sit upon the bench more,
Unless it be to curb the insolencies
Of these women

An. Well, take it on my word, then,
Your place will not long be empty [Exeunt

SCENE II †

Enter ROMELIO in the habit of a Jew

Rom. Excellently well-habited! why, methinks
That I could play with mine own shadow now,

And be a rare Italianated Jew,
To have as many several change of faces
As I have seen carv'd upon one cherry stone,
To wind about a man like rotten ivy,
Fit into him like quicksilver, poison a friend
With pulling but a loose hair from's beard, or give
a drench,

He should linger oft nine years, and never
complain

But in the spring and fall, and so the cause
Imputed to the disease natural for slight villainies,
As to coin money, corrupt ladies' honours,
Betray a town to the Turk, or make a bonfire
Of the Christian navy, I could settle to't,
As if I had eat a politician,
And digested* him to nothing but pure blood
But stay, I lose myself this is the house —
Within there †

Enter Two Surgeons

First Sur. Now, sir!

Rom. You are the men of art that, as I hear,
Have the Lord Contarino under cure

Second Sur. Yes, sir, we are his surgeons,
But he is past all cure

Rom. Why, is he dead?

First Sur. He is speechless, sir, and we do find
his wound

So fester'd near the vitals, all our art,
By warm drinks, cannot clear th' imposthumation,
And he's so weak, to make [incision]†
By the orifix were present death to him

Rom. He has made a will, I hear

First Sur. Yes, sir

Rom. And deputed Jolenta his heir

Second Sur. He has, we are witness to't

Rom. Has not Romelio been with you yet,
To give you thanks and ample recompense
For the pains you have ta'en?

First Sur. Not yet

Rom. Listen to me, gentlemen, for I protest,
If you will seriously mind your own good,
I am come about a business shall convey
Large legacies from Contarino's will
To both of you

* *Scene I*] A room in the house of Anosto

† *Scene II*] A street. Before the lodging of Contarino

* *digested*] The old copy "disgested" (a spelling common in early writers).

† *incision*] A word has here dropt out from the old copy

Second Sur How, sir! why, Romeo has the will,

And in that he has given us nothing

Rom I pray, attend me I am a physician

Second Sur A physician! where do you practise?

Rom In Rome

First Sur O, then you have store of patients

Rom Store! why, look you, I can kill my twenty a month

And work but i'the forenoons you will give me leave

To jest and be merry with you But as I said, All my study has been physic I am sent from a noble Roman that is near akin To Contarino, and that ought indeed, By the law of alliance, be his only heir, To practise his good and yours

Both Sur How, I pray, sir?

Rom I can by an extirpation which I have, Though he were speechless, his eyes set in his head His pulses without motion, restore to him, For half an hour's space, the use of sense, And perhaps a little speech having done this, If we can work him, as no doubt we shall, To make another will, and therein assign This gentleman his heir, I will assure you, Fore I depart this house, ten thousand ducats, And then we'll pull the pillow from his head, And let him e'en go whither the religion sends him That he died in

First Sur Will you give's ten thousand ducats?

Rom Upon my Jewism

Second Sur 'Tis a bargain, sir, we are yours
(*Contarino in a bed**)

Here is the subject you must work on

Rom Well said, you are honest men, And go to the business roundly but, gentlemen, I must use my art singly

First Sur O, sir, you shall have all privacy

Rom And the doors lock'd to me

Second Sur At your best pleasure -- Yet for all this, I will not trust this Jew

First Sur Faith, to say truth, I do not like him neither, he looks like a rogue This is a fine toy, fetch a man to life,

To make a new will! there is some trick in't I'll be near you, Jew [*Exeunt Surgeons*]

Rom Excellent, as I would wish these credulous fools

Have given me freely what I would have bought With a great deal of money -- Softly! here's breath yet

Now, Ercole, for part of the revenge Which I have vow'd for thy untimely death! Besides this politic working of my own, That scorn's precedent, why should this great man live,

And not enjoy my sister, as I have vow'd He never shall? O, he may alter's will Every new moon, if he please to prevent which, I must put in a strong civer! Come forth, then, My desperate stiletto, that may be woin In a woman's hand, and ne'er discover'd, And either would be taken for a bodkin, Or a curling iron at most why, 'tis an engine That's only fit to put in execution Barmotho pigs,* a most unmanly weapon, That steals into a man's life he knows not how O, [that] great Cesar, he that paid the shock Of so many armed pikes, and poison'd darts, Swords, slings, and battleaxes, should at length, Sitting at ease on a cushion, come to die By such a shoe maker'sawl as this, his soul let forth

At a hole no bigger than the incision Made for a wheel! Uds foot, I am horribly angry That he should die so scurvily yet wherefore Do I condemn thee thereof so cruelly, Yet shake him by the hand? 'tis to express, That I would never have such weapons used But in a plot like this, that's treacherous Yet this shall prove most merciful to thee, For it shall preserve thee From dying on a public scaffold, and withal Bring thee an absolute cure, thus [*Stabs him*]
So, 'tis done

And now for my escape

Re-enter Surgeons

First Sur You rogue mountebank,

* *Contarino in a bed*] Here the audience were to imagine a change of scene, -- to the bed chamber of the wounded Contarino. Either, a traverse (or curtain) being drawn back, Contarino was discovered lying on a bed, or else a body containing Contarino was thrust upon the stage -- In Heywood's *If you know not me, you know nobody*, we find "*Enter Elizabeth in her bed*," Sig. A. 4, ed. 1623, and similar stage-directions occur in various other old plays.

* *Barmotho pigs*] i.e. pigs of the Bermudas, or (as the word was also written, -- see p. 79) Bermouths.

"'Tis the land of peace,

Where hogs and tobacco yield fur increase.

I am for the Bermudas."

Middleton's *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, Works, iv. 499, ed. Dyce. In *Odcomb's Complaint* by Taylor, the water-poet, is an "Epitaph in the Bermooda tongue, which must be pronounced with the accent of the grunting of a hogge."

I will try whether your inwards can endure
To be wash'd in scalding lead

Rom. Hold ! I turn Christian

Second Sur Nay, prithee, be a Jew still,
I would not have a Christian be guilty
Of such a villanous act as this is.

Rom. I am Romeo the merchant

First Sur Romeo ! you have prov'd yourself
A cunning merchant indeed

Rom. You may read why I came hither

Second Sur Yes, in a bloody Roman letter

Rom. I did hate this man, each minute of his
breath

Was torture to me

First Sur Had you forborne this act, he had
not liv'd

Thus two hours

Rom. But he had died then,

And my revenge unsatisfied Here's gold
Never did wealthy man purchase the silence
Of a terrible scolding wife at a dearer rate
Than I will pay for yours here's your earnest
In a bag of double ducats

Second Sur Why, look you, sir, as I do weigh
this business,

This cannot be counted murder in you by no
means

Why, 'tis no more than should I go and choke
An Irishman, that were three quarters drown'd,
With pouring usquebaugh in's throat

Rom. You will be secret !

First Sur As your soul

Rom. The West Indies shall sooner want gold
than you, then

Second Sur That protestation has the music of
the mint in't

Rom. [aside] How unfortunately was I surpris'd !
I have made myself a slave perpetually

To these two beggars [Exit

First Sur Excellent ! by this act he has made
his estate ours

Second Sur I'll presently grow a lazy surgeon,
and ride on my foot cloth * I'll fetch from him
every eight days a policy for a hundred double
ducats if he grumble, I'll prick

First Sur But let's take heed he do not poison
us.

Second Sur O, I will never eat nor drink with
him,
Without unicorn's horn in a hollow tooth.

Com. O !

First Sur Did he not groan ?

Second Sur Is the wind in that door still ?

First Sur Ha ! come hither, note a strange
accident

His steel has lighted in the former wound,
And made free passage for the congeal'd blood
Observe in what abundance it delivers
The putrefaction

Second Sur Methinks he fetches
His breath very lively

First Sur The hand of heaven is in't,
That his intent to kill him should become
The very direct way to save his life

Second Sur Why, this is like one I have heard
of in England,

Was cur'd o the gout by being rack'd i the Tower
Well, if we can recover him, here's reward
On both sides howsoever we must be secret

First Sur We are tied to't

When we cure gentlemen of foul diseases,
They give us so much for the cure, and twice as
much,
That we do not blab on't Come, let's to work
roundly,

Heat the lotion, and bring the sewing [Exit

- * -

SCENE III *—A table set forth with two tapers,
a death's head, a book JOLANTA in mourning
ROMEO sits by her

Rom. Why do you grieve thus ? take a looking
glass,

And see if this sorrow become you that pale face
Will make men think you us'd some art before,
Some odious painting Contarino's dead

Jol. O, that he should die so soon !

Rom. Why, I pray, tell me,
Is not the shortest fever the best and are not
bad plays

The worse for their length ?

Jol. Add not to the ill you've done
An odious elander he stuck i the eyes o the court
As the most choise jewel there

Rom. O, be not angry
Indeed, the court to well compos'd nature
Adds much to perfection, for it is, or should be,
As a bright crystal mirror to the world
To dress itself but I must tell you, sister,
If the excellency of the place could have
Wrought salvation, the devil had ne'er fall'n
From heaven he was proud —Leave us, leave us !
Come, take your seat again I have a plot,

* foot-cloth] See note *, p. 7

* Scene III] A room in the house of Leonora.

If you will listen to it seriously,
That goes beyond example, it shall breed,
Out of the death of these two noblemen,
The advancement of our house

Jol O, take heed

A grave is a rotten foundation

Rom Nay, nay, hear me

'Tis somewhat indirectly, I confess,
But there is much advancement in the world
That comes in indirectly I pray, mind me
You are already made by absolute will
Contarino's heir now, if it can be prov'd
That you have issue by Lord Freole,
I will make you inherit his land too

Jol How's this?

Issue by him, he dead, and I a virgin!

Rom I knew * you would wonder how it could
be done,

But I have laid the case so nicely,
Not all the lawyers in Christendom
Shall find any the least flaw in't I have a mistress
Of the order of Saint Clare, a beauteous nun
Who, being cloister'd ere she knew the heat
Her blood would arrive to, had only time enough
To repent, and idleness sufficient
To fall in love with me, and to be short,
I have so much disorder'd the holy order,
I have got this nun with child

Jol Excellent work

Made for a dumb mad wife!

Rom I am glad you grow thus pleasant
Now will I have you presently give out
That you are full two months quicken'd with child
By Ercole, which rumour can begot
No scandal to you, since we will affirm
The precontract was so exactly done
By the same words us'd in the form of marriage,
That with a little dispensation,
A money matter, it shall be register'd
Absolute matrimony

Jol So, then, I conceive you,

My conceiv'd child must prove your bastard

Rom Right,

For at such time my mistress falls in labour
You must feign the like

Jol 'Tis a pretty feat this,

But I am not capable of it

Rom Not capable!

Jol No, for the thing you would have me
counterfeit

Is most essentially put in practice, nay, 'tis done,
I am with child already

Rom Ha! by whom?

Jol By Contarino do not knit the brow,
The precontract shall justify it, it shall,
Nay, I will get some singular fine churchman,
Or though he be a plural one, shall affirm
He coupled us together

Rom O, misfortune!

Your child must, then, be reputed Freole's

Jol Your hopes are dash'd, then, since your
notary's issue

Must not inherit the land

Rom No matter for that,

So I preserve her fame I am strangely puzzled
Why, suppose that she be brought a bed before you,
And we conceal her issue till the time
Of your delivery, and then give out
That you have two at a birth, ha, were't not
excellent?

Jol And what resemblance think you would
they have

To one another? twins are still alike

But this is not your aim, you would have your
child

Inherit Freole's land O my sad soul!

Have you not made me yet wretched enough,
But after all this frosty age in youth,
Which you have witch'd upon me, you will seek
To poison my fame!

Rom That's done already

Jol No, sir, I did but feign it,

To a fatal purpose, as I thought

Rom What purpose?

Jol If you had lov'd or tender'd my dear
honour,

You would have lock'd your poniard in my heart,
When I nam'd I was with child but I must live
To linger out till the consumption
Of my own sorrow kill me

Rom [aside] This will not do

The devil has on the sudden furnish'd me
With a rare charm, yet a most unnatural
Falsehood no matter, so 'twill take —
Stay, sister, I would utter to you a business,
But I am very loth, a thing, indeed,
Nature would have compassionately conceal'd
Till my mother's eyes be clos'd

Jol Pray, what's that, sir?

Rom You did observe

With what a dear regard our mother tender'd
The Lord Contarino, yet how passionately
She sought to cross the match why, this was
merely

To blind the eye o' the world, for she did know
That you would marry him, and he was capable

* *knew*] The old copies "know"

My mother doted upon him, and it was plotted
Cunningly between them, after you were married,
Laving all three together in one house,—
A thing I cannot whisper without horror
Why, the malice scarce of devils would suggest
Incontinence 'tween them two

Jol. I remember, since his hurt,
She has been very passionately inquiring
After his health

Rom. Upon my soul, this jewel,
With a piece of the holy cross in't, this relic,
Valu'd at many thousand crowns, she would have
sent him

Lying upon his death-bed

Jol. Professing, as you say,
Love to my mother, wherefore did he make
Me his heir?

Rom. His will was made afore he went to fight,
When he was first a suitor to you

Jol. To fight? O, well remember'd
If he lov'd my mother, wherefore did he lose
His life in my quarrel?

Rom. For the affront sake, a word you under-
stand not,
Because Ercole was pretended rival to him,
To clear your suspicion, I was gull'd in't too
Should he not have fought upon't, he had under-
gone

The censure of a coward

Jol. How came you by
This wretched knowledge?

Rom. His surgeons* overheard it,
As he did sigh it out to his confessor,
Some half hour fore he died

Jol. I would have the surgeons hang'd
For abusing confession, and for making me
So wretched by the report Can this be truth?

Rom. No, but direct falsehood,
As ever was banish'd the court Did you ever hear
Of a mother that has kept her daughter's husband
For her own tooth? He fancied you in one kind,
For his lust, and he lov'd
Our mother in another kind, for her money,—
The gallant's fashion right But, come, neer
think on't,

Throw the fowl to the devil that hatch'd it, and
let this

Bury all ill that's in't,—she is our mother

Jol. I never did find any thing i'the world

* *surgeons*] Here, and the next speech, the old copy
has "Surgeon", and further on in this scene it has,—

"in the absence of his Surgeon,

My charity did that for him in a trice,
They would have done at leisure," &c
(Compare the preceding scene)

Turn my blood so much as this here's such a
conflict

Between apparent presumption and unbelief,
That I shall die in't.

O, if there be another world i'the moon,
As some fantastics dream,* I could wish all men,
The whole race of them, for their inconstancy,
Sent thither to people that ' Why, I protest,
I now affect the Lord Ercole's memory
Better than the other's.

Rom. But, were Contarino living?—

Jol. I do call any thing to witness,
That the divine law prescrib'd us†
To strengthen an oath, were he living and in
health,

I would never marry with him Nay, since I have
found the world

So false to me, I'll be as false to it,
I will mother this child for you.

Rom. Ha!

Jol. Most certainly it will beguile part of my
sorrow

Rom. O, most assuredly, make you smile to
think,

How many times i'the world lordships descend
To divers men, that might, an truth were known
Be heir, for any thing belongs to the flesh,
As well to the Turk's richest eunuch

Jol. But do you not think
I shall have a horrible strong breath now?

Rom. Why?

Jol. O, with keeping your counsel, 'tis so terrible
foul

Rom. Come, come, come, you must leave these
bitter flashes

Jol. Must I dissemble dishonesty? you have
divers

Counterfeit honesty but I hope here's none
Will take exceptions I now must practise
The art of a great bellied woman, and go feign
Their quilms and swoonings

Rom. Eat unripe fruit and oatmeal,
To take away your colour

Jol. Dine in my bed
Some two hours after noon

Rom. And when you are up,
Make to your petticoat a quilted preface,
To advance your belly

* *O if there be another world i'the moon*

As some fantastics dream] Compare Milton

† *Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd* "

Par. Lost, Book iii. v. 450

† *That the divine law prescrib'd us*] *Qy* "That the
divine law has prescrib'd to us" (or "has proscribed us")?

Jol I have a strange conceit now
I have known some women, when they were with
child,
Have long'd to beat their husbands what if I,
To keep decorum, exercise my longing
Upon my tailor that way, and noddle him soundly?
He'll make the larger bill for't

Rom I'll get one
Shall be as tractable to't as stockfish
Jol O my fantastical sorrow! cannot I now
Be miserable enough, unless I wear
A pied fool's coat? nay, worse, for when our
passions

Such giddy and uncertain changes breed,
We are never well till we are mad indeed [*Exit*

Rom So, nothing in the world could have done
this,

But to beget in her a strong distaste
Of the Lord Centarino O jealousy,
How violent, especially in women!
How often has it rais'd the devil up
In form of a law case! My especial care
Must be, to nourish craftily this fiend
'Tween the mother and the daughter, that the
deceit

Be not perceiv'd My next task, that my sister,
After this suppos'd child birth, be persuaded
To enter into religion 'tis concluded
She must never marry, so I am left guardian
To her estate And lastly, that my two surgeons
Be wag'd to the East Indies let them prate
When they are beyond the line, the calentine,
Or the scurvy, or the Indian pox, I hope,
Will take order for their coming back —
O, here's my mother

Enter LEONORA

I ha' strange news for you,
My sister is with child

Leon I do look now for some great misfortunes
To follow, for, indeed, mischiefs
Are like the visits of Franciscan friars,—
They never come to prey upon us single
In what estate left you Centarino?

Rom Strange that you can skip
From the former sorrow to such a question!
I'll tell you in the absence of his surgeons,*
My charity did that for him in a trice
They would have done at leisure and been paid
for't,
I have kill'd him.

Leon I am twenty years older
Since you last open'd your lips.

* surgeons] The old copy "Surgeon"

Rom Ha!

Leon You have given him the wound you
speak of

Quite thorough your mother's heart

Rom I will heal it presently, mother, for this
sorrow

Belongs to your error you would have him live
Because you think he's father of the child,
But Jolenta vows by all the rights of truth,
'Tis Ercole's It makes me smile to think
How cunningly my sister could be drawn
To the contract, and yet how familiarly
To his bed doves never couple without
A kind of mummur

Leon O, I am very sick!

Rom Your old disease, when you are griev'd,
You are troubled with the mother*

Leon I am rapt with the mother indeed,
That I ever bore such a son

Rom Pray, tend my sister,
I am infinitely full of business

Leon Stay, you will mourn for Centarino!

Rom O, by all means 'tis fit, my sister is his
heir [*Exit*

Leon I will make you chief mourner, believe it
Never was woe like mine O, that my care,
And absolute study to preserve his life,
Should be his absolute ruin! Is he gone, then?
There is no plague in the world can be compar'd
To impossible desire for they are plagu'd
In the desire itself Never, O, never
Shall I behold him living, in whose life
I liv'd far sweeter than in mine own!
A precise curiosity† has undone me why did I not
Make my love known directly? 't had not been
Beyond example, for a matron

To affect the honourable way of marriage
So youthful a person O, I shall run mad!
For as we love our youngest children best,
So the last fruit of our affection,
Wherever we bestow it, is most strong,
Most violent, most irresistible,
Since 'tis indeed our latest harvest-home,
Last merriment fore winter, and we widows,
As men report of our best picture makers,
We love the piece we're in hand with better
Than all the excellent work we have done before
And my son has depriv'd me of all this! ha, my
son!

I'll be a Fury to him like an Amazon lady,
I'd cut off this right pap that gave him suck,

* the mother] See note t, p. 68

† curiosity] i.e. niceness, scrupulousness.

To shoot him dead I'll no more tender him
Than had a wolf stol'n to my tent i'the night,
And robb'd me of my milk, nay, such a creature
I should love better far—Ha, ha! what say you?
I do talk to somewhat, methinks, it may be
My evil Genius. Do not the bells ring?
I have a strange noise in my head. O, fly in pieces!
Come, age, and wither me into the malice
Of those that have been happy! let me have
One property more than the devil of hell
Let me envy the pleasure of youth heartily
Let me in this life fear no kind of ill
That have no good to hope for! let me die
In the distraction of that worthy princess
Who loath'd food,* and sleep, and ceremony,
For thought of losing that brave gentleman
She would fain have sav'd, had not a false conveyance

Express'd him stubborn hearted! let me sink
Where neither man nor memory may e'er find me
[Falls down]

Enter Capuchin and ERCOLE

Cap This is a private way which I command
As her confessor I would not have you seen yet,
Till I prepare her [*ERCOLLE retires*].—Peace to you,
lady!

Leon Ha!

Cap You are well employ'd, I hope the best
pillow i'the world

For this your contemplation is the euth
And the best object heaven

Leon I am whispering to a dead friend

Cap And I am come
To bring you tidings of a friend was dead
Restor'd to life again

Leon Say, sir

Cap One whom,
I dare presume, next to your children,
You tender'd above life

Leon Heaven will not suffer me
Utterly to be lost

Cap For he should have been
Your son-in law,—miraculously sav'd
When surgery gave him o'er

Leon O, may you live
To win many souls to heaven, worthy sir,
That your crown may be the greater! Why, my son
Made me believe he stole into his chamber,

And ended that which Ercole began
By a deadly stab in's heart

Erco [*aside*] Alas, she mistakes!

'Tis Contarino she wishes living but I must fasten
On her last words, for my own safety

Leon Where, O, where shall I meet this comfort?

Erco [*coming forward*] Here in the vowed
comfort of your daughter

Leon O, I am dead again! instead of the man,
You present me the grave swallow'd him

Erco Collect yourself, good lady
Would you behold brave Contarino living,
There cannot be a nobler chronicle
Of his good than myself if you would view him
dead,

I will present him to you bleeding fresh

In my penitency

Leon Sir, you do only live

To redeem another ill you have committed,
That my poor innocent daughter perish not,
By your vile sin, whom you have got with child

Erco Here begin all my compassion O poor
soul!

She is with child by Contarino, and he dead,
By whom should she preserve her fame to the
world

But by myself that lov'd her above the world!

There never was a way more honourable

To exercise my virtue, than to father it,

And preserve her credit, and to marry her

I'll suppose her Contarino's widow, bequeath'd
to me

Upon his death, for, sure, she was his wife,
But that the ceremony of the church was wanting
Report this to her, madam, and withal,

That never father did conceive more joy

For the birth of an heir, than I to understand

She had such confidence in me I will not no

Press a visit upon her, till you have prepar'd her,

For I do read in your distraction,

Should I be brought o'the sudden to her presence,

Either the hasty flight, or else the shame,

May blast the fruit within her I will leave you

To commend as loyal faith and service to her

As o'er heart harbour'd by my hope of bliss,

I never liv'd to do good act but this

Cap [*aside to ERCO*] Withal, an you be wise,
Remember what the mother has reveal'd
Of Romeo's treachery

[Exeunt ERCOLE and Capuchin]

Leon A most noble fellow! in his loyalty
I read what worthy comforts I have lost
In my dear Contarino, and all adds
To my despair—Within there!

* In the distraction of that worthy prince as
Who loath'd food, &c.] Here, I think, there is a
manifest allusion to the closing scene of Queen Eliza-
beth's life, and to what Mr. Lodge calls "the well
known, but weakly authenticated tale of the Countess of
Nottingham and the ring."

Enter WINIFRED

Fetch the picture
Hangs in my inner closet. [*Exit WINIFRED*]

I remember

I let a word slip of Romeo's practice *
At the surgeons', no matter, I can save it
I have deeper vengeance that's preparing for him,
To let him live and kill him, that's revenge
I meditate upon

Re-enters WINIFRED with the Picture

So, hang it up

I was enjoin'd by the party ought that picture,
Forty years since, ever when I was vex'd,
To look upon that what was his meaning in it
I know not, but methinks upon the sudden
It has furnish'd me with mischief, such a plot
As never mother dream'd of Here begins
My part in the play my son's estate is sunk
By loss at sea, and he has nothing left
But the land his father left him 'Tis concluded
The law shall undo him—Come hither
I have a weighty secret to impart,
But I would have thee first confirm to me,
How in my trust that thou canst keep my counsel
Beyond death

Win Why, mistress, 'tis your only way,
To enjoin me first that I reveal to you
The worst act I e'er did in all my life,
So one secret shall bind one another

Leon Thou instruct'st me
Most ingenuously,† for, indeed, it is not fit
Where any act is plott'd that is naught,
Any of counsel to it should be good.
And in a thousand ills have happen'd 't' the world,
The intelligence of one another's shame
Have wrought far more effectually than the tie
Of conscience or religion

Win But think not, mistress,
That any sin which ever I committed
Did concern you, for proving false in one thing,
You were a fool if ever you would trust me
In the least matter of weight

Leon Thou hast liv'd with me
These forty years, we have grown old together,
As many ladies and their women do,
With talking nothing and with doing less,
We have spent our life in that which least con-
cerns life,

Only in putting on our clothes and now I think
on't,

I have been a very courtly mistress to thee,—
I have given thee good words, but no deeds
now's the time

To requite all my son has six lordships left him
Win 'Tis truth

Leon But hecumathe four days to enjoy them

Win Have you poison'd him?

Leon No, the poison is yet but brewing

Win You must minister it to him with all
privacy

Leon Privacy! It shall be given him
In open court, I'll make him swallow it
Before the judge's face if he be master
Of poor ten arpines* of land forty hours longer,
Let the world repute me an honest woman

Win So twill, I hope

Leon O, thou canst not conceive
My unnamable plot! Let's to my ghostly father,
Where first I will have thee make a promise
To keep my counsel, and then I will employ thee
In such a subtle combination,
Which will require, to make the practice fit
Four devils five advocates, to one woman's wit

[Exeunt]

ACT IV

SCENE I ‡

*Enter, at one door, LEONORA, SANITONELLA, WINIFRED,
and Register, at the other, ARIOSTO*

San. Take her into your office, sir, she has that
In her belly will dry up your ink, I can tell you—

* practice] See note *, p. 117

† ingenuously] See note †, p. 20

‡ Scene I] A room, it would appear, in the house of Ariosto but, on his exit, p. 130 a change of scene seems to be supposed,—to the house of Contilupo (Qy, might this scene be marked as taking place in one of the

This is the man that's your learned counsel,
A fellow that will troll it off with tongue
He never goes without restorative powder
Of the lungs of fox in's pocket, and Malaga raisins,
To make him long-winded—Sir, this gentle-
woman

Entreats your counsel in an honest cause,

halls surrounding the Hall of Justice in the ancient
palace of the Vicaria? See *Naples, Political, Social, and
Religious, By Lord B******, 1856, vol. ii. 27—8).

* arpines] *Fr arpent* an acre

Which, please you, sir, this brief, my own poor labour,

Will give you light of *[Gives the brief]*

Ario Do you call this a brief?

Here's, as I weigh them, some four score sheets of paper

What would they weigh, if there were cheese wrapt in them,

Or fig dates?

San Joy come to you, you are merry

We call this but a brief in our office

The scope of the business lies i'the maigent

Ario Methinks you prate too much

I never could endure an honest cause

With a long prologue to't.

Leon You trouble him

Ario What's here? O strange! I have liv'd this sixty years,

Yet in all my practice never did shake hands

With a cause so odious—Sirrah, are you her knave?

San No, sir, I am a clerk

Ario Why, you whoreson fogging rascal,

Are there not whores now for presentations

Of overseers wrong the will o'the dead,

Oppressions of widows or young orphans,

Wicked divorces, or your vicious cause

Of *Plus quam satis* to content a woman,

But you must find new stratagems, new purses^{*}—

O women, as the ballad lives to tell you,

What will you shortly come to?

San Your fee is ready, sir

Ario The devil take such fees,

And all such suits i'the tail of them!—See, the slave

Has writ false Latin!—Sirrah *ignotamus*,

Were you ever at the university?

San Never, sir,

But 'tis well known to divers I have comment'd

In a pew of our office

Ario Where? in a pew of your office?

San I have been dry founder'd in't this four

years,

Seldom found non resident from my desk

Ario Non resident, sub summer!

I'll tear your libel for abusing that word,

By virtue of the clergy *[Tears the brief]*

San What do you mean, sir?

It cost me four nights' labour

Ario Hadst thou been drunk so long,

Thou'dst done our court better service

Leon Sir, you do forget your gravity, methinks,

Ario Cry ye mercy, do I so?

And, as I take it, you do very little remember

Either womanhood or Christianity Why do ye meddle

With that seducing knave, that's good for naught,

Unless t be to fill the office full of fleas,

Or a winter itch, wears that spacious ink horn

All a vacation only to cure tetter's,

And his penknife to weed corns from the splay toes

Of the right worshipful of the office?

Leon You make bold with me, sir

Ario Woman, you're mad, I'll swear, and have more need

Of a physician than a lawyer

The melancholy humour flows in your face,

Your painting cannot hide it Such vile suits

Disgrace our courts, and these make honest lawyers

Stop their own ears whilst they plead, and that's the reason

Your younger men, that have good conscience,

Wear such large night caps Go, old woman, go pray

For lunacy, or else the devil himself

Has taken possession of thee May like cause

In any Christian court never find name!

Bad suits, and not the law, breed the law's shame. *[Exit]*

Leon Sure, the old man's frantic.

San Plague on's gouty fingers!

Were all of his mind, to entertain no suits

But such they thought were honest, sure our lawyers

Would not purchase^{*} half so fast

Enter CONTILUPPO, a young lawyer

Put here's the man,

Learn'd Signior Contilupo, here's a fellow

Of another piece, believe't—I must make shift

With the foul copy

Contil Business to me?

San To you, sir, from this lady

Contil She is welcome

San 'Tis a foul copy, sir, you'll hardly read it

There's twenty double ducats,—can you read, sir?

Contil Exceeding well, very, very exceedingly well

San *[aside]* This man will be sav'd, he can read Lord, Lord,

To see what money can do! be the hand ne'er so foul, Somewhat will be pick'd out on't

* *purse nets*] i.e. nets, the mouths of which are drawn together by a string

* *purchase*] i.e. acquire wealth see note 1, p. 74

Contil Is not this *vivere honeste*?

San No, that's struck out, sir,
And wherever you find *vivere honeste* in these
papers,

Give it a dash, sir

Contil I shall be mindful of it.
In troth, you write a pretty secretary
Your secretary hand ever takes best,
In mine opinion

San Sir, I have been in France,
And there, believe it, your court-hand generally
Takes beyond thought

Contil Even as a man is traded in't

San [*aside*] That I could not think of this
virtuous gentleman
Before I went to the other hog rubber! *
Why, this was wont to give young clerks half
fees

To help him to clients — Your opinion in the
case, sir?

Contil I am struck with wonder, almost
ecstasy'd,

With this most goodly suit

Leo It is the fruit

Of a most hearty penitence

Contil 'Tis a case

Shall leave a precedent to all the world,
In our succeeding annals, and deserves
Rather a spacious public theatre
Than a pent court for audience: it shall teach
All ladies the right path to rectify
Their issue

San Lo, you, here's a man of comfort!

Contil And you shall go unto a peaceful
grave,

Discharg'd of such a guilt as would have lain
Howling for ever at your wounded heart,
And rose with you to judgment

San O, give me such a lawyer as will think
Of the day of judgment!

Leon You must urge the business
Against him as spitefully as may be

Contil Doubt not — What, is he summon'd?

San Yes, and the court will sit within this
half hour

Peruse your notes, you have very short warning

Contil Never fear you that —

Follow me, worthy lady, and make account

This suit is ended already [Exit

* *hog rubber*] Not a "dictionary word," but old Burton uses it, "The very rusticks and hog rubbers, Melens and Coridon, &c" *Anat. of Melancholy*, p. 540, ed. 1660

SCENE II *

Enter Officers, preparing seats for the Judges to them
BAROLT muffled

First Off You would have a private seat, sir?

Erc Yes, sir

Second Off Here's a closet belongs to the court
Where you may hear all unscen

Erc I thank you there's money

Second Off I give you your thanks again, sir
[*ERCOLI* goes into the closet

Enter CONPARINO and the Two Surgeons, disguised

Con Is't possible *Romelio* is persuaded
You are gone to the East Indies?

First Sur Most confidently

Con But do you mean to go?

Second Sur How! go to the East Indies! and
so many *Hollanders* gone to fetch sauce for their
pickled herrings! some have been peppered there
too lately! But, I pray, being thus well recovered
of your wounds, why do you not reveal yourself?

Con That my fan *Jolenta* should be rumoured
To be with child by noble *Ercole*,
Makes me expect to what a violent issue
These passages will come. I hear her brother
Is marrying the infant she goes with,
Fore it be born, as, if it be a daughter
To the Duke of Austria's nephew, — if a son,
Into the noble ancient family
Of the *Palatini* †. He is a subtle devil,
And I do wonder what strange suit in law
Has happ'd between him and his mother

First Sur 'Tis whisper'd among the lawyers,
'Twill undo him for ever

Enter SANITONELLA and WINIFRED

San Do you hear, officers?

You must take special care that you let in
No brachygraphy men ‡ to take notes

First Off No, sir?

San By no means

We cannot have a cause of any fame,
But you must have scurvy pamphlets and low
ballads

* *Scen. II*] A court of justice

† *some have been peppered there too lately*] Webster alludes
to the massacre of the English by the Dutch at Am-
boyna, in February, 1622. The *True Relation* of the
atrocity has been several times reprinted. Dryden
wrote an execrable play on the subject.

‡ *Palaeographi*] Qy "*Pallavicini*

§ *brachygraphy-men*] i. e. short hand writers — no great
favourites of our old dramatists who had sometimes to
complain of their plays being printed without their con-
sent, in a mutilated state, from copies taken down by
brachygraphy during the representation

Engender'd of it presently—Have you broke fast yet?

Wm Not I, sir

San. 'Twas very ill done of you,

For this cause will be long pleading, but no matter,

I have a medicine in my buckram bag

To stop your stomach

Wm What is't? green ginger?

San Green ginger, not pellitory of Spain

Neither yet 'twill stop a hollow tooth better Than either of them

Wm Pray, what is't?

San Look you,

It is a very lovely pudding pie,

Which we clerks find great relief in

Wm I shall have no stomach

San No matter in you have not I may please

Some of our learned counsel with't I have done it Many a time and often when a cause Has provid like an after game at Irish +

Enter at one bar CRISTIANO like a Judge with a clerk Judge CONSTITUTO, and another lawyer at another bar, ROMEO AMOSIO ISONORA with a black cat on her arm and JERRO

Cris 'Tis a strange suit—Is Leonora come?

Contl She's here, my lord—Make way there for the lady!

Cris Take off her veil it seems she is ashamed To look her cause i'th' face

Contl She's sick, my lord

Ario She's mad, my lord, and would be kept more dark—

[To ROM] By your favour, sir, I have now occasion To be at your elbow, and within this half hour Shall entreat you to be angry, very angry

Cris Is Romeo come?

Rom I am here, my lord, and call'd, I do protest,

To answer what I know not, for as yet

I am wholly ignorant of what the court

Will charge me with

Cris I assure you, the proceeding Is most unequal then, for I perceive

The counsel of the adverse party furnish'd With full instruction

Rom Pray, my lord, who is my accuser?

Cris 'Tis your mother

Rom [*sings*] She has discover'd Contaminate murder

If she prove so unnatural to call

My life in question, I am arm'd to suffer

This to end all my losses

Cris Sir, we will do you

This favour, you shall hear the accusation

Which being known, we will adjourn the court

Till a fortnight hence you may provide your counsel

Ario I advise you take their offer,

Or else the lunacy runs in a blood,

You are more mad than she

Rom What are you, sir?

Ario An angry fellow that would do thee good,

For goodness sake itself, I do protest,

Neither for love nor money

Rom Pr'hee stand further I shall gall you gout else

Ario Come, come, I know you for an honest lady merchant,

You have a spice of pride in you still

Rom My lord,

I am so strengthen'd in my innocence,

For my the least shadow of a crime

Committed against my mother or the world

That she can charge me with, here do I make it

My humble suit, only this hour and place

May give it a full hearing, and as free

And unrestrained a sentence

Cris Be not too confident,

You have cause to fear

Rom Let fear dwell with earthquakes

Shipwrecks at sea, or prodigies in heaven

I cannot set myself so many fathoms

Beneath the height of my true heart as fear

Ario Very fine words, I assure you, if they were To any purpose

Cris Well, have your entreaty

And if your own credulity undo you,

Blame not the court hereafter—Fall to your plea

Contl May it please your lordship and the reverend court

To give me leave to open to you a case

So rare, so altogether void of precedent,

That I do challenge all the spacious volumes

Of the whole civil law to show the like

We are of counsel for this gentlewoman;

We have receiv'd our fee yet the whole course

Of what we are to speak is quite against her,

* no] The old copy "not"

† an after-game at Irish] Irish, "a game within the tables," differed very little from back-gammon "Irish," says *The Compleat Gamester*, "is an ingenious game, and requires a great deal of skill to play it well, especially the After-game for an After-game I know not what instructions to give you you must herein trust to your own judgment and the chance of the dice, and if they run low for some time, it will be so much the better" pp 111, 112, ed 1709

Yet we'll deserve our fee too There stands one,
 Romelio the merchant I will name him to you
 Without either title or addition,
 For those fulao beams of his supposed honour,
 As void of true heat as are painted * fires
 Or glow worms in the dark, suit him all basely,
 As if he had bought his gentry from the herald
 With money got by extortion I will first
 Produce this Alop's crow, as he stands forfeit
 For the long use of his gay borrow'd plumes,
 And then let him hop naked I come to the
 point

T'as been a dream in Naples, very near
 This eight and thirty years, that this Romelio
 Was nobly descended, he has rank'd himself
 With the nobility, shamefully usurp'd
 Their place, and in a kind of saucy pride,
 Which, like to mushrooms, ever grow most rank
 When they do spring from dung hills, sought to
 o'erway

The Fisks,† the Grimaldi, Dorn,
 And all the ancient pillars of our state
 View now what he is come to,—this poor thing,
 Without a name, this cuckoo hatch'd in the nest
 Of a hedge sparrow!

Rom Speaks he all this to me?

Asio Only to you, sir

Rom I do not ask thee pithice, hold thy
 prating

Asio Why, very good, you will be presently
 As angry as I could wish

Contil What title shall I set to this base coin?
 He has no name, and for a aspect, he seems
 A grant in a May game, that within
 Is nothing but a porter I'll undertake,
 He had as good have travell'd all his life
 With gypsies I will sell him to any man
 For an hundred ecchius, and he that buys him
 of me

Shall lose by the hand too

Asio Lo, what you are come to,
 You that did scorn to trade in any thing
 But gold, or spices, or your cochineal!

He rates you now at poor John ‡

Rom Out upon thee!

I would thou wert of his side

Asio Would you so?

Rom The devil and thee together on each hand,

To prompt the lawyer's memory when he
 founders

Cris Signior Contilupo, the court holds it fit
 You leave this stale declaiming 'gainst the person,
 And come to the matter

Contil Now I shall, my lord

Cris It shows a poor malicious eloquence,
 And it is strange men of your gravity
 Will not forgo it verily, I presume,
 If you but heard yourself speaking with my ears,
 Your phrase would be more modest

Contil Good my lord, be assur'd
 I will leave all circumstance, and come to the
 purpose

This Romelio is a bastard

Rom How, a bastard!

O mother, now the day begins grow hot
 On your side!

Contil Why, she is your accuser

Rom I had forgot that when my father married
 To any other woman at the time
 Of my begetting?

Contil That's not the business

Rom I turn me, then, to you that were my
 mother,

But by what name I am to call you now,
 You must instruct me were you ever married
 To my father!

Leon To my shame I speak it, never

Cris Not to Francisco Romelio?

Leon May it please your lordships,
 To him I was, but he was not his father

Contil Good my lord, give us leave in a few
 words

To expound the riddle, and to make it plain
 Without the least of scruple, for I take it
 There cannot be more lawful proof in the world
 Than the oath of the mother

Cris Well, then, to your proof,
 And be not tedious

Contil I'll conclude in a word
 Some nine and thirty years since, which was the
 time

This woman was married, Francisco Romelio,
 This gentleman's putative father and her husband,
 Being not married to her past fortnight,
 Would needs go travel, did so, and continu'd
 In France and the Low Countries eleven months
 Take special note o'the time, I beseech your
 lordship,

For it makes much to the business. In his
 absence

He left behind to sojourn at his house
 A Spanish gentleman, a fine spruce youth

* are painted] The old copy are all painted "—the eye
 of the transcriber or compositor having caught the
 all" in the next line

† Fisks] Qy "Fisks!"

‡ poor John] i. e. a coarse kind of fish (generally hake)
 salted and dried

By the lady's confession, and you may be sure
He was no eunuch neither he was one
Romelio lov'd very dearly, as oft haps
No man alive more welcome to the husband
Than he that makes him cuckold This gentle-
man, I say,

Breaking all laws of hospitality,
Got his friends wife with child a full two months
Fore the husband return'd

San Good sir, forget not the lamb-skin

Contil I warrant thee

San I will pinch by the buttock
To put you in mind of it

Contil Prithee, hold thy prating -
Whats to be practis'd now my lord's marry,
this

Romelio being a young novice not acquainted
With this precedence, very innocently
Returning home from travel finds his wife
Grown an excellent good huswife, for she had set
Her women to spin flax, and, to that use,
Had in a study which was built of stone
Stor'd up at least an hundred weight of flax
Marry, such a thread as was to be spun from the
flax

I think the like was never heard of

Cris What was that?

Contil You may be certain she would lose no
time

In bragging that her husband had got up
Her belly to be short, at seven months end,
Which was the time of her delivery,
And when she felt herself to fall in travail
She makes her waiting women as by mischance,
Set fire to the flax, the fright* wherof,
As they pretend, causes this gentle woman
To fall in pain, and be deliver'd
Eight weeks afore her reckoning

San Now, sir, remember the lamb-skin

Contil The milwife straight howls out, there
was no hope

Of the infant's life, swaddles it in a flax'd lamb-
skin,

As a bird hatch'd too early, makes it up
With three quarters of a face, that made it look
Like a changeling, cries out to Romelio
To have it christen'd, lest it should depart
Without that it came for and thus are many
serv'd

That take care to get gossips for those children
To which they might be godfathers themselves,
And yet be no arch-puritans neither

Cris No more!

Arzo Pray, my lord, give him way, you spoil
his oratory else

Thus would they jest, were they fess'd to open
Their sisters' cases

Cris You have urg'd enough
You first affirm her husband was away from her
Eleven months?

Contil Yes, my lord

Cris And at seven months' end,
After his return, she was deliver'd
Of this Romelio, and had gone her full time?

Contil True, my lord

Cris So by this account this gentleman was
begot

In his supposed father's absence?

Contil You have it fully

Cris A most strange suit this tis beyond
example,

Father time past or present for a woman
To publish her own dishonour voluntarily,
Without being call'd in question, some forty years
After the sin committed, and her counsel
To enlarge the offence with as much oratory
As ever I did hear them in my life
Defend a guilty woman, tis most strange
Or why with such a person'd violence
Should she labour her son's undoing we observe
Obedience of creatures to the law of nature
Is the stay of the whole world, here that law is
broke,

For though our civil law makes difference
[Between the base and the legitimate,
Compassionate nature makes them equal, nay,
She many times prefers them—I pray, resolve
me, sir]

Have not you and your mother had some suit
In law together lately?

Rom None, my lord

Cris No! no contention about parting your
goods?

Rom Not any

Cris No fliv, no unkindness?

Rom None that ever arriv'd at my knowledge

Cris Beshink yourself this cannot choose but
savour

Of a woman's malice deeply, and I fear
You're practis'd upon most devilishly—How
happ'd,

Gentlewoman, you reveal'd this no sooner?

Leon While my husband liv'd, my lord, I durst
not

Cris I should rather ask you why you reveal
it now?

* *fright*] The old copy "flight"

Leon Because, my lord, I loath'd that such
a sin
Should his smother'd with me in my grave my
penitence,

Though to my shame, prefers the revealing of it
'Bove worldly reputation

Cris Your penitence!

Might not your penitence have been as hearty,
Though it had never summon'd to the court
Such a conflux of people?

Leon Indeed, I might have confess'd it
privately

To the church, I grant, but you know repentance
Is nothing without satisfaction

Cris Satisfaction? why, your husband's death
What satisfaction can you make him?

Leon The greatest satisfaction in the world,
my lord

To restore the land to the right heir, and that's
My daughter

Cris O, she's straight begot, then

Ario Very well may it please this honorable
court,
If he be a bastard, and must forfeit his land
for it,

She has prov'd herself a strumpet, and must lose
her dower: let them go a begging together

San Who shall pay us our fees, then?

Cris Most just

Ario You may see now what an old house
You are like to pull over your head, dumb

Rom Could I conceive this publication
Grew from a hearty penitence, I could be
My undoing the more patiently: but my lord,
There is no reason, as you said even now
To satisfy me but this suit of hers
Springs from a devilish malice, and her pretence
Of a griev'd conscience and religion,
Like to the horrid powder treason in England,
Is a most bloody unnatural revenge
Hid under it: O, the violences of women!
Why, they are creatures made up and compounded
Of all monsters, poison'd minerals,
And sorcerous herbs that grow

Ario Are you angry yet?

Rom Would man* express a bad one, let him
forsake

All natural example, and compare
One to another: they have no more mercy
Than ruinous fires in great tempests.

Ario Take heed you do not crack your voice,
sir

Rom Hard hearted creatures, good for nothing
else

But to wind dead bodies

Ario Yes, to weave seaming lace
With the bones of their husbands that were long
since buried,

And curse them when they tangle

Rom Yet why do I

Take bastardy so distastefully, when in the world
A many things that are essential parts
Of greatness are but by slips, and are father'd
On the wrong parties,

Preferment in the world a many times
Barely begotten? nay, I have observ'd
The immaculate justice of a poor man's cause,
In such a court as this, has not known whom
To call father, which way to direct itself

For compassion—but I forget my temper
Only that I may stop that lawyer's throat
I do beseech the court and the whole world,
They will not think the baseness of me
For the vice of a mother, for that woman's sin,
To which you all are sworn when it is done,
I would not give my consent

Cris Stay, here's an accusation
But here's no proof: What was the Spaniard's name
You accuse of adultery?

Contil Don Crispiano, my lord

Cris What part of Spain was he born in?

Contil In Castile

Iul This may prove my father

San And my master my client's spoil'd, then

Cris I knew that Spaniard well: if you be a
bastard,

Such a man being your father, I dare vouch you
A gentleman—and in that, Signior Contilupo,
Your oratory went a little too far
When do we name Don John of Austria
The emperor's son, but with reverence?
And I have known in divers families
The bastards the greater spirits: But to the
purpose

What time was this gentleman begot?

And be sure you lay your time right

Ario Now the metal comes to the touch-stone

Contil In anno seventy one, my lord

Cris Very well, seventy one,
The battle of Lepanto was fought in it
A most remarkable time, twill be
For no man's pleasure: and what proof is there,
More than the affirmation of the mother,
Of this corporal dealing?

Contil The deposition

Of a waiting woman serv'd her the same time

* man] The old copy "men"

Cris Where is she?

Contil. Where is our solicitor with the waiting woman?

Ario Room for the bag and baggage!

San Here, my lord, *ore tennis*

Cris And what can you say, gentlewoman?

Win Please your lordship, I was the party that dealt in the business, and brought them together

Cris Well

Win And conveyed letters between them

Cris What needed letters, when tis said he lodged in her house?

Win A running ballad now and then to her viol, for he was never well but when he was fiddling

Cris Speak to the purpose—did you ever know them bed together?

Win No, my lord, but I have brought him to the bed-side

Cris That was somewhat near to the business And, what, did you help him off with his shoes?

Win He wore no shoes, an't please you, my lord

Cris No! what, then,—pumps?

Win Neither

Cris Boots were not fit for his journey,

Win He wore tennis court woollen slippers, for fear of creaking, sir, and making a noise, to wake the rest o' the house

Cris Well, and what did he there in his tennis court woollen slippers?

Win Please your lordship, question me in Latin, for the cause is very foul—the examiner o' the court was fain to get it out of me alone i' the counting-house, cruse he would not spoil the youth o' the office

Ario Here's a latten spoon, and a long one, to feed with the devil!

* *Here's a latten spoon and a long one, to feed with the devil!* [Latten means a kind of mixed metal the composition of which has been variously explained by lexicographers. According to Mr Halliwell (*Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words*) it very much resembled brass in its nature and colour—Webster alludes here to the proverb "he had need of a long spoon, that eats with the devil." The following anecdote, which fathers upon Shakespeare, a pun similar to that in the text, has been repeated in several books. I now transcribe it from the MS. volume where it was originally discovered—a collection of *Merry Passages and Jestes* by L'Estrange, Sir Rogers's nephew, among the Harleian MSS. 4395. Plut. LIX. A. "Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christning being in a doopee study Jonson came to cheer him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy? no faith Ben (says he) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my God child, and I

Win I'd be loth to be ignorant that way, for I hope to marry a proctor, and take my pleasure abroad at the commencements with him

Ario Come closer to the business

Win I will come as close as modesty will give me leave. Truth is, every morning when he lay with her, I made a caudle for him, by the appointment of my mistress, which he would still refuse, and call for small drink

Cris Small drink!

Ario For a julep?

Win And said he was wondrous thirsty.

Cris What's this to the purpose?

Win Most effectual, my lord. I have heard them laugh together extremely, and the curtain rods fall from the tester of the bed—and he never came from her but he thrust money in my hand,—and once, in truth, he would have had some dealing with me—which I took, he thought 'twould be the only way i' the world to make me keep counsel the better

San That's a stinger—tis a good wench—he not daunted

Cris Did you ever find the point of two in the bed?

Win What a questions that to be asked! may it please your lordship, tis to be thought he lay nearer to her than so

Cris What age are you of, gentlewoman?

Win About six-and-forty, my lord

Cris Anno seventy one, And Romcho is thirty eight—by that reckoning, You were a bawd at eight year old—now, verily, You fell to the trade betimes

San There you're from the bit

Win I do not know my age directly, sure, I am elder. I can remember two great frosts, and three great plagues, and the loss of Cilau, and the first coming up of the breeches with the great codpiece, and I pray what age do you take me of, then?

San Well come off again

Ario An old hunted hue,
She has all her doubles

Rom For your own gravities,
And the reverence of the court, I do beseech you,
Rip up the cause no further, but proceed
To sentence

have resolved at last, I pry the whist, says he? I faith Ben! he then gave him a dozen good *Latten spoons* and thou shall translate them." At the end of the vol. the writer gives a list of his authorities, from which we learn, that the story just quoted was told to him by "Dun." (Donne)

Cris One question more, and I have done
Might not this Crispiano, this Spaniard,
Lie with your mistress at some other time,
Either afore or after, than i'the absence
Of her husband?

Leon Never

Cris Are you certain of that?

Leon On my soul, never

Cris That's well, he never lay with her
But in anno seventy one, let that be remember'd —
Stand you aside awhile — Mistress, the truth is,
I knew this Crispiano, liv'd in Naples
At the same time, and lov'd the gentleman
As my bosom friend, and, as I do remember,
The gentleman did leave his picture with you,
If age or neglect have not in so long time
Rund it

Leon I preserve it still, my lord

Cris I pray, let me see't, let me see the face
I then lov'd so much to look on

Leon Fetch it

Win I shall, my lord

Cris No, no, gentlewoman,
I have other business for you

[*Exit one to the picture*]

First Sen Now were the time to cut Romelio's
throat,
And accuse him for your murder

Con By no means

Second Sen Will you not let us be men of
fashion,
And down with him now he's going?

Con Peace, let's attend the sequel

Cris I commend you, lady,
There was a man miter of conscience
How many ills spring from adultery!
First, the supreme law that is violated,
Nobility oft stain'd with bastardy
Inheritance of land falsely possess'd,
The husband scorn'd, wife sham'd, and babes
unblest

[*The picture is brought in*]
So, hung it up i'the court — You have heard
What has been urg'd against Romelio
Now my definitive sentence in this cause
Is, I will give no sentence at all

Ario No!

Cris No, I cannot, for I am made a party

San How, a party? here are fine cross tricks
What the devil will he do now?

Cris Signior Ariosto, his majesty of Spain
Confers my place upon you by this patent,
Which till this urgent hour I have kept
From your knowledge may you thrive in't, noble
sir,

And do that which but few in our place do, —
Go to their grave uncurs'd

Ario This law business
Will leave me so small leisure to serve God,
I shall serve the king the worse

San Is he a judge?

We must, then, look for all conscience, and no law
He'll beggar all his followers

Cris Sir,
I am of your counsel, for the cause in hand
Was begun at such a time fore you could speak,
You had need therefore have one speak for you
Ario Stay, I do here first make protestation,
I neer took fee of this Romelio

For being of his counsel, which may free me,
Being now his judge, for the imputation
Of taking a bribe Now, sir, speak your mind

Cris I do first entreat that the eyes of all here
present

May be fix'd upon this

Leon O, I am confounded! this is Crispiano

Jud This is my father how the judges have
bleat'd him!

Win You may see truth will out in spite of the
devil

Cris Behold, I am the shadow of this shadow,
Age has made me so take from me forty years,
And I was such a summer fruit is this,
At least the punter feign'd so for, indeed,
Punting and epitaphs are both alike, —
They flatter us, and say we have been this
But I am the party here that stands accus'd
For adultery with this woman, in the year
Seventy one now I call you my lord, to witness,
Four years before that time I went to the Indies,
And till this month did never set my foot since
In Europe, and for my former incontinence,
She has vow'd there was never any w't remained,
then,

But this is a mere practice* gainst her son!
And I beseech the court it may be sifted,
And most severely punish'd

San Ud's foot, we are spoil'd

Why, my client's prov'd an honest woman

Win What do you think will become of me
now?

San You'll be made a dance *Lacryma*, [I fear, at a
cut's full

* practice] See note *, p. 117

† dance *Lacryma*] One of the illusions, so frequent in
our old dramatists, to a musical work by John Dowland,
the famous lutenist, the "best musician" according to
A. Wood, (*Pastorale* Part I p. 242 ed. Bliss,) that his
age did behold 't is dedicated to Anne the Queen of
James I and entitled *Lacryma*, or seven Tears figured on

Ario You, mistress, where are you now?
Your tennis court slippers* and your ta'en drink
In a morning for your hot liver? where's the man
Would have had some dealing with you, that you
might

Keep counsel the better?

Win May it please the court, I am but a young
thing, and was drawn wry-wry into the business

Ario How young? of five-and forty?

Win Five-and forty! an shall please you, I am
not five-and twenty she made me colour my hair
with bean flower, to seem elder than I was, and
then my rotten teeth, with eating sweet meats,—
why, should a fairer look in my mouth, he might
mistake my age—O mistress mistress, you are
an honest woman, and you may be ashamed on't,
to abuse the court thus!

Leon Whatso'er I have attempted
'Gunst my own fame or the reputation
Of that gentleman my son, the Lord Contarino
Was cause of it

Con [aside] Who, I?

Ario He that should have married your
daughter!

It was a plot betwix, then, to confer
The land on her that should have been his wife

Leon More than I have said already all the world
Shall ne'er extract from me—I entreat from both
Your equal pardons

Jul And I from you, sir

Con Sure, stand you aside,

I will talk with you hereafter

Jul I could never away with† after reckonings

Leon And now, my lords, I do most voluntarily
Confine myself unto a stricter prison
And a severer penance than this court
Can impose, I am enter'd into religion

Con [aside] I the cause of this practice! this
ungodly woman

Has sold herself to falsehood I will now
Reveal myself

Erco [coming from the closet] Stay, my lord,
here's a window

To let in more light to the court

Con [aside] Mercy upon me! O, that thou art
living,

Is mercy indeed!

First Sur Stay, keep in your shell a little longer

Erco I am Ercole

Ario A guard upon him for the death of
Contarino!

Erco I obey the arrest o'the court

Rom O, sir, you are happily restor'd to life
And to us your friends!

Erco Away! thou art the traitor

I only live to challenge this former suit

'Tis but thy fame this accusation
Reaches to thy fame and life The brave Contarino
Is generally supposed slun by this hand,—

Con [aside] How knows he the contrary?

Leon But truth is,

Having receiv'd from me some certain wounds
Which were not mortal, this vile murderer,
Being by will deputed overseer
Of the nobleman's estate to his sister's use,
That he might make him sure from* surviving
To revoke that will, stole to him in his bed
And kill'd him

Rom Strange, unheard of! more practice yet!

Ario What proof of this?

Leon The report of his mother deliver'd to me,
In distraction for Contarino's death

Con [aside] For my death! I begin to apprehend
That the violence of this woman's love to me
Might practise the disinheriting of her son

Ario What say you to this, I beseech!

Leon Such a thing

I did utter out of my distraction

But how the court will censure that report
I leave to their wisdoms

Ario My opinion is

That this late slander urg'd against her son
Takes from her all manner of credit she
That would not stick to deprive him of his living
Will as little tender his life

Leon I beseech the court

I may retire myself to my place of penance
I have vow'd myself and my woman

Ario Go when you please

[*Exeunt LEONORA, and WITNESSES*]

What should move you be

Thus forward in the accusation?

Erco My love to Contarino

Ario O, it bore

Very bitter fruit at your last meeting

Erco 'Tis true but I begun to love him when
I had most cause to hate him, when our bloods
Embrac'd each other, then I pitied
That so much valour should be hazarded

On the fortune of a single rapier,
And not spent against the Turk

Ario Stay, sir, be well advis'd,

* *from*] In some of the old copies this word is omitted

*seven passionate Pavans, with divers other Pavans,
Galanets, and Almands, set forth for the Lute, Viols, or
Violons, in five parts*

* *slippers*] The old copy "slips" but see p. 136

† *away with*] i.e. endure

There is no testimony but your own
To approve you slew him, therefore no other way
To decide it but by duel

Con Yes, my lord, I dare affirm, 'gainst all the world,

This nobleman speaks truth

Ario You will make yourself a party in the duel

Rom Let him, I will fight with them both, sixteen of them

Eico Sir, I do not know you

Con Yes, but you have forgot me, you and I have sweat in the breach together at Malta

Irco Cry you mercy, I have known of your nation

Brave soldiers

Ful [*aside*] Now, if my father

Have any true spirit in him, I'll recover
His good opinion — Do you hear? do not swear, sir,
For I dare swear that you will swear a lie,
A very filthy, stinking, rotten lie,
And if the lawyers think not this sufficient,
I'll give the lie in the stomach,—

That's somewhat deeper than the throat,—
Both here, and all France over and over,
From Marseilles or Bayonne to Cádiz sands,
And there draw my sword upon thee, and new
scout it

In the gravel of thy kidneys

Ario You the defendant

Charged with the murder, and you second there,

Must be committed to the custody
Of the Knight Marshal,—and the count gives
charge

They be to-morrow ready in the lists
Before the sun be risen

Rom I do entreat the court there be a guard
Plac'd o'er my sister, that she enter not
Into religion she's rich, my lords,
And the persuasions of friars, to gain
All her possessions to their monasteries,
May do much upon her

Ario We'll take order for her

Clis There is a nun too you have got with child
How will you dispose of her?

Rom You question me as if I were glad
already

When I have quenched this wild fire in Lincoln's
Fame blood I'll tell you [*Exit*]

Eico You have judg'd to day
A most contused practice, that takes end
In as bloody a trial, and we may observe
By these great persons, and their indirect
Proceedings, shadow'd in a veil of state,
Mountains are deformed heaps, swell'd up dole,
Vales wholesomer, though lower and trod on oft

San Well, I will put up my papers,
And send them to France for a precedent,
That they may not say yet, but for one strange
law suit

We come somewhat near them [*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I *

Enter JOLENTA and ANGIOLLO with a great bellard

Jol How dost thou, friend? welcome thou
and I

Were play-fellows together, little children,
So small a while ago, that, I presume,
We are neither of us wise yet

Angio A most sad truth on my part

Jol Why do you pluck your veil
Over your face?

Angio If you will believe truth,
There's naught more terrible to a guilty heart
Than the eye of a respected friend

Jol Say, friend,
Are you quick with child?

Angio Too sure

Jol How could you know first *
Of your child when you quicken'd?

Angio How could you know, friend?
'Tis reported you are in the same taking

Jol Ha, ha, ha! so 'tis given out,
But Ercole's coming to life again has shrunk
And made invisible my great belly, yes, faith,
My being with child was merely in supposition,
Not practice

Angio You are happy what would I give
To be a maid again!

Jol Would you? to what purpose?
I would never give great purchase for that thing
Is in danger every hour to be lost Pray thee,
laugh

A boy or a girl, for a wager?

* *Scene I*] A room in the house of Leonora
† *Than*] The old copy "As"

* *first*
Of your] The old copy "Of your first."

Angio What heaven please

Jol Nay, nay, will you venture
A chain of pearl with me, whether?

Angio I'll lay nothing,
I have ventur'd too much for't already, my fame
I make no question, sister, you have heard
Of the intended combat.

Jol O, what else?
I have a sweetheart in t'gunst a brother
Angio And I a dead friend, I fear what good
counsel

Can you minister unto me?
Jol Faith, only this,
Since there's no means i'th' world to hinder it,
Let thou and I, wench, get as far as we can
From the noise of it

Angio Whither?
Jol No matter, my whither
Angio Any whither, so you go not by sea
I cannot abide rough water
Jol Not endure to be tumbled? say no more,
then,

We'll be land soldiers for that trick take heart,
Thy boy shall be born a brave Roman

Angio O, you mean
To go to Rome, then
Jol Within there!

Enter Servant

Bear this letter
To the Lord Ercole [*Exit Servant with letter*]
Now, wench, I run for thee,
All the world over

Angio I, like you shade, pursue you [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II †

Enter PROSPIO and SAMMONETTA

Pros Well, I do not think but to see you as
pretty a piece of law-flesh!

San In time I may marry, I am resolved to
take a new way for't. You have lawyers take
their clients' fees, and their backs are no sooner
turned but they call them fools, and laugh at them.

Pros That's ill done of them

San There's one thing too that has a vile abuse
in't

Pros. What's that?

San Marry, this,—that no proctor in the term
time be tolerated to go to the tavern above six
times i'th' forenoon

Pros Why, man?

San. O, sir, it makes their clients overtaken,
and become friends sooner than they would be

*Enter ERCOLE with a letter, and CONTARINO coming in
friars' habits, as having been at the Battures, a
ceremony used afore these combats*

Erco Leave the room, gentlemen
[*Exeunt SERVANT and PROS*]

Con [*aside*] Wherefore should I with such an
obstinacy

Conceal myself any longer? I am taught,
That all the blood which will be shed to-morrow
Must fall upon my head one question
Shall fix it or untie it—Noble brother,
I would fain know how it is possible,
When it appears you love the fair Jolenta
With such a height of fervor you were ready
To father another's child and marry her,
You would so suddenly engage your-self
To kill her brother, one that ever stood
Your loyal and firm friend?

Erco Sir, I'll tell you,
My love, as I have formerly protested,
To Contarino, whose unfortunate end
The traitor wrought and here is one thing more
Deeds all good thoughts of him, which I now
receiv'd

From Jolenta

Con In a letter?

Erco Yes, in this letter,
For, having sent to her to be resolv'd
Most truly who was father of the child,
She writes back that the shame she goes withal
Was begot by her brother

Con O most incestuous villain!

Erco I protest,
Before I thought 'twas Contarino's issue,
And for that would have veil'd her dishonour

Con No more

It is the armorer brought the weapons?

Erco Yes, sir

Con I will no more think of her

Erco Of whom?

Con Of my mother,—I was thinking of my
mother

Call the armorer [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *

Enter First Surgeon, and WINIFRED

Win You do love me, sir, you say?

First Sur O, most entirely!

* *salt*] Some of the old copies '*salt*'

† *Scene II*] An apartment in Castel Nuovo

* *Scene III*] A room in the house of Leonora

Win And you will marry me?

First Sur Nay, I'll do more than that
The fashion of the world is many times
To make a woman naught, and afterwards
To marry her, but I, o'the contrary,
Will make you honest first, and afterwards
Proceed to the wedlock

Win Honest? what mean you by that?

First Sur I mean, that you suborning the
late law-suit

Has got you a filthy report now, there is no way,
But to do some excellent piece of honesty,
To recover your good name

Win How, sir?

First Sur You shall straight go and reveal to
your old mistress,

For certain truth, Contarino is alive

Win How, living?

First Sur Yes, he is living

Win No, I must not tell her of it

First Sur No! why?

Win For she did bind me yesterday by oath
Never more to speak of him

First Sur You shall reveal it, then,
To Arno to the judge

Win By no means, he has heard me tell
So many lies in the court, he'll ne'er believe me
What if I told it to the Capuchin?

First Sur You cannot

Think of a better, as for your young mistress,
Who, as you told me, has persuaded you
To run away with her, let her have her humour
I have a suit Romeo left in the house,
The habit of a Jew, that I'll put on,
And pretending I am robb'd, by break of day,
Procure all passengers to be brought back,
And by the way reveal myself, and discover
The comical event They say she's a little mad,
This will help to cure her Go, go presently,
And reveal it to the Capuchin

Win Sir I shall [Exit

SCENE IV +

Enter JULIO, PROSPERO, and SANITONELLA

Jul A pox on't,
I have undertaken the challenge very foolishly
What if I do not appear to answer it?

Pro It would be absolute conviction
Of cowardice and perjury, and the Dane
May to your public shame reverse your arms,

Or have them ignominiously fasten'd
Under his horse tail

Jul I do not like that so well
I see, then, I must fight, whether I will or no

Pros How does Romeo bear himself? They say
He has almost brain'd one of our cunning'st
fencers

That practis'd with him

Jul Very certain and now you talk of fencing,
Do not you remember the Welsh gentleman
That was travelling to Rome upon return?

Pros No what of him?

Jul There was a strange experiment of a fencer

Pros What was that?

Jul The Welshman in's play, do what the
fencer could,

Hung still an arse, he could not for his life

Make him come on bravely, till one night at
snapper,

Observing what a deal of Puma cheese

His scholar devoutly, goes ingeniously

The next morning and makes a spacious button

For his foil of toasted cheese and as sure as
you live,

That made him come on the brachiest

Pros Possible?

Jul Marry, it taught him an ill grace in's play,
It made him gape still, gape as he put in for t,
As I have seen some hungry usher

San The toasting of it belike
Was to make it more supple, had he chanc'd
To have hit him o'the chaps

Jul Not unlikely Who can tell me
If we may breathe in the duel?

Pros By no means

Jul Nor drink?

Pros Neither

Jul That's scurvy, anger will make me very
dry

Pros You mistake, sir, 'tis sorrow that is very
dry

San Not always, sir, I have known sorrow
very wet

Jul In rainy weather?

San No, when a woman has come dropping wet
Out of a cucking stool

Jul Then 'twas wet indeed, sir

Enter ROMEO very melancholy, and then the Capuchin

Cap [aside] Having from Leonora's waiting-
woman

Deliver'd a most strange intelligence

Of Contarino's recovery, I am come

To sound Romeo's penitence, that perform'd,

* as for] The old copy "for as"

† Scene IV] An apartment in Castel Nuovo

To end these errors by discovering

What she related to me —Peace to you, sir!

[To ROMFOLIO]

Pray, gentlemen, let the freedom of this room

Be mine a little —Nay, sir, you may stay

[To JULIO]

[Exit PROSPERO and SANITONETTA]

Will you pray with me?

Rom No, no, the world and I

Have not made up our accounts yet.

Cap Shall I pray for you?

Rom Whether you do or no, I care not

Cap O, you have a dangerous voyage to take!

Rom No matter, I will be mine own pilot

Do not you trouble your head with the business

Cap Pray, tell me, do not you meditate of death?

Rom Pshaw, I took out that lesson,

When I once lay sick of an ague I do now

Labour for life for life Sir, can you tell me,

Whether your Toledo or your Milan blade

Be best tempered?

Cap These things you know,

Are out of my practice

Rom But these are things, you know,

I must practise with to-morrow

Cap Were I in your case,

I should present to myself strange shadows

Rom Turn you,—were I in your case, I should laugh

At mine own shadow Who has hincd you
To make me coward?

Cap I would make you a good Christian

Rom Withal let me continue

An honest man, which I am very certain

A coward can never be You take upon you

A physician's place, rather than a divine's

You go about to bring my body so low,

I should fight i'the lists to-morrow like a dor

And be made away in a slumber [mouse,

Cap Did you murder Contarino?

Rom That's a scurvy question now

Cap Why, sir?

Rom Did you ask it as a confessor or as a spy?

Cap As one that fain would jostle the devil
Out of your way

Rom Um, you are but weakly made for't

He's a cunning wrestler, I can tell you, and has
broke

Many a man's neck.

Cap But to give him the foil

Goes not by strength

Rom Let it go by what it will

Get me some good victuals to breakfast, I am
hungry

Cap Here's food for you [Offering him a book

Rom Now, I am not to commence doctor,
For then the word,* "Devour that book," were
proper

I am to fight, to fight, sir, and I'll do't,

As I would feed, with a good stomach

Cap Can you feed,

And apprehend death?

Rom Why, sir, is not death

A hungry companion? say, is not the grave

Sud to be a great devourer? Get me some victuals

I knew a man that was to lose his head

Feed with an excellent good appetite,

To strengthen his heart, scarce half an hour
before,

And if he did it that only was to speak,

What should I that am to do?

Cap This confidence,

If it be grounded upon truth, tis well

Rom You must understand that resolution

Should ever wait upon a noble death,

As captains bring their soldiers out o'the field,

And come off last, for, I pray, what is death?

The safest trench i'the world to keep man free

From fortune's gunshot to be afraid of that,

Would prove me weaker than a teeming woman,

That does endure a thou-and times more pain

In bearing of a child

Cap O, I tremble for you!

For I do know you have a storm within you

More terrible than a sea fight, and, your soul

Being heretofore drowned in security,

You know not how to live nor how to die

But I have an object that shall startle you,

And make you know whither you are going

Rom I am armed for't

Enter ROSORA, with two coffins borne by her servants, and
two winding sheets stuck with flowers presents one to
her son and the other to Julio

'Tis very welcome, this is a decent garment

Will never be out of fashion I will kiss it.—

All the flowers of the spring

Meet to perfume our burying

These have but their growing prime,

And man does flourish but his time

Survey our progress from our birth,

We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.

Courts adieu, and all delights, [Soft music

All bewitching appetites!

Sweetest breath, and clearest eye,

Like perfumes, go out and die,

* the word] See note §, p 16

And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun
Van the ambition of kings,
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind —
O, you have wrought a miracle, and melted
A heart of adamant! you have compris'd
In this dumb pageant a right excellent form
Of penitence

Cap I am glad you so receive it

Rom This object does persuade me to forgive
The wrong she has done me, which I count the way
To be forgiven yonder, and this shroud
Shows me how rankly we do smell of earth,
When we are in all our glory — Will it please you
[To LEONORA]

Enter that closet, where I shall confer
'Bout matters of most weighty consequence,
Before the duel? [Exit LEONORA into the closet]

Jul Now I am right in the bangle for the
gallows
What a scurvy fashion 'tis, to hang one's coffin in
a scarf!

Cap Why, this is well
And now that I have made you fit for death,
And brought you even as low as is the grave,
I will raise you up again, speak comfort to you
Beyond your hopes, turn this intended duel
To a triumph

Rom More divinity yet!
Good sir, do one thing first there's in my closet
A prayer book that is cover'd with gilt vellum,
Fetch it, and, pry you, certify my mother
I'll presently come to her

[Exit the Capuchin into the closet, the door of
which ROMEO locks]

So now you are safe

Jul What have you done?

Rom Why, I have lock'd them up
Into a turret of the castle, safe enough
For troubling us this four hours — an he please,
He may open a casement, and whistle out to
the sea

Like a boatswain, not any creature can hear him
Wit' not thou a weary of his preaching?

Jul Yes, if he had had an hour glass by him,
I would have wish'd him he would have jogg'd
it a little

But your mother, your mother's lock'd in too

Rom So much the better,
I am rid of her howling at parting

Jul Hark! he knocks to be let out, an he
were mad.

Rom Let him knock till his sandals fly in pieces

Jul Ha! what says he? Contarino living!

Rom Ay, ay,

He means he would have Contarino's living
Bestow'd upon his monastery, 'tis that
He only fishes for — So, 'tis break of day,
We shall be call'd to the combat presently

Jul I am sorry for one thing

Rom What's that?

Jul That I made not mine own ballad I do fear
I shall be rogishly abus'd in metre,
If I miscarry — Well, if the young Capuchin
Do not talk o' the flesh as fast now to your mother
As he did to us o' the spirit! If he do,
'Tis not the first time that the prison royal
Has been guilty of close committing

Rom Now to the combat [Exit]

SCENE V *

Enter CAPUCHIN and LEONORA, above, † at a window

Leon Contarino living!

Cap Yes, madam, he is living, and Ercole's
second

Leon Why has he lock'd us up thus?

Cap Some evil angel
Makes him deaf to his own safety — we are shut
Into a turret, the most desolate prison
Of all the castle, and his obstinacy,
Madness, or secret hate, has thus prevented
The saving of his life

Leon O, the saving Contarino's!
His is worth nothing — For heaven's sake, call
louder

Cap To little purpose

Leon I will leap these battlements,
And may I be found dead time ‡ enough
To hinder the combat!

Cap O, look upwards rather
Then deliverance must come thence — To see how
heaven

Can invert man's firmest purpose! His intent
Of murdering Contarino was a mean
To work his safety, and my coming thither
To save him is his ruin — wretches turn
The tide of their good fortune, and being drench'd
In some presumptuous and hidden sin,
While they aspire to do themselves most right,
The devil, that rules i' the air §, hangs in their light

* Scene V Before Castel Nuovo

† above] See note *, p. 100

‡ time] Qy "in time"? But the versification of this
play is in many places wretched.

§ The devil, that rules i' the air, &c.] See note †, p. 87

Leon O, they must not be lost thus! Some good
Christin
Come within our hearing! Ope the other case-
ment
That looks into the city
Cap Madam, I shall [Exeunt]

SCENE VI

*The lists of arms. Enter the Marshal CRISPINO and
ARIOSTO, he takes their seats as Judges and
SANITONELLA*

Mar Give the appellant his summons, do the
like
To the defendant

*Two tuckers enter the lists. Enter also don FROLO
and COSPARINO, at the other. ROMILLO and JULIO*

Can any of you viler aught why the combat
Should not proceed?

Combatants Nothing

Arto Have the knights weigh'd,
And measur'd their weapons?

Mar They have

Arto Proceed, then, to the battle, and may
heaven

Determine the right!

Herald *Sont la bataille, et victoire a ceux qui
ont droit!*

Rom Stay! I do not well know whither I am
going,

'Twere needful therefore, though at the last gasp,
To have some church-man's prayer—Run, I pray
thee,

To Castel Nuovo* this key will release
A Capuchin and my mother, whom I shut
Into a turret, bid him† make haste and pray,
I may be dead ere he comes [Exit an Attendant
Now, *Victoire à ceux qui ont droit!*

All the Champ Victoire à ceux qui ont droit!

*The combat is continued to a good length, when enter
LEONORA and the CAPUCHIN*

Leon Hold, hold, for heaven's sake, hold!

Arto What are these that interrupt the combat?
Away to prison with them!

Cap We have been prisoners too long—
O, sir, what mean you? Contarino's living

Erco Living!

Cap Behold him living

Erco You were but now my second, now I
make you
Myself for ever

Leon O, here's one between
Claims to be nearer

Con And to you, dear lady,
I have entirely vow'd my life

Rom If I do not

Dream, I am happy too

Arto How insolently
Has this high Court of Honour been abus'd!

*Enter ANGIOLELLA veiled and JOFENTA, her face colour'd
like a Moor—the two Surgeons, one of them like a Jew*

How now! who are these?

Sec Sur A couple of strange fowl, and I the
falconer

That have sprung them—this is a white nun
Of the order of Saint Clare, and this a black one,
You'll take my word for it [Discovers JOFENTA]

Arto She's a black one, indeed

Jol Like or dislike me, choose you whether
The down upon the raven's feather

Is as gentle and as sleek

As the mole on Venus' cheek

Hence, vain show! I only care

To preserve my soul most fair

Never mind the outward skin,

But the jewel that's within,

And though I want the crimson blood,

Angels boast my sisterhood

Which of us now judge you whiter?

Her whose credit proves the lighter,

Or this black and ebony hue,

That, unstain'd, keeps flesh and true?

For I proclaim't without control,

There's no true beauty but i'the soul

Erco O, 'tis the fair Jolenta!—To what purpose
Are you thus eclips'd?

Jol Sir, I was running away
From the rumour of this combat, I fled likewise
From the untrue report my brother spread,
To his politic ends, that I was got with child

Leon Cease here all further scrutiny, this paper
Shall give unto the court each circumstance
Of all these passages

Arto No more attend the sentence of the
court

Rareness and difficulty give estimation
To all things are i'the world you have met both
In these several passages now it does remain
That these so comical events be blasted
With no severity of sentence You, Romelio,
Shall first deliver to that gentleman,
Who stood your second, all those obligations

* Castel Nuovo] Concerning "the Castel Nuovo, an
ancient Spanish castle, of enormous dimensions" see
Naples, Political, Social, and Religious By Lord B*****.
1856 vol i 6

† him] The old copy "them"

Wherein he stands engag'd to you, receiving
Only the principal

Rom I shall, my lord

Jul I thank you

I have an humour now to go to sea
Against the pirates, and my only ambition
Is to have my ship furnish'd with a rare consort *
Of music, and when I am pleas'd to be mad,
They shall ply me *Orlando*

San You must lay wait for the fiddlers,
They'll fly away from the press like watermen

Ario Next, you shall marry that nun

Rom Most willingly

Angio O sir, you have been unkind,
But I do only wish that this my shame
May win all honest virgins not to seek

* [consort] See note on *Northward Ho*, act II, scene I

The way to heaven, that is so wondrous steep,
Th[ough] those vows they are too frail to keep

Ario Contarino, and Romeo, and yourself,

Shall for seven years maintain against the Turk

Six galleys — Leonora, Jolenta,

And Angioletta there, the beauteous nun,

For then vows' breach unto the monastery,

Shall build a monastery — Lastly, the two
surgeons,

For concealing Contarino's recovery,

Shall exercise their art at their own charge

For a twelvemonth in the galleys — So we leave
you,

Wishing your future life may make good use

Of these events, since that these passages,

Which threaten'd ruin, built on rotten ground,

Are with success beyond our wishes crown'd

[*Exeunt*]

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

Appius and Virginia a Tragedy By John W. B. Printed in the year 1654 4to

The above is the only old edition of this play it was put forth in 1650, with a new title page, professing to be *Printed for Humphrey Moseley* and again, with a third title page in 1679, is *Acted at the Dukes Theater and is still one of The Roman Virgin or Unjust Judge* and is *Printed and are to be sold by most Bookellers* It has been reprinted in the fifth vol. of a *Continuation of Dodsleys Old Plays*

In a MS. in the Lord Chamberlains Office (see Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage* p. 10, ed. Boswell) entitled on the margin *Cockpit Plays Appianus* and dated Aug. 10, 1650, it appears that William Brouncker [or Preston] went governor of the Kings and Queens young company of players at the Cockpit in Drury Lane having represented unto his Majesty that forty five plays of which the names are given, and of which the first mentioned *Appius and Virginia*, "doe all and every of them properly and at right belong to the said he and consequently that they are all his property The Majesty signified his royal pleasure to the Lord Chamberlain requiring him to declare to all other companies of actors, that they are not any ways to intermeddle with or act any of the above mentioned plays."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VIRGINIUS
AUFILIUS CLAUDIUS
MINURTIUS
SEVERUS OPTIUS
MARCUS CLAUDIUS
NUMITORIUS
ICHIUS
VATERIUS
HORATIUS *
SERIUS
Two Cousins of Appius
An Advocate
A Roman Officer
Scouters
CORBULO the Clown

VIRGINIA
JULIA
CATHURINA
Nurse

Editors, Soldiers, Servants, &c

* *Horatius*] In the old copy, this personage is, throughout the play, called "*Horatio*"

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

ACT I

SCENE I *

Enter MINUTIUS, ORRIDI, and Lictors

Min Is Appius sent for, that we may acquaint him

With the decree o' the senate?

First Lic He is, my lord,

And will attend your lordships presently

Opp Lictor, did you tell him that our business

Was from the senate?

First Lic I did, my lord, and here he is at hand

Enter AULUS CLAUDIUS, his two Cousins and MARCUS CLAUDIUS

App Claud My lords, your pleasure?

Min Appius,† the senate greet you well, and by us do signify unto you that they have chosen you one of the Decemviri

App Claud My lords, far be it from the thoughts of so poor a plebeian as you or unworthy servant Appius to soar so high the dignity of so eminent a place would require a person of the best parts and blood in Rome. My lords, he that must steer at the head of an empire ought to be the mirror of the times for wisdom and for policy, and therefore I would beseech the senate to elect one worthy of the place, and not to think of one so unfit as Appius

Min My lord, my lord, you dally with your wits

* *Scene I*] Rome Before the senate house

† *Appius, &c*] Though this and the next speech are so arranged in the old copy as to look like blank verse, they are undoubtedly prose (to which the editor of 1810 reduced only the latter one) Qy is there any corruption here? Since throughout all the rest of the play Minutius and Appius speak in blank verse we may wonder that in this solitary instance Webster should have made them speak in prose

I have seen children * oft eat sweetmeats thus,

As fearful to devour them

You are wise, and play the modest courtier right,

To make so many bits of your delight

Opp But you must know, what we have once concluded

Cannot, for any private man's affection,

Be slighted Take your choice, then, with best judgment

Of these two proffers, either to accept

The place propos'd you, or be banish'd Rome

Immediately—Lictors, make way!—We expect

Your speedy resolution

[Exeunt ORRIDI, MINUTIUS, and Lic

First Cous Noble cousin,

You wrong yourself extremely to refuse

So eminent a place

Sec Cous It is a means

To raise your kindred Who shall dare to oppose

Himself against our family, when yonder

Shall sit your power and frown?

App Claud Or banish'd Rome!—

I pray, forbear a little—Marcus,—

Mar Claud Sir?

App Claud How dost thou like my cunning?

Mar Claud I protest

I was begu'd, fearing lest the senate

Should have accepted at your feign'd refusal

See how your kindred and your friends are muster'd

To warm them at your sun-shine! Were you now

In prison, or arraign'd before the senate

For some suspect of treason, all these swallows

Would fly your stormy winter not one sing

Their music is the summer and the spring

* *I have seen children, &c*] See note *, p 65

App Claud Thou observ'st shrewdly Well,
I'll fit them for't
I must be one of the Decemviri,
Or banish'd Rome? banish'd? laugh, my trusty
Marcus,

I am enforc'd to my ambition
I have heard of cunning footmen that have worn
Shoes made of leal some ten days fore a race,
To give them nimble and more active feet
So great men should, that aspire eminent place,
Load themselves with excuse and fust denial,
That they with more speed may perform the trial
"Mark his humility," says one "How far
His dreams are from ambition!" says another,
"He would not show his eloquence, lest that
Should draw him into office" and a third
Is meditating on some thrifty suit
To beg fore dinner Had I as many hands
As had Briareus, I'd extend them all
To catch this office 'twas my sleep's disturber,
My diet's ill digestion, my melancholy,
Past physic's cure

Mar Claud The senators return

Re enter MINUTIUS, OFFICIUS, and Lictors

Min My lord, your answer?

App Claud, To obey, my lord, and to know
how to rule,

Do differ much to obey, by nature comes,
But to command, by long experience
Never were great men in so eminent place
Without their shadows envy will attend
On greatness till this general frame takes end
'Twixt these extremes of state and banishment
My mind hath held long conflict, and at last
I thus return my answer —nobles friends,
We now must part, necessity of state
Compels it so,
I must inhabit now a place unknown,
You see't compels me leave you Fare you well
First Cous To banishment, my lord?

App Claud I am given up
To a long travel full of fear and danger,
To waste the day in sweat, and the cold night
In a most desolate contemplation,
Banish'd from all my kindred and my friends,
Yea, banish'd from myself, for I accept
This honourable calling

Min Worthy Appius,
The gods conduct you hither — Lictors, his
robes

Sec Cous We are made for ever, noble kins-
man

'Twas but to fright us

App Claud But, my loving kinsmen,
Mistake me not, for what I spake was true,
Bear witness all the gods I told you first,
I was to inhabit in a place unknown
'Tis very certain, for this reverend seat
Receives me as a pupil, rather gives
Ornament to the person, than our person
The least of grace to it I show'd you next
I am to travel, * 'tis a certain truth
Look, by how much the labour of the mind
Exceeds the body's, so far am I bound
With pain and industry, beyond the toil
Of those that sweat in war, beyond the toil
Of any artisan pale cheeks, and sunk eyes,
A head with watching dizzied, and a hum
Turn'd white in youth,—all these at a dear rate
We purchase speedily that tend a state
I told you I must leave you, 'tis most true
Henceforth the face of a barbarian
And yours shall be all one, henceforth I'll know
you

But only by your virtue brother or father,
In [a] dishonest suit, shall be to me
As is the branded slave Justice should have
No kindred, friends nor foes, nor hate nor love,
As free from passion as the gods above
I was your friend and kinsman, now your judge,
And whilst I hold the scales, a downy feather
Shall as soon turn them as a mass of pearl
Or diamonds

Mar Claud [*aside*] Excellent, excellent lip
wing!

There's other stuff closed in that subtle breast
He sings and beats his wings far from his nest

App Claud So, gentlemen, I take it, here
takes end

Your business, my acquaintance fare you well

First Cous Hies a quick change! who did
expect this cloud?

Thus men when they grow great do straight
grow proud [*Exeunt Cousins*]

App Claud Now to our present business at the
camp

The army that doth winter before Algidum†
Is much distress'd we hear Minutius,
You, with the levies and the little corn
This present dearth will yield, are speedily
To hasten thither, so to appease the mind
Of the intemperate soldier

Min I am ready,
The levies do attend me our lieutenant
Send on our troops

* travel] See note †, p. 112

† before Algidum] Old copy "'fore Agidon"

App Claud Farewell, Minutius
The gods go with you, and be still at hand
To add a triumph to your bold command

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *

Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, and VIRGINIA

Num Noble Icilius, welcome teach yourself
A bolder freedom here, for, by our love,
Your suit to my fur niece doth parallel
Her kindred's wishes There's not in all Rome
A man that is by honour more approv'd,
Nor worthier, were you poor, to be belov'd

Icili You give me, noble lord, that character
Which I could never yet read in myself
But from your censure† shall I take much care
To adorn it with the fairest ornaments
Of unambitious virtue Here I hold
My honourable pattern, one whose mind
Appears more like a ceremonious chapel
Full of sweet music, than a thronging presence
I am confirm'd the court doth make some show
Fairer than else they would do, but her port,
Being simple virtue, beautifies the court

Virginia It is a flattery, my lord,
You breathe upon me, and it shows much like
The borrow'd painting which some ladies use
It is not to continue many days,
My wedding garments will outwear this praise

Num Thus ladies still foretell the funeral
Of their lords' kindness

Enter a Servant, who whispers ICILIUS in the ear

But, my lord, what news?

Icili Virginius, my lord, your noble brother,
Disguis'd in dust and sweat, is now arriv'd
Within the city troops of citizens
Follow his panting horse, and with a strange
Confus'd noise, partly with joy to see him,
Partly with fear for what his haste portends,
They show as if a sudden mutiny
O'erspread the city

Num Cousin, take your chamber

[*Exit VIRGINIA*]

What business from the camp?

Icili Sure, sir, it bears
The form of some great danger, for his horse,
Bloody with spurring, shows as if he came
From forth a battle never did you see
'Mongst quails or cocks in fight a bloodier heel
Than that your brother strikes with In this form

* Scene II] A room in the house of Virginius
† censure] i.e. opinion

Of o'erspent horseman, having, as it seems,
With the distracting of his news, forgot
House, friends, or change of raiment, he is gone
To the senate house

Num Now the gods bring us safety!
The face of this is cloudy let us haste
To the senate house, and there inquire how near
The body moves of this our threaten'd fear

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *

Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS melancholy after MARCUS CLAUDIUS

Mar Claud My lord,—

App Claud Thou troublest me

Mar Claud My hands as ready arm'd to
work your peace,

As my tongue bold to inquire your discontents
Good my lord, hear me

App Claud I am at much variance
Within myself, there's discord in my blood,
My powers are all in combat, I have nothing
Left but sedition in me

Mar Claud Trust my bosom
To be the closet of your private griefs
Believe me, I am uncrannied

App Claud May I trust thee?

Mar Claud As the firm centric to endure the
burden

Of your light foot, as you would trust the poles
To bear on them this any canopy,
And not to fear their shrinking I am strong,
Fixed, and unshaking

App Claud Art thou? then thine ear +
I love

Mar Claud Ha! ha! he!

App Claud Can this my ponderous secrecy
Be in thine ear so light? seems my disturbance
Worthy such scorn that thou deni'st my griefs
Believe me, Claudius, I am not a twig
That every gust can shake, but 'tis a tempest
That must be able to use violence

On my grown branches Wherefore laugh'st
thou, then?

Mar Claud Not that you're mov'd it makes
me smile in scorn,

That wise men cannot understand themselves,
Nor know their own prov'd greatness Claudius
laughs not

To thank you love, but that you are so hopeless
Not to presume to enjoy whom you affect.

* Scene III] A room in the house of Appius Claudius
† ear] Old copy, 'ear'

What's she in Rome your greatness cannot awe,
Or your rich purse purchase? Promises and
threats

Are statemen's lictors to arrest such pleasures
As they would bring within their strict com-
mands

Why should my lord droop, or deject his eye?
Can you command Rome, and not countermand
A woman's weakness? Let your grace bestow
Your purse and power on me. I'll prostrate you.*

App Claud Ask both, and lavish them to
purchase me

The rich fee simple of Virginius' heart

Mai Claud Virginius!

App Claud Hers

Mai Claud I have already found
An easy path which you may safely tread,
Yet no man trace you

App Claud Thou art my comforter

Mai Claud Her father's busied in our foreign
wars,

And there hath chief employment all their pay
Must your discretion scintille keep it back,
Restrain it in the common treasury

Thus may a statesman 'gainst a soldier stand,
To keep his purse weak, whilst you arm his
hand

Her father thus kept low, gifts and rewards
Will tempt the maid the soldier, nay, haply
draw

The father in to plead in your behalf
But should these foul then siege her virgin tower
With two prevailing engines, fear and power

App Claud Go, then, and prove a speeding ad-
vocate

Arm thee with all our bounty, oratory
Variety of promise

Enter VALERIUS

Val Lord Appius, the Decemvirs entreat
Your voice in this day's senate. Old Virginius
Craves audience from the camp, with earnest suit
For quick despatch

App Claud We will attend the senate—
Claudius, be gone

[*Exeunt MARCUS CLAUDIUS and VALERIUS*]

Enter OPPIDIUS and SENATORS†

Opp We sent to you to assist us in this council
Touching the expeditions of our war

* *I'll prostrate you*] Seems to mean I'll prostitute, pandur for you,—a Latinism, one of the senses of *prosterne* being to prostitute

† *Enter Oppidius and Senators*] Here, of course, the

App Claud Ours is a willing presence to the
trouble

Of all state cares—Admit him from the camp

Enter VIRGINIUS

Opp Speak the camp's will

Virginius The camp wants money, we have
store of knocks,

And wounds God's plenty, but we have no pay
This three months did we never house our heads
But in yon great star chamber, never bedded
But in the cold field beds, our victual fails us,
Yet meet with no supply, we're fairly promis'd,
But soldiers cannot feed on promises,
All our provant apparel's* torn to rags,
And our munition fails us. Will you send us
To fight for Rome like Leggairs? Noble gentle
men,

Are you the high state of Decemvirs,
That have those things in manage? Pity us,
For we have need on't. Let not your delays
Be cold to us, whose bloods have oft been
heated

To gain you fame and riches. Prove not to us
(Being our friends) worse foes than we fight with.
Let's not be starv'd in kindness. Sleep you now
Upon the bench, when your deaf ears should
listen

Unto the wretchless clamours of the poor?
Then would I had my drums here, they might
rattle,

And rouse you to attendance! Most grave fathers
Show yourselves worthy stewards to our mother,
Fair Rome, to whom we owe no bastard sons.
Though we be soldiers. She hath in her store
Food to maintain life in the camp, as well
As surfeit for the city. Do not save
The foe a labour. Send us some supply,
Lest, ere they kill us, we by famine die

App Claud Shall I, my lords, give answer to
this soldier?

Opp Be you the city's voice

App Claud Virginius, we would have you
thus possess'd†

We sit not here to be prescrib'd and taught,
Nor to have any suitor give us limit,
Whose power admits no curb. Next know,
Virginius,

The camp's our servant, and must be dispos'd,

audience were to suppose a change of scene. Perhaps a curtain was drawn and Oppidius and the Senators were discovered seated

* *provant apparel*] i.e. clothing provided for the army

† *possess'd*] i.e. informed

Controll'd, and us'd by us, that have the strength
To knit it or dissolve it When we please,
Out of our princely grace and clemency,
To look upon your wants, it may be then
We shall redress them but till then, it fits not
That any petty fellow wag'd by us
Should have a tongue sound here, before a bench
Of such grave auditors Further,—

Virginius Pray, give me leave
Not here! Pray, Appius, is not this the judg-
ment seat?

Where should a poor man's cause be heard but
here?

To you the statistics of long flourishing Rome,
To you I call,—if you have charity,
If you be human, and not quite given o'er
To fury and malice, if you be Romans,
If you have any soldier's blood at all
Flow in your veins, help with your able arms
To prop a sinking camp an minute
Of fair Rome's sons, cold, weak, hungry, and
clotheless,

Would feed upon your surfeit will you save
them,

Or shall they perish?

App Claud What we will, we will,
Be that your answer perhaps at further leisure
We'll help you, not your merit, but our pleasure

Virginius I will not curse thee, Appius, but I
wish

Thou wert i'the camp amongst the mutineers
To tell my answers, not to trouble me
Make you us dogs, yet not allow us bones?
O, what are soldiers come to! Shall your camp,
The strength of all your peace, and the iron wall
That rings this pomp in from invasive steel,
Shall that decay? Then let the foreign firs
Climb o'er these buildings, let the sword and
slaughter

Chase the gown'd senate through the streets of
Rome,

To double dye their robes in scarlet let
The enemy's stripp'd arm have his crimson'd
browns

Up to the elbows in your traitorous blood,
Let Janus' temple be devour'd, your treasures
Ripp'd up to pay the common adversaries
With our due wages Do you look for less?
The rottenness of this misgovern'd state
Must grow to some disease, incurable
Save with a sack or slaughter

App Claud You're too bold

Virginius Know you our extremities?

App Claud We do

Virginius And will not help them?

App Claud Yes

Virginius When?

App Claud Hereafter

Virginius Hereafter! when so many gallant
spirits,

That yet may stand betwixt you and destruction,
Are sunk in death? Hereafter! when disorder
Hath swallow'd all our forces!

App Claud We'll hear no more

Opp Peace, fellow, peace! know the Deceiv'd
And then authority we shall commit you else

Virginius Do so, and I shall thank you, be
reliev'd,

And have a strong house o'er me, fear no alarms
Given in the night by my quick perils

Your guilty in the city feeds more duntly
Than doth your general 'tis a better office

To be an under keeper than a captain —
The gods of Rome amend it!

App Claud Break up the senate

Virginius And shall I have no answer?

App Claud So, farewell

[*Exit all except Virginius*]

Virginius What slave would be a soldier, to be
censur'd

By such as ne'er saw danger to have our pay,
Our worths, and merits balanc'd in the scale
Of base moth eaten peace! I have had wounds
Would have made all this bench fume and look
pale

But to behold them search'd They lay their heads
On their soft pillows, pore upon their bags,
Grow fit with laziness and resty ease,
And us that stand betwixt them and disaster
They will not spare a diadem! O my soldiers,
Before you want, I'll sell my small possessions
Even to my skin to help you, plate and jewels,
All shall be yours Men that are men indeed,
The earth shall find, the sun and air must feed

Enter NUTRICIUS, IULIUS VAFFIUS and VIRGINIA

Num Your daughter, noble brother, hearing
late

Of your arrival from the camp, most humbly
Prostrates her filial duty

Virginius Daughter, rise —

And, brother, I am only rich in her,
And in your love, link'd with the honour'd
friendship

Of those fair Roman lords — For you, Iulius,
I hear I must adopt you with the title
Of a new son you are Virginia's chief,
And I am proud she hath built her far election

Upon such store of virtues May you grow,
Although a city's child, to know a soldier,
And rate him to his merit!

Iul Noble father

(For henceforth I shall only use that name),
Our meeting was to urge you to the process
Of our fair contract

Virginius Witness, gentlemen,
Here I give up a father's interest,
But not a father's love that I will ever
Wear next my heart for it was born with her,
And grows still with my age

Num Iulius,
Receive her—witness, noble gentlemen

Iul With all my heart I would Iulius
could
Do as much for me but Rome affords not such
Another *Virginius*

Virginia I am my father's daughter, and by him
I must be away'd in all things

Num Brother, this happy contract asks a feast,
As a thing due to such solemnities
It shall be at my house, where we this night
Will sport away some hours

Virginius I must to horse

Num What, ride to night!

Virginius Must see the camp to-night
'Tis full of trouble and distracted fears,
And may grow mutinous I am bent to ride

Iul To night!

Virginius I am engag'd short farewells now
must serve,

The universal business calls me hence,
That toucheth a whole people Rome, I fear,
Thou wilt pay use for what thou dost forbear

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

ACT II—SCENE I*

Enter CORBIO to the Clown, who joins VIRGINIA †

Virginia Sirrah, go tell *Calphurnia* I am
walking

To take the air entreat her company,
Say I attend her coming

Corb Madam, I shall but if you could walk
abroad, and get an heir, it were better, for your
father hath a fair revenue, and never a son to
inherit

Virginia You are, sirrah,—

Corb Yes, I am sirrah, but not the party that
is born to do that though I have no lordships,
yet I have so much manners to give my betters
place

Virginia Whom mean you by your betters?

Corb I hope I have learnt to know the three
degrees of comparison, for though I be *bonus*,
and you *melior* as well as *mulier*, yet my Lord
Iulius is *optimus*

Virginia I see there's nothing in such private
done

But you must inquire after

Corb And can you blame us, madam, to long
for the merry day, as you do for the merry night?

Virginia Will you be gone, sir?

Corb O yes, to my Lady *Calphurnia's*, I re-
member my errand [Exit]

Virginia My father's wondrous pensive, and
withal

With a suppressed rage left his house displeas'd,
And so in post is hurried to the camp
It sids me much, to expel which melancholy,
I have sent for company

Enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS and MUSICIANS

Mar *Claud* This opportunity was subtly
waited

It is the best part of a politician,
When he would compass ought to fame his
industry,

Wisely to wait the advantage of the hours,
His happy minutes are not always present—
Express your greatest art, *Virginia* hears you.

[*Song*]

Virginia O, I conceive the occasion of this
harmony

Iulius sent it, I must thank his kindness

Mar *Claud* Let not *Virginia* inter her
contemplation

* *Song*] See note †, p. 45

* Scene I] A street

† To this stage-direction, the old copy adds, "after
her *M. Claudius* with presents"

† *rate*] So the Editor of 1816—The old copy "rate"—
Mr. Collier (*Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures*, &c., p.
lxxxv), treating of various typographical errors in the
works of our old dramatists, writes as follows: "But
the most remarkable proof to the same effect occurs in

So high, to call this visit an intrusion,
For which she understands I took my message
From one that did compose it with affection,
I know she will not only extend pardon,
But grace it with her favour

Virginia You meditate excuse for courtesies,
As if I were so barren of civility,
Not to esteem it worthy of my thanks
Accuse yourself I could be longer patient
To hear my ears so feasted

Mar Claud Join all your voices till you make
the air

Proud to usurp your notes, and to please her
With a sweet echo, serve Virginia's pleasure

As you have been so full of gentleness
To hear with patience what was brought to serve
you,

So hearken with your usual clemency
To the relation of a lover's sufferings
Your figure still does revel in his dreams
He banquets on your memory, yet finds
Not thoughts enough to satisfy his wishes,
As if Virginia had compos'd his heart,
And fills it with her beauty

Virginia I see he is a miser in his wishes,
And thinks he never has enough of that
Which only he possesses—but, to give
His wishes satisfaction, let him know
His heart and mine do dwell so near together,
That hourly they converse and guard each other

Mar Claud Is fair Virginia contented she
knows

Her favour dwells with the same man I plead for?

Virginia Unto Ichnus

Webster's *Appius and Virginia* (edit Dyce, ii 160),
where this passage is met with as it is printed in the old
copy

"Let not Virginia wate her contemplation
So high to call this visit an intrusion"
It is clear that *wate* must be wrong, and the editor
suggests *waite* (to weigh) as the fit emendation, when
as in the two preceding cases, he did not see that it is
only a blunder of *w* for *r*, because the person who
delivered the line could not pronounce the letter *r*
read *rate* for '*wate*,' and the whole difficulty vanishes.

Now, it was with something more than surprise that
I read what I have just quoted—for in the first edition
of the present work (vol. 'ii, 160,'—to which Mr Collier
so carefully refers), I gave the passage in question
literatim thus,

"Let not Virginia *rate* her contemplation," &c
and the note on it in that edition is—

"*rate*! So the Editor of 1516. The old copy, '*wate*'
Qy if a misprint for *waite*," &c weigh."

Why has Mr Collier entirely suppressed the fact that
I inserted "*rate*" in the text of my former edition?
and why has he not mentioned that the emendation
"*rate*" was made by Mr Dilke forty years ago?

Mar Claud Worthy fair one,
I would not wrong your worth so to employ
My language for a man so much beneath
The merit of your beauty—he I plead for
Has power to make your beauty populous,*
Your frown shall awe the world, and in your smile
Great Rome shall build her happiness,
Honour and wealth shall not be styl'd companions
But servants to your pleasure
Then shall Ichnus (but a refin'd citizen)
Boast your affection, when Lord Appius loves
you?

Virginia Bless his great lordship! I was much
mistaken

Let thy lord know, thou advocate of lust,
All the intentions of that youth are honourable,
Whilst his use fill'd with sensuality
And for a final resolution know,
Our hearts in love, like twins, alike shall grow

Mar Claud Had I a wife or daughter that
could please him,

I would devote her to him—but I must
Shadow this scorn, and soothe him still in lust

SCENE II †

Inter dix Soldiers

First Soldier What news yet of Virginia's
return?

Second Soldier Not any

First Sold O, the misery of soldiers!
They doubly stave us with fair promises
We spread the earth like hail or new reaped corn
In this fierce summer, and yet patiently
Make our obedience the confined gail
That staves us

Third Sold Soldiers, let us draw our swords
While we have strength to use them

First Sold 'Tis a motion
Which nature and necessity commands.

* *populous*] "*I opine*," says the Editor of 1516
"must be used here in the same sense as *popular*
Should we not substitute it?" The following quotations
show that the text requires no alteration—

"It should have been some fine contention
That might have given the birth some dainty taste,
This powder was to grosse and *populous*

The Tragedy of Arden of Feversham, 1592, Sig. P. 4
The edition of *Arden*, 1633, has "*populous*"

"You wrong my health in thinking I love them
Do not I know their *populous* imperfections?"

Why, they cannot live till Easter," &c
Middleton's Your Five Gallants—*Works*, ii 245, ed Dyce
† *Scene II*] The camp, before Algidum

Enter MINUTIUS

Min Yere of Virginius's regiment?

Omnes We are

Min Why do you swarm in troops thus? To your quarters!

Is our command grown idle? To your trench!
Come, I'll divide you this your conference

Is not without suspect of mutiny

First Sold Soldiers, shall I relate the grievances
Of the whole regiment?

Omnes Boldly

First Sold Then thus, my lord,—

Min Come, I will not hear thee

First Sold Sir, you shall

Sound all the drums and trumpets in the camp
To drown my utterance, yet above them all
I'll rear our just complaint. Stir not, my lord
I vow you are not wate, if you but move
A sinew till you hear us

Min Well, sir, command us,
You are the general

First Sold No, my lord, not I
I am almost starv'd, I wake in the wet trench,
Loaded with more cold iron than a god
Would give a murderer, while the general
Sleeps in a field bed, and to mock our hunger
Feeds us with scent of the most curious fire
That makes his tables crack, our privy detain'd
By those that are our leaders, and at once
We, in this sad and unprepared plight,
With the enemy and famine duly fight

Min Do you threaten us?

Omnes Sir, you shall hear him out

First Sold You send us whips, and iron
manacles,

And shackles plenty, but the devil's com
Would you would teach us that cannibal trick,
my lord,

Which some rich men 'the city oft do use'
Shall's one devour another?

Min Will you hear me?

First Sold O Rome, thou'rt grown a most
unnatural mother

To those have held thee by the golden locks
From sinking into ruin! Romulus
Was fed by a she-wolf, but now our wolves,
Instead of feeding us, devour our flesh,
Carouse our blood, yet are not drunk with it,
For three parts oft is water

Min Your captain,
Noble Virginius, is sent [to] Rome
For ease of all your grievances

First Sold 'Tis false

Omnes Ay, 'tis false

First Sold He's stol'n away from's, never to
return

And, now his age will suffer him no more

Deal on the enemy, belike he'll turn

An usurer, and in the city air

Cut poor men's throats at home, sitting in's
chair

Min You wrong one of the honourablest com-
manders

Omnes Honourable commander!

First Sold Commander! ay, my lord, there goes
the thief

In victories the general and commanders
Share all the honour, as they share the spoil
But in our overthrows where lies the blame?
The common soldier's fault, ours is the shame
What is the reason that, being so far distant
From the affrighted enemy, we lie
In the open field, subject to the sick humours
Of heaven and earth, unless you could bestow
Two summers of * us? Shall I tell you truth?
You account the expense of engines and of swords,
Of horses and of munition, dearer far
Than soldiers' lives

Omnes Now, by the gods, you do

First Sold Observe you not the ravens and the
crows

Have left the city surfeit, and with us
They make full banquets! Come, you birds of
death,

And fill your greedy crops with human flesh,
Then to the city fly, disgorged it there
Before the senate, and from thence arise
A plague to choke all Rome!

Omnes And all the suburbs!

Min Upon a soldier's word, bold gentlemen,
I expect every hour Virginius
To bring fresh comfort

Omnes Whom? Virginius?

First Sold Now, by the gods, if ever he return,
We'll drag him to the slaughter by his locks
Turn'd white with riot and incontinence,
And leave a precedent to all the world
How captans use their soldiers!

Enter VIRGINIUS.

Min See, he's return'd —

Virginius, you are not safe, retire,
Your troops are mutinous: we are begirt
With enemies more daring and more fierce
Than is the common foe

Virginius My troops, my lord!

Min Your life is threaten'd by these desperato men

Bestake you to your horse

Virginius My noble lord,

I never yet profess'd to teach the art

Of flying—Ha! our troops grown mutinous!

He dares not look on me with half a face

That spread this wildfire—Where is our lieutenant?

Fado VALENTUS.

Val My lord?

Virginius Sirrah, order our companies

Min What do you mean, my lord?

Virginius Take in a little, they have heated me—

Sirrah, is't you will mutiny?

Third Sold Not I, sir

Virginius Is your gall burst, you traitor?

Fourth Sold The gods defend,* sir!

Virginius Or is your stomach sea sick? doth it rise?

I'll make a passage for it

Fifth Sold Noble captain,

I'll die beneath your foot

Virginius You rough porcupine, ha!

Do you bustle, do you shoot your quills, you rogue?

Last Sold They have no points to hurt you, noble captain

Virginius Wist you, my nimble shaver, that would whet

Your sword 'gainst your commander's throat, you, sirrah?

Sixth Sold My lord, I never dream'd on't

Virginius Slaves and cowards,

What, are you choleric now? By the gods,

The way to purge it were to let you bleed!

I am the centre of you, and I'll make

The proudest of you teach the aspen leaf

To tremble, when I breathe

Min A strange conversion

Virginius Advance your pikes! the word!

Omnes Advance your pikes!

Virginius See, noble lord, these are no mutineers,

These are obedient soldiers, civil men

You shall command these, if your lordship please,

To fill a ditch up with their slaughter'd bodies,

That with more ease you may assault some town—

So, now lay down your arms! Villains and traitors,

I here cashier you—hence from me, my poison,

Not worthy of our discipline! go beg,

Go beg, you mutinous rogues! brag of the service

You ne'er durst look on at woe or charity
To hang you, for my mind gives ye're reserv'd
To rob poor market women

Min O Virginius,—

Virginius I do beseech you to confirm my sentence,

As you respect me I will stand myself

For the whole regiment, and safer far

In mine own single valour, than begut

With cowards and with traitors

Min O my lord,

You are too severe

Virginius Now, by the gods, my lord,

You know no discipline, to pity them

Pitiless devils! no sooner my back turn'd

But presently to mutiny!

Omnes Dear captain,—

Virginius Refuse me,* if such traitorous rogues
Would not confound an army!—When do you march?

When do you march, gentlemen?

First Sold My lord, we'll starve first,
We'll hang first, by the gods, do any thing,
Ere we'll forsake you

Min Good Virginius,

Limit your passion

Virginius Sir you may take my place,
Not my just anger from me—These are they
Have bred a death in the camp I'll wish our
foes

No greater plague than to have them company
Show but among them all so many scars
As stick upon this flesh, I'll pardon them

Min How now, my lord, but useless?

Virginius By your favour I ha sud
Wish'ds confound me, if I could not wish
My youth renew'd again, with all her follies,
Only to have breath enough to rail against
These—'Tis too short.

Min See gentlemen, what strange distraction
Your falling off from duty hath begot
In this most noble soldier you may live,
The nearest of you, to command a troop,
And then in others you'll correct those faults
Which in yourselves you cherish'd every captain
Bears in his private government that form
Which kings should o'er their subjects, and to them
Should be the like obedient—We confess
You have been distress'd, but can you justly challenge

Any commander that hath suffered,
While that your food was limited? You cannot.

* *defect*] is forbid

* *Refuse me*] See note §, p. 7

Virginius My lord, I have shar'd with them an equal fortune,

Hunger and cold, march'd thorough watery fens,
Borne as great burdens as the pioneer,
When scarce the ground would bear me,—

Min. Good my lord, give us leave to proceed —
The punishment your captun hath inflicted
Is not sufficient, for it cannot bring
Any example to succeeding times

Of penance worth your faulting happily
It may in you beget a certain shame,
But it will [breed] in others a strong hope
Of the like lenity Yet, gentlemen,

You have in one thing given me such a taste
Of your obedience,—when the fire was rus'd
Of fierce sedition, and the cheek was swell'd
To sound the fatal trumpet, then the sight
Of this your worthy captain did disperse
All those unfruitful humours, and even then
Convert you from fierce tigers to stud men
We therefore pardon you, and do restore

Your captain to you, you unto your captain
Omnes The gods requite you, noble general !
Min My lord, my lord !

Omnes Your pardon, noble captun !

Virginius Well, you are the general, and the fault is quit

A soldier's tears, an elder brother's wit,
Have little salt in them, nor do they season
Things worth observing, for then went of reason —
Take up your arms and use them, do, I pray
I re long you'll take your legs to run away

Min And what supply from Rome ?

Virginius Good store of corn

Min What entertainment there ?

Virginius Most honourable,
Especially by the Lord Appius
There is great hope that Appius will grow
The soldier's patron with what vehemency
He urg'd our wants, and with what expectation
He hasted the supplies, it is almost
Incredible There's promis'd to the soldier,
Besides then corn, a bounteous donative,

But 'tis not certain yet when't shall be paid
Min How for your own particular ?

Virginius My lord,
I was not enter'd fully two pikes' length
Into the senate, but they all stood bare,
And each man offer'd me his seat The business
For which I went despatch'd, what gifts, what fa-
vours,

Were done me, your good lordship at all not hear,
For you would wonder at them, only this,—

'Twould make a man fight up to the neck in blood,
To think how nobly he shall be receiv'd
When he returns to the city

Min. 'Tis well
Give order the provision be divided,
And sent to every quarter

Virginius Sir, it shall —

[*Aside*] Thus men must slight their wrongs, or
else conceal them,

When general safety wills us not reveal them

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *

Enter Two Petitioners at one Door at the other, MARCUS CLAUDIUS

First Pet Pray, is your lord at leisure ?

Mar Claud What is your suit ?

First Pet To accept this poor petition, which
makes known

My many wrongs in which I crave his justice
And upright sentence to support my cause,
Which else is trod down by oppression

Mar Claud My lord's hand is the prop of
innocence,

And if your cause be worthy his supportance,
It cannot fail

First Pet The gods of Rome protect him !

Mar Claud What, is your paper, too, petition
any ?

Sec Pet It leans upon the justice of the judge,
Your noble lord, the very stay of Rome

Mar Claud And sure basis for a poor man's
cause

She cannot yield Your papers I'll deliver,
And when my lord ascends the judgment seat,
You shall find gracious comfort

Enter ICHNIUS stabled

Ich Where's your lord ?

Mar Claud [*aside*] Ichnius ! saw Virginia's late
betroth'd !

Ich Your ears, I hope, you have not forfeited,
That you return no answer where's your lord !

Mar Claud At's study

Ich I desire admittance to him

* *Scene III*] Rome An inner apartment, it would seem, in the house of Appius But presently, when Appius is left alone with Ichnius, a change of scene is supposed, for, p. 160 Appius says to Claudius,

"To send a man in hither,
Even to my closet," &c.
(And yet in the first Scene of the next Act, Ichnius speaks of this interview with Appius as having taken place "in the lobby" &c.)

Mar Claud Please you attend I'll know his
lordship's pleasure —

[*Aside*] *ICILIUS*! I pray heaven she have not
blabb'd [*Exit*

ICIL "Attend!" A petty lawyer to other day,
Glad of a fee, but call'd to eminent place,
Even to his betters now the word's "Attend"
This gown'd office, what a breadth it bears!
How many tempests wait upon his frown!

Re-enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS

Mar Claud All the petitioners withdrew

[*Exeunt Petitioners*

Lord Appius

Must have this place more private, as a favour
Reserved for you, *ICILIUS* — Here's my lord

Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS with Lictors before him

App Claud Be gone, this place is only spar'd
for us, [*Exeunt Lictors*

And you, *ICILIUS* Now your business

ICIL May I speak it freely?

App Claud We have suffering ears,
A heart the softest down may penetrate
Proceed

ICIL My lord, —

App Claud We are private, pray, your court-
tesy

ICIL My duty —

App Claud Leave that to the public eye
Of Rome and of Rome's people — Claudius, there!

Mar Claud My lord?

App Claud Place me a second chair, that done,
Remove yourself So, now your absence, Claudius
[*Exit MAR CLAUDIUS*

ICILIUS, sit this grace we make not common
Unto the noblest Roman, but to you
Our love affords it freely Now your suit?

ICIL It is, you would be kind unto the camp

App Claud Whence, *ICILIUS*, doth the camp
touch thee?

ICIL Thus old *VIRGINIUS*, now my father in law,
Kept from the public pay, consumes himself,
Sells his revenues, turns his plate to coin,
To wage his soldiers and supply the camp,
Wasting that useful substance which indeed
Should rise to me as my *VIRGINIUS*'s dowry

App Claud We meet that opposition thus, *ICIL* —
hus

The camp's supplies do not consist in us,
But those that keep the common treasury,
Speak or entreat we may, but not command
But, sir, I wonder you, so brave a youth,
Son to a thrifty Roman, should ally you
And knit your strong arms to such falling branches

Which rather in their ruin will bear down
Your strength, than you support their rottenness
Be sway'd by me, fly from that ruinous house,
Whose fall may crush you, and contract with mine,
Whose bases are of marble, deeply fix'd
To maugre* all gusts and impending storms.
Cast off that beggar's daughter, poor *VIRGINIA*,
Whose dowry and beauty I'll see troubled both
In one allied to me Smile you, *ICILIUS*?

ICIL My lord, my lord, think you I can imagine
Your close and sparing hand can be profuse
To give that man a palace whom you late
Denied a cottage? Will you from your own coffers
Grant me a treble dowry, yet interpose me
A poor third from the common treasury?
You must move me by possibilities,
For I have brains give first your hand and seal,
That old *VIRGINIUS* shall receive his pay,
Both for himself and soldiers, and, that done,
I shall perhaps be soon induc'd to think
That you, who with such willingness did that, —

App Claud Is my love mispriz'd?

ICIL Not to *VIRGINIA*

App Claud *VIRGINIA*!

ICIL Yes, *VIRGINIA*, lustful lord

I did but trace your cunning all this while
You would bestow me on some Appian trull,
And for that dross to cheat me of my gold
For thus the camp pines, and the city snails
All Rome furs worse for thy incontinence

App Claud Mine, boy!

ICIL Thine, judge This hand hath intercepted
Thy letters, and perus'd thy tempting gifts,
These ears have heard thy amorous passions,
wretch!

These eyes beheld thy treacherous name subscrib'd
A judge? a devil!

App Claud Come, I'll hear no more

ICIL Sit still, or, by the powerful gods of Rome,
I'll nail thee to the chain but suffer me,
I'll offend nothing but thine ears

App Claud Our secretary!

ICIL Tempt not a lover's fury if thou dost,

* *To maugre*, i.e. to defy. I know no other instance
of this word being used as a verb as an adverb, with
the sense in spite of it often occurs

† *gusts* The old copy *gusts* — The Rev J Mitford
(*Genl Mag* for June 1875, p. 191) would read "*gusts*"
But compare what Appius says a little after,

"and for those he tems"

Tokens, and presents we acknowledge none
I may add that in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, act iv sc 1,
the first folio has the same misprint —

"Then, is my quest, and thine own requisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter," &c

Now, by my vow insculpt in heaven, I'll send thee—

App Claud You see I am patient.

Iul But withal revengless.

App Claud So, say on.

Iul Hope not of any grace or the least favour
I am so covetous of Virginia's love,
I cannot spare thee the least look, glance, touch
Divide one true imaginary thought
Into a thousand thousand parts, and that
I'll not afford thee.

App Claud Thou shalt not.

Iul Nay, I will not.

Hadst thou a judge's place above those judges
That judge all souls, having power to sentence me,
I would not bribe thee, no, not with one hair
From her fur temples.

App Claud Thou shouldst not.

Iul Nay, I would not.

Think not her beauty shall have leave to crown
Thy lustful hopes with the least spark of bliss,
Or have these ears charm'd with the ravishing
sound.

Even of her harshest phrase.

App Claud I will not.

Iul Nay, thou shalt not.

She's mine, my soul is crown'd in her desire,
To her I'd travel through a land of fire.

App Claud Now have you done?

Iul I have spoke my thoughts.

App Claud Then will thy fury give me leave
to speak?

Iul I pray, say on.

App Claud Iulius, I must chide you, and
withal.

Tell you your rashness hath made forfeiture
Even of your precious life, which we esteem
Too dear to call in question. If I wish'd you
Of my alliance, gruff'd into my blood,
Condemn you me for that? O, see the rashness
And blind misprision of dis-temper'd youth!
As for the mad Virginia, we are full
Even in least thought from her, and for those
letters,

Tokens, and presents, we acknowledge none
Alas, though great in place, we are not gods
If any false impostor hath usurp'd
Our hand or greatness in his own behoof,
Can we help that? Iulius, there's our hand,
Your rashness we remit. Let's have hereafter
Your love and best opinion. For your suit,
Repair to us at both our better leisure,
We'll breathe in it new life.

Iul I crave your pardon.

App Claud Granted ere crav'd, my good
Iulius.

Iul Morrow.

App Claud It is no more, indeed. Morrow,
Iulius.

If any of our servants wait without,
Command them in.

Iul I shall.

App Claud Our secretary,—

We have use for him, Iulius, send him hither.
Again, good morrow. [Exit Iulius]

Go to thy death, thy life is doom'd and cast.
Appius, be circumspect, and be not rash.
In blood, as thou'rt in lust, be murderous still,
But when thou strik'st, with unseen weapons kill.

Re-enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS.

Mar Claud My honourable lord,—

App Claud Dende me dog?

Mar Claud Who hath stung up this tempest
in your brow?

App Claud Not you 'fie, you 'f!

Mar Claud All you Pantheon gods
Confound me if my soul be accessory
To your distractions!

App Claud To send a ruffian hither,
Even to my closet, first, to brave my greatness,
Ply with my beard, revile me, taunt me, hiss me,
Nay, after all these deep disparagements,
Threat me with steel, and menace me unarm'd,
To nail me to my seat if I but mov'd
All these are slight, slight toys.

Mar Claud Iulius do this?

App Claud Ruffian Iulius! he that, in the front
Of a smooth citizen, bears the rugged soul
Of a most base banditto.

Mar Claud He shall die for't.

App Claud Be not too rash.

Mar Claud Were there no more men to sup-
port great Rome,
Even falling Rome should perish ere he stand.
I'll after him, and kill him.

App Claud Stay, I charge thee.

Lend me a patient ear to right our wrongs,
We must not menace with a public hand,
We stand in the world's eye, and shall be tax'd
Of the least violence where we revenge.
We should smile smoothest where our hate's
most deep,

And when our sycophants' broad waking, seem to sleep,
Let the young man play still upon the bit,
Till we have brought and train'd him to our lure.
Great men should strike but once, and then strike
sure.

Mar Claud Love you Virginia still?

App Claud Do I still live?

Mar Claud Thon she's your own Virginus
is, you say,

Still in the camp!

App Claud True

Mar Claud Now in his absence will I claim
Virginia

To be the daughter of a bondwoman,
And slave to me, to prove which, I'll produce
Firm proofs, notes probable, sound witness.
Then, having with your Lictors summon'd her,
I'll bring the cause before your judgment-seat
Where, upon my infallible evidence,
You may pronounce the sentence on my side,
And she become your stumpet, not your bride

App Claud Thou hast a copious brain but
how in this
Shall we dispose Ichnus?

Mar Claud If he spurn,
Clap him up close there's ways to chain his
spleen

By this no scandal can redound to you,
The cause is mine, you but the sentencer
Upon that evidence which I shall bring
The business is, to have warrants by arrest,
To answer such things at the judgment bar
As can be laid against her ere her friends
Can be assembled, ere herself can study
Her answer, or scarce know her cause of sum-
mons

To descent on the matter, Appius may
Examine, try, and doom Virginia.

But all this must be sudden

App Claud Thou art born
To mount me high above Ichnus' scorn
I'll leave it to thy manage

Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I *

Enter Nurse and Corbulo

Corb What was that you said, nurse?

Nurse Why, I did say thou must bestir thyself

Corb I warrant you, I can bestir my stumps as
soon as another, if fit occasion be offered but why
do you come upon me in such haste? is it because,
nurse, I should come over you at leisure?

Nurse Come over me, thou knave! what dost
thou mean by that?

Corb Only this, if you will come off, I will
come on

Nurse My lord hath strangers to night you
must make ready the parlour, a table and lights
nay, when,† I say?

Corb Methinks you should rather wish for a
bed than for a board, for darkness than for lights
yet I must confess you have been a light woman
in your time, but now—

Nurse But now! what now, you knave?

Corb But now I'll go fetch the table and some
lights presently.

Enter NUMITORIUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, and ICHNUS

Nam Som lights to usher in these gentlemen!

Clear all the rooms without there!—sit, pray,
sit—

None interrupt our conference

Enter VIRGINIA

Hi, whos that?

Nurse My most [dear *] child, if it please you

Nam Fair Virginia, you are welcome—

The rest forbear us till we call

Exeunt Nurse and CORBULO

Sweet cousin,

Our business and the cause of our discourse
Admits you to this council take your place—
Ichnus, we are private, now proceed

Ich Then thus Lord Appius doth intend me
wrong,

And under his smooth calmness cloaks a tempest
That will ere long break out in violence
On me and on my fortunes.

Nam My good cousin,
You are young, and youth breeds rashness Can I
think

Lord Appius will do wrong, who is all justice,
The most austere and upright censorer
That ever sat upon the awful bench?

* Scene I] Rome An apartment in the house of
Numitorus.

† when] See note *, p. 68

* My most [dear] child] The old copy, "My most
child," the printer, it would seem, having been unable to
decipher the word which he has marked by a break

Val Icilus, you are near to me in blood,
And I esteem your safety as mine own
If you will needs wage * eminence and state,
Choose out a weaker opposite, not one
That in his arm bears all the strength of Rome

Num Besides, Icilus,
Know you the danger what it is to scandal
One of his place and away?

Icl I know it, kinsmen, yet this popular
greatness

Can be no bugbear to affright mine innocence
No, his smooth crest hath cast a palp'd † film
Over Rome's eyes. He juggles, a plain juggler
Lord Appius is no less.

Num Nay, then, cousin,
You are too harsh, and I must hear no more
It ill becomes my place and gravity
To lend a face to such reproachful terms
Gainst one of his high presence

Icl Sit, pray, sit,
To see me draw his picture fore your eyes,
To make this man seem monstrous and this god
Rome so adores, a devil a plun devil
This lord, this judge, this Appius, that professeth
To all the world a vestal chastity,
Is an incontinent, loose lecher grown

Num Fie cousin!

Icl Nay 'tis true. Daily and hourly
He tempts this blushing virgin with huge promises,
With melting words, and presents of high rate,
To be the stile to his unchaste desires

Num Is't possible

Icl Possible!

'Tis actual truth. I pray, but ask your niece
Virginia Most true, I am extremely tired and
weaned

With messages and tokens of his love,
No answer, no repulse will satisfy
The tediousness of his importunate suit.
And whilst I could with modesty and honour,
Without the danger of reproach and shame,
I kept it secret from Icilus,
But when I saw their boldness found no limit,
And they from far entreaty grew to threats,
I told him all

Icl True understanding which,
To him I went

* *wage*] "Webster," says Nares in his Glossary has used the singular expression of *waging* 'eminence and state' meaning to contend in those points. Afterwards, p. 16., we have, "My purse is too scant to wage law with them."

† *palp'd*] So Heywood,

And bring a *palp'd* darkness o're the earth "

Brazen Age, 1613, Sig. F

Val To Appius!

Icl To that giant,
The high Colossus that bestrides us all, *
I went to him

Hor How did you bear yourself?

Icl Like Appius, at the first, dissemblingly;
But when I saw the coast clear, all withdrawn,
And none but we two in the lobby, then
I drew my poniard, took him by the throat,
And, when he would have clamour'd, thence to death,

Unless he would with patience hear me out

Num Did he, Icilus?

Icl I made him that he durst not squeak,
Not move an eye, not draw a breath too loud,
Nor stir a finger

Hor What succeeded then?

Num Keep fast the door there!—Sweet coz
not too loud

What then succeeded?

Icl Why, I told him all,
Gave him his due, call'd him lascivious judge
(A thousand things which I have now forgot)
Show'd him his hand a witness 'gainst himself
And every thing with such known circumstance,
That he might well excuse, but not deny

Num How parted you?

Icl Why, friends in outward show,
But I perceiv'd his heart—that hypocrite
Was born to gull Rome, and deceive us all
He swore to me quite to abjure her love,
Yet, ere myself could reach Virginia's chamber,
One was before me with regrets † from him
I know his hand. The intent of this our meeting
Was to entreat your counsel and advice
The good old man her father, is from home,
I think it good that she now in his absence
Should lodge in secret with some private friend,
Where Appius nor his factors, those blood
hounds,

Can hunt her out. You are her uncle, sir,
I pray, counsel the best

Num To oppose ourselves,
Now in this heat, against so great a man,
Might, in my judgment, to ourselves bring danger,
And to my niece no safety. If we fail,
She cannot stand, let's, then, preserve ourselves
Until her father be discharg'd the camp

Val And, good Icilus, for your private ends,

* *The high Colossus that bestrides us all*] From Shakspeare,—

"he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus" *Julius Caesar*, Act I. Sc. II

† *regret*] i. e. fresh greetings.

And the dear safety of your friends and kindred,
Against that statist spare to use your spleen

Iac. I will be sway'd by you—My lords, 'tis late,

And time to break up conference—Noble uncle,
I am your growing debtor

Nun. Lights without there!

Iac. I will conduct Virginia to her lodging
Good night to all at once

Nun. The gods of Rome protect you all! and then

We need not fear the envious rage of men

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *

[*Enter MARCUS CRASSUS, with Four Lictors*]

Mar. Claud. Lictors, bestow yourselves in some close shops,

About the Forum, till you have the sight
Of Ian Virginia, for I understand
This present morning she'll come forth to buy
Some necessaries at the sempsters' shops
How'd accompanied, be it your care
To seize her at our action—Good my friends,
Disperse yourselves, and keep a careful watch

[*Exit*]

Post. Luc. 'Tis strange that ladies will not pay their debts

Sec. Luc. It were strange, indeed, if that our Roman knights would give them good example and pay theirs

First Luc. The calendar that we Lictors go by is all dog days.

Sec. Luc. Right, our common hunt is still to dog unthrifths

First Luc. And what's your book of common prayer?

Sec. Luc. Faith, only for the increase of riotous young gentlemen i' the country, and beak-upts i' the city

First Luc. I know no man more valiant than we are, for we back knights and gentlemen daily

Sec. Luc. Right, we have them by the back hourly—your French fly applied to the nape of the neck for the French rheum is not so sore a diawer as a Lictor.

First Luc. Some say that, if a little-timbered fellow would juggle a great loggerhead, let him be sure to lay him i' the kennel, but when we shoulder a knight, or a knight's fellow, we make him more sure, for we kennel him i' the counter

Sec. Luc. Come, let's about our business

[*Exeunt*]

[*Enter VIRGINIA, Nurse, and CORBULO*]

Virginia. You are grown wondrous amorous of late

Why do you look back so often?

Corb. Madam, I go as a Frenchman rides, all upon one buttock

Virginia. And what's the reason?

Corb. Your ladyship never saw a monkey in all your lifetime have a clog at's tail, but he's still looking back to see what the devil 'tis that follows him

Nurse. Very good, we are your clogs, then

Virginia. Your crest is grown regardant *
hides the beauty

That makes your eyes forgetful of their way

Corb. Beauty! O the gods! madam, I cannot endure her complexion

Nurse. Why, sir, what's my complexion?

Corb. Thy complexion is just between a Moon and a French woman

Virginia. But she hath a matchless eye, sir

Corb. True, her eyes are not right matches besides, she is a widow

Nurse. What then, I pray you?

Corb. Of all waters I would not have my beard powdered with a widow's tears

Virginia. Why, I beseech you?

Corb. O, they are too fresh, madam—assume yourself they will not last for the death of fourteen husbands above a day and a quarter—besides, if a man come a wooing to a widow, and invite her to a banquet, contrary to the old rule, she will sooner fill her eye than her belly—Besides that, if he look into her estate, first—look you here are four fingers—first the change of her husband's funeral, next debts and legacies, and lastly the reversion—now, take away debts and legacies, and what remains for her second husband?

Nurse. I would some of the tribe heard you

Corb. There's a certain fish that, as the learned divulge, is called a shuk—now, this fish can never feed while he swims upon's belly, marry, when he lies upon his back, O, he takes it at pleasure

Virginia. Well, sir, about your business, make provision

Of those things I directed

Corb. Sweet lady, these eyes shall be the clerks of the kitchen for your belly, but I can assure

* *regardant*] "A term in heraldry, and signifies looking behind" *Editor of 1816*

you, woodcocks will be hard to be spoke with, for there's a great feast towards.

Virginia You are very pleasant

Corb And fresh cod is taken down thick and threefold women without great bellies go together by the ears for't, and such a number of sweet toothed caters* in the market, not a calf's head to be got for love or money mutton's mutton now

Virginia Why, was it not so ever?

Corb No, madam, the sinners in the suburbs had almost taen the name† quite away from't, 'twas so cheap and common but now 'tis at a sweet reckoning, the term time is the mutton monger in the whole calendar

Nurse Do your lawyers eat any salads with their mutton?

Corb Yes, the younger revellers use capers to their mutton so long till with their shuffling and cutting some of them be out at heels again — A bountiful mind and a full purse ever attend your ladyship!

Virginia O, I thank you

Re enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS and Factors

Mar Claud See, yon's the lady

Corb I will buy up for your ladyship all the young cuckoos in the market

Virginia What to do?

Corb O, 'tis the most delicatest dish, I'll assure you, and newest in fashion not a great feast in all Rome without a cuckoo

Mar Claud Virginia, —

Virginia Sir?

Mar Claud Mistress, you do not know me, Yet we must be acquainted follow me

Virginia You do salute me strangely Follow you!

Corb Do you hear, sir? methinks you have followers enough Many gentlemen that I know would not have so many tall followers as you have for the price of ten hunting geldings, I'll assure you

Mar Claud Come, will you go?

Virginia Whither? by what command?

Mar Claud By warrant of these men, and privilege

I hold even on thy life Come, ye proud dame, You are not what you seem

Virginia Uncivil sir,

What makes you thus familiar and thus bold? Unhand me, villain!

Mar Claud What, mistress, to your lord?

Ho that can set the razor to your throat, And punish you as freely as the gods, No man to ask the cause? Thou art my slave, And here I seize what's mine

Virginia Ignoble villain!

I am as free as the best king or consul Since Romulus What dost thou mean? Unhand me —

Give notice to my uncle and Icilius

What violence is offer'd me

Mar Claud Do, do

Corb Do you press women for soldiers, or do you beg women, instead of other commodities, to keep your hands in ure? By this light, if thou hast any ears on thy head, as it is a question, I'll make my lord pull you out by the ears, though you take a castle [Exit]

Mar Claud Come, will you go along?

Nurse Whither should she go, sir? Here's pulling and hauling a poor gentlewoman!

Mar Claud Hold you your prating, reverence the whip

Shall seize on you for your smooth cozenage

Virginia Are not you servant to Lord Appius?

Mar Claud Howe'er I am your lord, and will approve it

For all the senate

Virginia Thou wilt prove thyself The curs'd pander for another's lust, And thus your plot shall burst about your ears Like thunderbolts

Mar Claud Hold you that confidence First I will seize you by the course of law, And then I'll talk with you

Enter ICILIUS and NUMA TORIUS

Num How now, fair cousin?

Ici How now, gentlemen?

What's the offence of fair Virginia, You bend your weapons on us?

Ici Sir, stand back, We fear a rescue

Ici There's no need of fear, Where there's no cause of rescue What's the matter?

Virginia O my Icilius, your incredulity Hath quite undone me! I am now no more Virginius's daughter, so this villain urges, But publish'd for his bondwoman

Num How's this?

* caters] i.e. caterers

† the name] Mutton was a very common cant term for a prostitute

* ure] i.e. ure

Mar Claud. 'Tis true, my lord, and I will take my right

By course of law

Iul. Villains, set her free,

Or, by the power of all our Roman gods,

I'll give that just revenge unto my rage

Which should be given to justice! Bondwoman!

Mar Claud. Sir, we do not come [here] to fight, we'll deal

By course of law

Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS

My lord, we fear a rescue

App Claud. A rescue! never fear't, here's none in presence

But civil men — My lord, I am glad to see you —

Noble Icilius, we shall ever love you —

Now, gentlemen, reach your petitions

Iul. My lord, my lord, —

App Claud. Worthy Icilius,

If you have any business, defer it

Until to-morrow or the afternoon

I shall be proud to pleasure you

Iul. The fox

Is catch'd, my lord, you cannot wind him yet

App Claud. Stools for my noble friends! — I pay you, sir

Mar Claud. May it please your lordship, —

App Claud. Why, uncivil sir,

Have I not begg'd forbearance of my best

And dearest friends, and must you trouble me?

Mar Claud. My lord, I must be heard, and will be heard

Were all the gods in parliament, I'd burst

Their silence with my importunity,

But they should hear me

App Claud. The fellow's mad —

We have no leisure now to hear you, sir

Mar Claud. Hast now no leisure to hear just complaints?

Resign thy place, O Appius, that some other

May do me justice, then!

App Claud. We'll hear 't to-morrow

Mar Claud. O my lord,

Deny me justice absolutely, rather

Than feed me with delays

Iul. Good my lord, hear him,

And wonder when you hear him, that a case

So full of vile imposture should desire

To be unfolded.

Mar Claud. Ay, my lord, 'tis true,

The imposture is on their parts

App Claud. Hold your prating —

Away with him to prison, clamorous fellow! —

Suspect you our uprightness?

Mar Claud. No, my lord,

But I have mighty enemies, my lord,

Will overflow my cause. See, here I hold

My bondwoman, that brags herself to be

Descended of a noble family

My purse is too scant to wage law with them

I am enforced be mine own advocate,

Not one will plead for me. Now, if your lordship

Will do me justice, so, if not, then know

High hills are safe, when seas pool dales o'erflow

App Claud. Sirrah, I think it fit to let you know,

Ere you proceed in this your subtle suit,

What penalty and danger you incur,

If you be found to double. Here's a virgin

Famous by birth, by education noble,

And she, forsooth, haply* but to draw

Some piece of money from her worthy father,

Must needs be challeng'd for a bondwoman

Sirrah, take heed, and well bethink yourself

I'll make you a piececent to all the world,

If I but find you tripping

Mar Claud. Do it freely

And view on that condition these just proofs

[Gives papers to APPIUS CLAUDIUS]

App Claud. Is that the virgin's nurse?

Nurse. Her milk nurse, my lord. I had a sore hand with her for a year and a quarter. I have had somewhat to do with her since, too, for the poor gentlewoman hath been so troubled with the green sickness

Iul. I pray thee, nurse, entreat Sertorius

To come and speak with me. [Exit Nurse]

App Claud. Here is strange circumstance, view it, my lord

If he should prove this, it would make Virginius think he were wrong'd

Iul. There is a devilish cunning,

Express'd in this black forgery

App Claud. Icilius and Virginia, pray come near. Compound with this base fellow: you were better disburse some tittle, than to undergo

The question of her freedom

Iul. O my lord,

She were not worth a handful of a bribe,

If she did need a bribe!

App Claud. Nay, take your course,

I only give you my opinion,

I ask no fee for't. — Do you know this fellow?

Virginia. Yes, my lord, he's your servant.

App Claud. You're in the right

But will you truly know his character?

He was at first a petty notary,

* haply] Even if we substitute "happily," (as the word was often written), the line still holds

A fellow that, being trusted with large sums
Of honest citizens, to be employ'd
I' the trade of usury,—this gentleman,
Couching his credit like a tilting staff
Most cunningly, it brake, and at one course
He ran away with thirty thousand pound
Returning to the city seven year after,
Having compounded with his creditors
For the third moiety, he buys an office
Belonging to our place, depends on us
In which the oppression and vile injuries
He hath done poor suitors they have cause to rue,
And I to pity he hath sold his smiles
For silver, but his promises for gold,
His delays have undone men

The plague that in some folded cloud remains
The bright sun soon disperseth, but observe,
When black infection in some dunghill lies,
There's work for bells and graves, if it do rise

Yam He was an ill prop to your house, my lord

App Claud 'Tis true, my lord but we that have
such servants

Are like to cuckolds that have notorious wives
We are the last that know it this is it
Makes noblemen suspected * to have done ill,
When the oppression lies in their proud followers

Mar Claud My lord, it was some soothing speech,
plant,

Some base detracting rascal, that hath spread
This falsehood in your ears

App Claud Peace, impudence
Did I not yesterday no longer since
Surprise thee in thy study counterfeiting,
Our hand?

Mar Claud 'Tis true, my lord

App Claud Being subscribed
Unto a letter fill'd with amorous stuff
Unto this lady?

Mar Claud I have asked your pardon
And gave you reason why I was so bold
To use that forgery

App Claud Did you receive it?

Virginia I did, my lord, and I can show your
lordship

A packet of such letters

App Claud Now, by the gods,
I'll make you rue it! I beseech you, sir,
Show them the reason mov'd you counterfeit
Our letter

Enter SERVANTUS †

Mar Claud Sir, I had no other colour
To come to speak with her

* *suspect* *clad*] The author probably wrote "suspect
† *Kuler* *Servantus*] The old copy 'Fute' *Valerius*

App Claud A goodly reason!
Did you until this hour acquaint the lady
With your intended suit?

Mar Claud At several times,
And would have drawn her by some private
course

To have compounded for her liberty

Virginia Now, by a virgin's honour and true
birth,

'Tis false, my lord! I never had a dream
So terrible as is this monstrous dovil

App Claud Well, sir, referring my particular
wrong

To a particular censure, I would know
What is your suit?

Mar Claud My lord, a speedy trial

App Claud You shall obtain it with all severity,
I will not give you longer time to dream

Upon new sleights to cloak your forgery —

Observe you this chameleon, my lords,
I'll make him change his colour presently

Yam My lord, although the uprightness of our
cause

Needs no delay, yet for the satisfaction
Of old Virginius, let him be present

When we shall crave a trial

App Claud Suit needs not

Who stands for father of the innocent,
If not the judge? I'll save the poor old man
That needless travel

Virginia With your favour, sir,
We must entreat some respite in a business
So needful of his presence

App Claud I do protest
You wrong yourselves thus to importune it
Well, let it be to-morrow I'll not sleep
Till I have made this thicket a smooth plain,
And given you your true honour back again

Icar My lord the distance 'twixt the camp and
us

Cannot be measured in so short a time

Let us have four days' respite

App Claud You are unwise,
Rumour by that time will have fully spread
The scandal, which, being ended in one hour,
Will turn to air to-morrow is the trial
In the mean time let all contented thoughts
Attend you

Mar Claud My lord, you deal unjustly
Thus to dismiss her, this is that they seek for
Before to-morrow they'll convey her hence,
Where my claim shall not seize her

but *Servantus* was the person sent for by Icarus, and sent
towards the close of this scene

App Claud Cunning knave!
You would have bond for her appearance? say
Mar Claud I think the motion's honest
App Claud Very good
Jealous shall engage his honour'd word
For her appearance
Mar Claud As you please, my lord
But it were fitting her old uncle there
Were jointly bound with him
App Claud Well, sir, your pleasure
Shall have satiety. You'll take our word
For her appearance, will you not, sir, I pray?
Mar Claud Most willingly, my lord
App Claud Then, sir, you have it
And in the mean time I'll take the honour'd lady
Into my guardianship, and, by my life
I'll use her in all kindness as my wife
Jul Now, by the gods, you shall not!
App Claud Shall not, what?
Jul Not use her as your wife—sir
App Claud O my lord,
I spake it from my heart
Jul As very likely
She is a virgin, sir, and must not lie
Under arms so forthcoming, do you mark?
Not under your forthcoming, lecherous Appius
App Claud Mistake me not my lord—our
secretary
Take bonds for the appearance of this lady—
And now to you, sir—you that were my servant
I here cashier you, never shalt thou shroud
Thy villainies under our noble roof,
Nor scape the whip or the fell hangman's hook
By warrant of our favour
Mar Claud So, my lord,
I am more free to serve the gods, I hope
Now I have lost your service
App Claud Hark you, sirrah,
Who shall give bonds for your appearance, here,
To justify your claim?
Mar Claud I have none, my lord
App Claud Away! Commit him prisoner to
his chamber—
I'll keep you safe from starting
Mar Claud Why, my lord,—
App Claud Away! I will not hear you
A judge's heart here in the midst must stand
And move not a hair's breadth to either hand
[*Exit Appius Claudius, Marcus Claudius,
and Factors.*]
Nun O, were thy heart but of the self-same piece
Thy tongue is, Appius, how bless'd were Rome!
Jul Post to the camp, Sertorius, thou hast heard
The effect of all, relate it to Virginius

I pray thee, use thy ablest horsemanship,
For it concerns us near
Ser I go, my lord
Jul Sure, all this is damn'd cunning
Virginia O my lord,
Scamers in tempests shun the flattering shore,
To bear full sails upon't were danger more
So men o'erborne with greatness still hold dear
False seeming friends that on their beams
spread,
For this is a safe truth which never varies
He that strikes all his sails seldom miscarries
Jul Must we be slaves both to a tyrant's will,*
And [to] confounding ignorance at once?
Where are we? in a mist? or is this hell?
I have seen as great as the proud judge have fell
The bending willow, yielding to each wind,
Shall keep his rooting firm, when the proud oak
Braving the storm, presuming on his root,
Shall have his body rent from head to foot
Let us expect the worst that may betide,
And with a noble confidence bear all [*Exit*

SCENE III †

Jul Appius Claudius, Marcus Claudius, and a
Servant

App Claud Here, bear this packet to Minutius,
And privately deliver it to make as much speed
As if thy father were decens'd in the camp,
And that thou wast set to take the administration
Of what he left thee. I say!
Ser I go, my lord [*Exit*
App Claud O my trusty Claudius!
Mar Claud My dear lord
Let me adore your divine policy
You have poison'd them with sweetmeats, you
have, my lord
But what contain those letters?

* *Must we be slaves both to a tyrant's will, &c.* The
Rev. J. Mitford (*Great Men* for June 1813, p. 491) thinks
that the whole of this speech ought to be in rhyme, and
accordingly would read,—

Must we be slaves both to a tyrant's will
And confounding ignorance at once or ill?

The bending willow yielding to each *stroke*, &c.
But I believe that the old copy gives here the very
words of the author, except that it omits *to* in the
second line, speeches partly blank verse and partly
prose being not uncommon in our early dramatists
and the impropriety of the alteration "each *stroke*" is
vindicated by what follows—*Braving the storm*!

† *Scene III*] The same. A room in the house of
Appius

App Claud Much importance
Minutius is commanded by that packet
To hold Virginus prisoner in the camp
On some suspect of treason

Mar Claud But, my lord,
How will you answer this?

App Claud Tush, my fault
On shadow of a crime will be sufficient
For his committing thus, when he is absent,
We shall in a more calm and friendly sea
Sail to our purpose

Mar Claud Mercury himself
Could not direct more safely

App Claud O my Claudius,
Observe this rule,—one ill must cure another,
As aconitum,* a strong poison, brings
A present cure against all serpents' stings
In high attempts the soul hath infinite eyes,
And 'tis necessity makes men most wise
Should I miscarry in this desperate plot,
This of my fate in aftertimes be spoken,
I'll break that with my weight on which I am
broken

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV †

*Enter, from one side Two Servingmen from the other,
singing to the Queen melancholy*

First Serv Why, how now, 'Corbulo' thou
wast not wont to be of this sad temper What's
the matter now?

Corb Times change, and seasons alter
Some men are born to the bench, and some to
the halter
What do you think now that I am?

First Serv I think thee to be Virginus' man,
and Corbulo

Corb No, no such matter guess again tell
me but what I am, or what manner of fellow you
imagine me to be

First Serv I take thee to be an honest good
fellow

Corb Wide of the bow hand ‡ still Corbulo is
no such man

Sec Serv What art thou, then?

* *Aconitum*, &c.] Compare Ben Jonson who follows
Pim Nat Hist xxvii 2,

"I have heard that aconite,
Being timely taken, hath a healing might
Against the scorpion's stroke, the proof we'll give,
That, while two poisons wrestle, we may live"

Sejanus, act iii sc 3

† *Scene IV*] The same A street

‡ *wide of the bow-hand*] i.e. considerably to the left of
the mark, a metaphor taken from archery

Corb Listen, and I'll describe myself to you
I am something better than a knave, and yet come
short of being an honest man, and though I can
sing a treble, yet am accounted but as one of the
base, being, indeed, and, as the case stands with
me at this present, inferior to a rogue, and three
degrees worse than a rascal

First Serv How comes this to pass?

Corb Only by my service's success Take heed
whom you serve, O you serving creatures! for this
is all I have got by serving my lady Virginia

Sec Serv Why, what of her?

Corb She is not the woman you take her to
be, for though she have borrowed no money, yet
she is entered into bonds, and though you may
think her a woman not sufficient, yet 'tis very
like her bond will be taken. The truth is, she
is challenged to be a bondswoman now, if she be
a bondswoman and a slave, and I her servant and
vassal what do* you take me to be? I am an
ant a gnat, a worm, a woodcock amongst birds,
a lodmordod amongst flies, amongst curs a
trindle-tale, and amongst fishes a poor puer, but,
amongst serving men, worse, worse than the mean
man to the under yeoman fowlerer †

First Serv But is it possible thy lady is chal-
lenged to be a slave? What witnesses have they?

Corb Witness these fountains, these flood
gates, these wellsprings the poor gentlewoman
was arrested in the open market I offered, I
offered to buy her, but (though she was) I could
not be taken The grief hath gone so near my
heart that, until I be made free, I shall never
be mine own man The Lord Appius hath com-
mitted her to ward, and it is thought she shall
neither lie on the Knight side, nor in the Two
penny ward, ‡ for if he may have his will of her,
he means to put her in the Hole His warrant
hath been out for her, but how the case stands
with him, or how matters will be taken up with
her, 'tis yet uncertain

Sec Serv When shall the trial be?

Corb I take it to be as soon as the morning is
brought a bed of a new son and heir

Sec Serv And when is that?

Corb Why, to morrow, for every morning,

* *do*] The old copy "did"

† *yeoman fowlerer*] Was the person immediately under
the huntsman who led out and let loose the dogs in the
chase Fowlerer is from the French *vautrier* or *vaudrier*

‡ *Two penny ward*] Old copy "Troping Ward" The
Knight's Ward, the Master's Ward, the Two penny Ward
and the Hole, were the four prison-divisions or sides
See a curious description of them in Fenner's *Compter's
Commonwealth*, 1617

you know, brings forth a new sun but they are all short-lived, for every night she drowns them in the western sea. But to leave these enigmas as too high for your dull apprehensions, shall I see you at the trial to-morrow?

First Serv. By Jove's help I'll be there

Sec Serv. And I, if I live

Corb. And I, if I die for't bear's my hand, I'll meet you. It is thought my old master will be there at the bar, for though all the timber of his house yet stand, yet my Lord

Numitorius hath sent one of his posts to the camp to bid him spur, cut, and come to the sentence. O, we have a house at home as heavy as if it were covered with lead! But you will remember to be there

First Serv. And not to fail

Corb. If I chance to meet you there, and that the case go against us, I will give you a quart, not of wine, but of tears, for, instead of a new roll, I purpose to break my fast with sops of sorrow

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I *

Enter VIRGINIA like a slave. NUMITORIUS, ICHUS, VALERIUS, HORATIUS. VIRGINIA like a slave. JULIA, CALPURNIA, and Nurse

Virginia. Thanks to my noble friends it now appears

That you have rather lov'd me than my fortune,
For that's near shipwreck'd chance, you see,
still ranges,

And this short dance of life is full of changes
Appius how hollow that name sounds how
deadful!

It is a question whether the proud lecher
Will view us to our merit, for they say
His memory to virtue and good men
Is still enousing Lethe. O the gods!
Not with more terror do the souls in hell
Appear before the seat of Rhadamanth
Than the poor client yonder

[*Pointing to the tribunal*]

Num. O Virginus,
Why do you wear this habit? it ill fits
Your noble person or this reverend place

Virginia. That's true, old man, but it well
fits the case

That's now in question. If with tear and show
They prove her slav'd, all freedom I'll forego

Ich. Noble Virginus,
Put out a bold and confident defence,
Search the imposture, like a cunning trier,
False metals bear the touch, but brook not
fire,—

Their brittleness betrays them. Let your breath
Discover as much shame in them as death
Did o'er draw from offenders. Let your truth

Nobly supported, void of fear or art,
Welcome whatever comes with a great heart

Virginus. Now, by the gods, I thank thee,
noble youth!

I never fear'd in a besieged town
Mines or great engines like yon lawyer's gown

Virginia. O my dear lord and father! once you
gave me

A noble freedom do not see it lost
Without a forfeit, take the life you gave me,
And sacrifice it rather to the gods
Than to a villain's lust. Happy the wretch
Who, born in bondage, lives and dies a slave,
And sees no lustful projects bent upon her,
And neither knows the life nor death of
honour

Ich. We have neither justice, no, nor violence,
Which should reform corruption, sufficient
To cross their black premeditated doom
Appius will seize her all the fire in hell
Is leap'd into his bosom

Virginus. O you gods,
Extinguish it with your compassionate tears,
Although you make a second deluge spread,
And swell more high than Tenebris high head!
Have not the wars heaped snow sufficient
Upon this aged head, but they will still
Pile winter upon winter!

*Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS, OPIDIUS MARCUS CLAUDIUS, SIX
Senators, Advocates, and Lictors*

App. Claud. Is he come, say?

Now, by my life, I'll quit the general

Num. Your reverence to the judge, good
brother

Virginus. Yes, sir, I have learnt my compli-
ment thus

* Scene I] Rome Before the tribunal of Appius

Bless'd mean estates who stand in fear of many
And great are curs'd for that they fear not any

App Claud What, is *Virginius* come?

Virginius I am here, my lord

App Claud Where is your daughter?

Num Here, my reverend lord —

[*To Virginia*] Your habit shows you strangely

Virginia O tisht,

It suits both time and cause — Pray, pardon it

App Claud Where is your advocate?

Virginius I have none, my lord

Truth needs no advocate the unjust cause

Buy up the tongues that travel with applause

In these your throng'd courts — I want not any
And count him the most wretched that needs
many

Adi May it please your reverend lordships,—

App Claud What are you, sir?

Adi Of counsel with my client, *Marcus Claudius*

Virginius My lord I undertake a desperate
combat

To cope with this most eloquent lawyer

I have no skill in the weapon, good my lord

I mean I am not travel'd in your laws

My suit is therefore, by your special goodness

They be not wrested against me

App Claud O *Virginius*,

The gods defend* they should!

Virginius Your humble servant shall ever†
pay for you

Thus shall your glory be above your place,

Or those high titles which you hold in court,

For they die bless'd that die in good report —

Now, sir I stand you

Adi Then have at you, sir!—

May it please your lordships, here is such a case,

So full of subtlety, and, as it were,

So far benighted in an ignorant mist,

That though my reasoning be sufficient,

My practice more, I never was entangled

In the like purse net‡ Here is one that claims

This woman for his daughter here's another

Affirms she is his bond slave now the question

(With favour of the bench, I shall make plain

In two words only without circumstance

App Claud Fall to your proofs

Adi Where are our papers?

Mar Claud Here, sir

Adi Where, sir? I vow you're the most tedious
client —

* defend] i o forbid

† shall ever] Qy "ever shall"

‡ purse net] See note *, p 170

Now we come to t, my lord Thus stands the case
The law is clear on our sides —

Hold your prating

[*To MARCUS CLAUDIUS*]

That honourable lord, *Virginius*,

Having been married about fifteen year

And issueless, this virgin's politic mother

Seeing the land was likely to descend

To *Numitorius*,—I pray, sir, listen,

You, my Lord *Numitorius*, attend,

We are on your side—old *Virginius*

Employ'd in foreign wars, she sends him word

She was with child, observe it, I beseech you,

And note the trick of a deceitful woman

She in the mean time feigns the passions

Of a great bellied woman, counterfeit

Their passions and then quidams and verily

All Rome held this for no imposturous stuff

What's to be done now? Here's a rumour spread

Of a young heir, gods bless it! and [a] belly

Bombasted with a cushion but there wants

(What wants there?) nothing but a pretty babe

Bought with some piece of money, where it skills
not,

To furnish this supposed lying in

Adi I protest, my lord, the fellow in the
nightcap

Hath not spoke one true word yet

App Claud Hold you your prating, woman,
till you are call'd

Idi 'Tis purchis'd Where? From this man's
bondwoman

The money paid — [*To MARCUS CLAUDIUS*] what
was the sum of money?

Mar Claud A thousand drachmas

Adi Good a thousand drachmas

App Claud Where is that bondwoman?

Mar Claud She's dead, my lord

App Claud O, dead, that makes your cause
suspicious

Adi But here's her deposition on her death bed,
With other testimony to confirm

What we have said is true Will't please your
lordship

Take pains to view these writings? Here, my
lord —

We shall not need to hold your lordships long,
We'll make short work on't

Virginius My lord,—

App Claud By your favour —

If that your claim be just, how happens it

That you have discontinu'd it the space

Of fourteen years?

Adi I shall resolve your lordship

Ied I vow this is a practis'd dialogue
Comes it not rarely off?

Virginius Peace, give them leave

Adi 'Tis very true this gentleman at first
Thought to conceal this accident, and did so
Only reveal'd his knowledge to the mother
Of this fair bondwoman, who bought his silence,
During her lifetime, with great sums of coin

App Claud Where are your proofs of that?

Adi Here, my good lord,
With depositions likewise

App Claud Well, go on

Adi For your question
Of discontinuance put case my slave
Run away from me, dwell in some near city
The space of twenty years, and then grow rich
It is in my discretion, by your favour,
To seize him when I please

App Claud That's very true

Virginia Cast not your nobler beams, you
reverend judges,
On such a putrefied dunghill

App Claud By your favour, you shall be
heard anon

Virginius My lords, believe not this spruce
orator

Had I but feed him first, he would have told
As smooth a tale on our side

App Claud Give us leave

Virginius He deals in formal glosses, cunning
shows,

And cares not greatly which way the case goes —
Examine, I beseech you, this old woman,
Who is the truest witness of her birth

App Claud Soft, you 're she your only witness?

Virginius She is, my lord

App Claud Why, is it possible
Such a great lady, in her time of child birth
Should have no other witness but a nurse?

Virginius For aught I know, the rest are dead,
my lord

App Claud Dead? no, my lord, belike they
were of counsel

With your deceased lady, and so shun'd
Twice to give colour to so vile an act —
Thou, nurse, observe me thy offence already
Doth merit punishment beyond our censure
Pull not more whips upon thee

Nurse I defy your whips, my lord

App Claud Command her silence, Lictors

Virginius O injustice!

You frown away my witness — is this law?
Is this uprightness?

App Claud Have you view'd the writings?

This is a trick to make our slaves our heirs
Beyond prevention

Virginius Appius, wilt thou hear me?

You have slander'd a sweet lady that now sleeps
In a most noble monument Observe me,
I would have tr'en her simple word to gage
Before his soul or thine

App Claud That makes thee wretched
Old man, I am sorry for thee that thy love
By custom is grown natural, which by nature
Should be an absolute loathing note the sparrow,
That having hatch'd a cuckoo, when it sees
Her brood a monster to her proper kind
Forsakes it, and with more fear shuns the nest,
Than she had care in the spring to have it dress'd
Cast thy affection then, behind thy back,
And think——

Adi Be wise take counsel of your friends
You have many soldiers in their time of service
Father strange children

Virginius True, and plunders too
When they are sent to visit provinces
You, my most next and cunning orator,
Whose tongue is quicksilver, pay thee good
Juni,

Look not so many several ways at once,
But go to the point

Adi I will and keep you out
At points and, though I am no soldier

App Claud First, the oath of the deceased
bondwoman,—

Adi A very virtuous matron

App Claud Join'd with the testimony of
Claudius—

Adi A most approved honest gentleman

App Claud Besides, six other honest gentle
men,—

Adi All knights, and there's no question but
their oaths

Will go for current

App Claud See, my reverend lords,
And wonder at a case so evident

Virginius My lord, I knew it

Adi Observe, my lord, how their own policy
Confounds them Had your lordship yesterday
Proceeded, as 'twas fit, to a just sentence,
The apparel and the jewels that she wore,
More worth than all her tribe, *had then been due

* The apparel and the jewels that she wore
More worth than all her tribe] He alludes like a recollection
of Shakespeare.

* Whose hand
I like the base Indian threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe

Othello act v sc 2

Unto our client now, to cozen him
Of such a forfeit, see, they bring the maid
In her most proper habit, bonds-lave like,
And they will save by the hand too—Please your

lordships,

I crave a sentence

Virginius Appius,—

Virginia My lord—

Isid. Lord Appius,—

Virginius Now, by the gods here's juggling!

Num. Who cannot counterfeit a dead man's hand?

Virginius Or hire some villains to swear forgeries?

Isid. Claudius was brought up in your house, my lord,

And that's suspicious

Num. How is't probable

That our wife being present at the child-birth,
Whom this did nearest concern, should never reveal it?

Virginius Or if ours dealt thus cunningly, how happens it

Her policy, as you term it, did not rather
Provide an issue male to cheer the father?

Isid. I'll answer each particular

App. Claud. It needs not,

Here's witness, most sufficient witness—

Think you, my lord, our laws are writ in snow,
And that your breath can melt them?

Virginius No, my lord,

We have not such hot livers* mark you that

Virginia Remember yet the gods, O Appius,
Who have no part in this! Thy violent lust
Shall, like the biting of the envenom'd aspic,
Steal thee to hell! So subtle are thy evils,
In life they'll seem good angels, in death devils—

App. Claud. Observe you not this scandal?

Isid. Sir, tis none

I'll show thy letters full of violent lust
Sent to this lady

App. Claud. Wilt thou breathe a lie
Fore such a reverend audience

Isid. That place

Is sanctuary to thee! Lie'st sec, here they are

App. Claud. My lords, these are but dilatory shifts—

Sirrah, I know you to the very heart,
And I'll observe you

Isid. Do, but do it with justice

Clear thyself first, O Appius, ere thou judge

Our imperfections rashly, for we wot
The office of justice is perverted quite,
When one thief hangs another *

First Sen. You are too bold

App. Claud. Factors, take charge of him

[*They exit*]

Isid. 'Tis very good

Will no man view these papers? What, not one?
Jove, thou hast found a rival upon earth—

His nod strikes all men dumb—My duty to you!
The ass that carried Isis on his back

Thought that the superstitious people kneel'd

To give his dulness humble reverence

If thou think'st so, proud judge, I let thee see

I bend low to thy gown, but not to thee

Virginius There's one in hold already—Noble youth,

Fetters grace one, being worn for speaking truth

I'll lie with thee, I swear, though in a dungeon—

[*To App.*] The injuries you do us we shall pardon,

But it is just the wrongs which we forgive,

The gods are charg'd therewith to see reveng'd

App. Claud. Come, you're a proud plebeian

Virginius True, my lord,

Proud in the glory of my ancestors,

Who have continu'd these eight hundred years

The heralds have not known you these eight months.

App. Claud. Your madness wrongs you by my soul, I love you

Virginius Thy soul!—

O, thy opinion, old Pythagoras!—

Whither, O, whither should thy black soul fly?

Into what ravenous bird or beast most vile?

Only into a weeping crocodile

Love me!

Thou lov'st me, Appius, as the earth loves man,

Thou fain wouldst swallow me

App. Claud. Know you the place you speak in?

Virginius I'll speak freely

Good men, too much trusting their innocence,

Do not betake them to that just defence

Which gods and nature gave them, but even wink

In the black tempest, and so fondly sink

App. Claud. Let us proceed to sentence

Virginius I're you speak,

One parting farewell let me borrow of you

To take of my Virginia.

App. Claud. Now, my lords,

* The office of justice is perverted quite,
When one thief hangs another] Has occurred before, in
The Duchess of Malfi, p. 90 Here the old copy has by
mistake "the Office of a Justice," &c.

† fondly] i.e. foolishly

* such hot livers] "In allusion to the lustful motive by which Appius was influenced the liver being then supposed the seat of the amorous passions" Editor of 1816

We shall have fair confession of the truth.—
Pray, take your course

Virginius Farewell, my sweet Virginia never,
never

Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope

I had in thee Let me forget the thought
Of thy most pretty infancy, when first
Returning from the wars, I took delight
To rock thee in my target, when my girl
Would kiss her father in his burgonet
Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armèd neck,
And, viewing the bright metal, smile to see
Another fair Virginia smile on thee,
When I first taught thee how to go, to speak,
And when my wounds have smarted, I have sung
With an unskilful, yet a willing voice,
To bring my girl asleep O my Virginia,
When we begun to be, begun our woes,
Increasing still, as dying life still grows

App Claud This tediousness doth much offend
the court

Silence! attend her sentence

Virginius Hold! without sentence I'll resign
her freely,

Since you will prove her to be none of mine

App Claud See, see, how evidently truth
appears —

Receive her, Claudius

Virginius Thus I surrender her into the court
[*Exit*]

Of all the gods. And see, proud Appius, see,
Although not justly, I have made her free
And if thy lust with this act be not fed,
Buy her in thy bowels, now she's dead

Omnes O horrid act!

App Claud Lay hand upon the murderer!

Virginius O for a ring of pikes to circle me!
What, have I stood the brunt of thousand
enemies,

Here 'o be slain by haugmen? No, I'll fly
To safety in the camp [*Exit*]

App Claud Some pursue the villain,
Others take up the body Madness and rage
Are still the attendants of old dotting age
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *

Enter Two Soldiers

First Sold Is our hut swept clean?

Sec Sold As I can make it

First Sold 'Tis betwixt us two,

* Scene II] The camp before Algidum

But how many, think'st thou, bred of Roman
blood,

Did lodge with us last night?

Sec Sold More, I think, than the camp hath
enemies,

They are not to be number'd

First Sold Comrague,* I fear

Appius will doom us to Acteon's death,

To be worried by the cattle that we feed

How goes the day?

Sec Sold My stomach has struck twelve

First Sold Come, see what provant our knap-
sack yields

This is our store, our garner

Sec Sold A small pittance

First Sold Feeds Appius thus? Is this a city
feast?

This crust doth taste like date stones, and this
thing,

If I knew what to call it, —

Sec Sold I can tell you,

Cheese struck in years

First Sold I do not think but this same crust
was bak'd,

And this cheese frighted out of milk and whey,

Before we two were soldiers though it be old,

I see't can crawl what living things be these

That walk so freely 'tween the mind and pith?

For here's no sap left,

Sec Sold They call them gentles

First Sold Therefore 'tis thought fit

That soldiers, by profession gentlemen,

Should thus be fed with gentles I am stomach-
sick,

I must have some strong water

Sec Sold Where will you have 't?

First Sold In yon green ditch, a place which
none can pass

But he must stop his nose thou know'st it well,

There where the two dead dogs lie

Sec Sold Yes, I know 't

First Sold And see the cat, that lies a distance off,

* (*comrague*) The Editor of 1816 and Nares (*Gloss* in v
Comrague), incline to think this word a misprint, neither
of them having met with it, except in the present passage.
I had, however, noted down more than one example of
its use but have mislaid them all except the follow-
ing —

"Nay, rest by me,

Good Morglay, my *comrague* and bed fellow"

Heywood and Bromo's *Lancashire Witches*, 1634 sig. K
Comrague has the same sense as, and perhaps is a cor-
ruption of, *comrade*, which used to be accented on the
last syllable, —

"And his *comrades*, that drift the world aside"

Shakespeare's *First Part of Henry IV*, act IV. sc. I

Be flay'd for supper though we dine to-day
As Dutchmen fled their soldiers, we will sup
Bravely like Roman leaguers.

Sec Sold Sir, the general

First Sold We'll give him place
But tell none of our dainties, lest we have
Too many guests to supper [Exeunt

*Enter MINUTUS reading a letter, with Officers
and Soldiers*

Min Most sure 'tis so, it cannot otherwise be,
Either Virginius is degenerate
From the ancient virtues he was wont to boast,
Or in some strange displeasure with the senate
Why should these letters else from Appius
Confine him a close prisoner to the camp?
And, which confirms his guilt, why should he fly?
Needs then, must I incur some high displeasure
For negligence, to let him thus escape
Which to excuse, and that it may appear
I have no hand with him, but am of faction
Oppos'd in all things to the least misdeed,
I will cashier him, and his tribuneship
Bestow upon some noble gentleman
Belonging to the camp—Soldiers and friends,
You that beneath Virginius' colours march'd,
By strict command from the Decemvirs
We take you from the charge of him late fled,
And his authority, command, and honour
We give this worthy Roman—Know his colours,
And prove his faithful soldiers

Roman Warlike general,
My courage and my forwardness in battle
Shall plead how well I can deserve the title,
To be a Roman tribune

Re-enter FIRST SOLDIER on horse

Min Now, the news?

First Sold Virginius, in a strange shape of
distraction,

Enters the camp, and at his heels a legion
Of all estates, growths, ages, and degrees,
With breathless paces dog his frightened steps
It seems half Rome's unpeopled with a train
That, either for some mischief done, pursue him,
Or to attend some uncouth novelty

Min Some wonder our fear promises—Worthy
soldiers,
Marshal yourselves, and entertain this novel
Within a ring of steel wall in this portent
With men and harness*, be it ne'er so dreadful
He's entered, by the clamour of the camp,
That entertains him with these echoing shouts.

* harness] i.e. armour

Affection that in soldiers' hearts is bred
Survives the wounded, and outlives the dead

*Enter VIRGINIUS, with his knife that, and his arms strapped
up to the elbows all bloody coming into the midst of
the soldiers he makes a stand*

Virginius Have I, in all this populous assembly
Of soldiers that have prov'd Virginius' valour,
One friend? Let him come thrill* his partisan
Against this breast, that through a large wide
wound

My mighty soul might rush out of this prison,
To fly more freely to yon crystal palace,
Where honour sits enthroniz'd. What, no friend?
Can this great multitude, then, yield an enemy
That hates my life? Here let him seize it freely
What, no man strike? am I so well belov'd?—
Minutus, then to thee if in this camp
There lives one man so just to punish sin,
So charitable to redeem from torments
A wretched soldier, at his worthy hand
I beg a death

Min What means Virginius?

Virginius Or if the general's heart be so obdurate
To an old begging soldier, have I here
No honest legionary of mine own troop,
At whose bold hand and sword, if not entreat,
I may command a death?

First Sold Alas, good captain!

Min Virginius, you have no command at all
Your companions are elsewhere now bestow'd
Besides, we have a charge to stay you here,
And make you the camp's prisoner

Virginius General, thanks
For thou hast done as much with one harsh word
As I begg'd from their weapons, thou hast kill'd
me,

But with a living death

Min Besides, I charge you
To speak what means this ugly face of blood
You put on your distractions? What's the reason
All Rome pursues you, covering those high hills,
As if they dogg'd you for some damned act?
What have you done?

Virginius I have play'd the parricide,
Kill'd mine own child

Min Virginius!

Virginius Yes, even she

* thrill] i.e. hurt—an unusual sense of the word, so Heywood,

'I'd thrill my javelin at the Grecian moisture,
And spare the Trojan blood'

Iron Age, Part First, 1632, Sig. F

'All which their javelins thrill'd against thy breast.'
Id., Sig. H

These rude hands ripp'd her, and her innocent blood
Flow'd above my elbows.

Min Kill'd her willingly!

Virginius Willingly, with advice, premeditation,

And settled purpose, and see, still I wear
Her crimson colours, and these wither'd arms
Are dy'd in her heart blood

Min Most wretched villain!

Virginius But how I lov'd her life! Lend me
amongst you

One speaking organ to discourse her death
It is too harsh an imposition

To lay upon a father—O my Virginia!

Min How agrees this! Love her, and murder
her!

Virginius Yes give me but a little leave to
dram

A few red tears, for soldiers should weep blood,
And I'll agree them well Attend me all
Alas, might I have kept her chaste and free,
This life, so oft giv'd* for ingrateful Rome
Lay in her bosom but when I saw her pull'd
By Appius' Lictors to be claim'd a slave,
And dragg'd unto a public sessions house,
Divorc'd from her fore spouses with Ichius,
A noble youth, and made a bondwoman
Enforc'd by violence from her father's arms
To be a prostitute and paramour
To the rude twinings of a lecherous judge,
Then, then, O loving soldiers, (I'll not deny it,
For 'twas mine honour, my paternal pity,
And the sole act for which I love my life,)
Then lustful Appius, he that sways the land,
Slew poor Virginia by this father's hand

First Sold O villain Appius!

Sec Sold O noble Virginius!

Virginius To you I appeal, you are my
tancers

Did Appius right, or poor Virginius wrong?
Sentence my fact with a free general tongue

First Sold Appius is the parricide

Sec Sold Virginius guiltless of his daughter's
death

Min If this be true, Virginius (as the moan
Of all the Roman fry that follows you
Confirms at large), this cause is to be pitied,
And should not die revengeless

Virginius Noble Minutius,
Thou hast a daughter, thou hast a wife too,
So most of you have, soldiers why might not this

* *gag'd*] The old copy 'ingag'd'

Have happen'd you? Which of you all, dear
friends,

But now, even now, may have your wives de
flower'd,

Your daughters slav'd, and made a Lictor's prey?
Think them not safe in Rome, for mine liv'd
there.

*Roman** It is a common cause

First Sold Appius shall die for't

Sec Sold Let's make Virginius general

Omnes A general!

A general! let's make Virginius general!

Min It shall be so—Virginius, take my charge
The wrongs are thine, so violent and so weighty,
That none but he that lost so fair a child
Knows how to punish By the gods of Rome,
Virginius shall succeed my full command

Virginius What's honour unto me,—a weak
old man,

Weary of life, and covetous of a grave!

I am a dead man, now Virginia lives not.

The self same hand that dar'd to save from shame
A child, dares in the father act the same

[*Officers to kill him*]

First Sold Stay, noble general!

Min You much forget revenge, Virginius

Who, if you die, will take your cause in hand,
And proscribe Appius, should you perish thus?

Virginius Thou ought'st, Minutius—soldiers,
so ought you

I'm out of fear my noble wife's expu'd,
My daughter of bless'd memory, the object
Of Appius' lust, lives 'mongst the Elysian vestals,
My house yields none fit for his Lictors' spoil
You that have wives lodg'd in yon prison, Rome,
Have lands unfiled, houses yet unseiz'd,
Your freeborn daughters yet untrumpeted,
Prevent these mischiefs yet while you have
time

First Sold We will by you, our noble general

Sec Sold He that was destin'd to preserve great
Rome

Virginius I accept your choice, in hope to guard
you all

From my inhuman sufferings Bet my pride
That I have bred a daughter, whose chaste blood
Was spilt for you and for Rome's lasting good

[*Exeunt*]

* *Roman*] i. e., the officer who was to succeed Virginius
in his command (see p. 174). Occasionally our old dra-
matists neglect awkwardly enough, to give names to
inferior speakers so in Shakespeare's *Richard the Second*,
act IV sc I Annerie is defied to combat by Fitz-
walter, Percy, and a Lord

ACT V

SCENE I *

Enter OCTAVIUS a Senator and the Advocate

Opp Is Appius, then, committed?

Sen So 'tis rumour'd

Opp How will you bear you in this turbulent state?

You are a member of that wretched faction
I wonder how you scape imprisonment.

Adv Let me alone I have learnt with the wise
hedgehog,

To stop my cave that way the tempest drives
Never did bear whelp, tumbling down a hill
With more art shrink his head betwixt his
claws

Than I will work my safety Appius
Is in the sand already up to the chin
And shall I hazard landing on that shelf?
He's a wise friend that first befriends himself

Opp What is your course of safety?

Adv Marry, this

Virginius, with his troops, is entering Rome
And it is like that in the market place
My Lord Icilius and himself shall meet
Now to encounter these, two such great armies,
Where lies my court of guard?

Sen Why, in your heels

There are strange dogs uncoupled.

Adv You are deceiv'd

I have studied a most eloquent oration,
That shall applaud their fortune, and distaste
The cruelty of Appius

Sen Very good, sir

It seems, then, you will rely upon your lord,
Your late good benefactor?

Adv By the way, sir

Sen Protest Virginia was no bondwoman,
And read her noble pedigree?

Adv By the way, sir

Opp Could you not, by the way too, find occa-
sion

To beg Lord Appius' lands?

Adv And by the way

Perchance I will, for I will gull them all
Most palpably

Opp Indeed, you have the art
Of flattery

* *Scene I*] Rome A street

Adv Of rhetoric, you would say
And I'll begin my smooth oration thus —
"Most kind captains," —

Sen Fie, fie, that's horrible! most of your
captains

Are utterly unlearn'd

Adv Yet, I assure you,
Most of them know arithmetic so well,
That in a muster, to preserve dead pay,*
They'll make twelve stand for twenty

Opp Very good

Adv Then I proceed —

"I do applaud your fortunes, and commend
In this your observation, noble shake rags
The helmet shall no more harbour the spider,
But it shall serve to encrease sack and cider" —
The rest within I'll study [Exit

Opp Firewall, Proteus

And I shall wish thy eloquent bravado
May shield thee from the whip and bastinado
Now in this furious tempest let us glide,
With folded sails at pleasure of the tide [Exit

SCENE II †

*Enter from one side ICILIUS HORATIUS, VALERIUS NUMI-
TORIUS with Soldiers, from the other, VIRGINIUS,
MINUTIUS, and others*

Icil Stand!

Virginius Make a stand!

Icil A parley with Virginius

Min We will not trust our general 'twixt the
armies,

But upon terms of hostage

Num Well advis'd

Nor we our general Who for the leaguer?†

Min Ourself

Virginius Who for the city?

Icil Numitorius

[MINUTIUS and NUMITORIUS meet, embrace, salute
the generals

Num How is it with your sorrow, noble brother?

Virginius I am forsaken of the gods, old man

* *dead pay*] i.e., pay continued to soldiers who were
really dead, which officers of Webster's days scrupled not
sometimes to take for themselves

† *Scene II*] The same The Forum

‡ *leaguer*] i.e. camp

Num. Preach not that wretched doctrine to yourself,

It will beget despair

Virginius What do you call

A burning fever? is not that a devil?

It shakes me like an earthquake Wilt a, wilt a
Give me some wine?

Num. O, it is hurtful for you.

Virginius Why so are all things that the
appetite

Of man doth covet in his perfect^d health

Whatever art or nature have invented

To make the boundless wish of man contented,

Are all his poison—Give me the wine there^d
when?*

Do you grudge me a poor cup of drink? Say, say
Now, by the gods, I'll leave enough behind me
To pay my debts, and for the rest, no matter
Who scrambles for't

Num. Here, my noble brother

Alas, your hand shakes I will guide it to you

Virginius 'Tis true, it trembles—Welcome,
thou just palsy!

'Twere pity this should do me longer service,
Now it hath slain my daughter—So, I thank you
Now I have lost all comforts in the world,
It seems I must a little longer live,
Be't but to serve my belly

Mm. O my lord,

This violent fever took him late last night

Since when, the cruelty of the disease

Hath drawn him into sundry passions,

Beyond his wonted temper

Isid. 'Tis the gods

Have pour'd then justice on him

Virginius You are sully met, my lord

Isid. Would we had met

In a cold grave together two months since^d

I should not then have curs'd you

Virginius Ha! what's that?

Isid. Old nan, thou hast show'd thyself a noble
Roman,

But an unnatural father thou hast turn'd

My bridal to a funeral What devil

Did arm thy fury with the lion's paw,

The dragon's tail, with the bull's double horn

The cormorant's beak, the cockatrice's eyes,

The scorpion's teeth,—and all these by a father

To be employ'd upon his innocent child:

Virginius Young man, I love thy true descrip-
tion

I am happy now that one beside myself

Doth tax* me for this act Yet, were I pleas'd,
I could approve the deed most just and noble,
And, sure, posterity, which truly renders
To each man his desert, shall praise me for't.

Isid. Come, 'twas unnatural and damnable

Virginius You need not interrupt me here's
a fury

Will do it for you You are a Roman knight

What was your oath when you receiv'd your
knighthood?

A parcel of it is, as I remember,

"Rather to die with honour than to live

In servitude" Had my poor girl been ravish'd,

In her dishonour and in my sad grief

Your love and pity quickly had ta'en end

Had it men's misfortunes thus have ever stood,—

They touch none nearly, but their nearest blood

What do you mean to do? It seems, my lord,

Now you have caught the sword within your hand,

Like a madman you will draw it to offend

Those that best love you, and perhaps the counsel

Of some loose unthrifths and vile malcontents

Hearten you to it go to, take your course

My faction shall not give the least advantage

To murderers, to banquerouts,† or thieves,

To fleece the commonwealth

Isid. Do you tax us so?

Shall I reprove your rage, or is't your malice?

He that would tame a lion doth not use

The goad or wild whip, but a sweet voice,

A fearful stroking, and with food in hand

Must ply his wanton hunger

Virginius Want of sleep

Will do it better than all these, my lord

I would not have you wake for others' ruin,

Lest you turn mad with watching

Isid. O you gods!

You are now a general learn to know your place,

And use your noble calling modestly

Better had Appius been an upright judge

And yet an evil man, than honest man

And yet a dissolute judge, for all disgrace

Lights less upon the person than the place

You are i'the city now, where if you raise

But the least uproar, even your father's house

Shall not be free from ransack Piteous fires,

That chance in towers of stone, are not so fear'd

As those that light in flax shops, for there's food

For eminent ruin

Mm. O my noble lord,

Let not your passion bring a fatal end

* *tax*] The old copy "teach"

† *banqueroute*] Here for the sake of the metre I have
let the old spelling stand

* *when*] See note*, p. 68.

To such a good beginning All the world
Shall honour that deed* in him, which first
Grew to a reconciliation

Iul Come, my lord,
I love your friendship, yes, in sooth, I do,
But will not seal it with that bloody hand.
Join we our armies No fantastic copy
Or borrow'd precedent will I assume
In my revenge There's hope yet you may live
To outwear this sorrow

Virginius O, impossible!
A minute's joy to me would quite cross nature,
As those that long have dwelt in noisome rooms
Swoon presently, if they but scent perfumes

Iul To the senate! Come, no more of this
sad tale,

For such a tell tale may we term our grief,
And doth, as 'twere, so listen to her own words,
Envious of others' sleep, because she wakes
I ever would converse with a griev'd person
In a long journey to beguile the day,
Or winter evening to pass time away
March on, and let proud Appius in our view,
Like a tree rotted, fall that way he grow

[Exeunt

SCENE III

APPIUS CLAUDIUS and MARCUS CLAUDIUS discovered in
prison, jettied and galled

App Claud The world is chang'd now All
damnations

Seize on the hydra-headed multitude,
That only gape for innovation!
O, who would trust a people!

Mar Claud Nay, who would not,
Rather than one rear'd on a popular suffrage,
Whose station's built on ayes and applause?
There's no firm structure on these airy bases
O, fie upon such greatness!

App Claud The same hands
That yesterday, to hear me conscience
And oratorise, rung shrill plaudits forth
In sign of grace, now in contempt and scorn
Hurry me to this place of darkness

Mar Claud Could not their poisons rather
spend themselves

On the judge fully,† but must it needs stretch
To me his servant, and sweep me along?
Curse on the inconstant rabble!

App Claud Groves it thee
To impart‡ my sad disaster?

* that deed] Qy "that good deed"?

† judge fully] The old copy "judge's folly"

‡ impart] i.e. share

Mar Claud Marry, doth it

App Claud Thou shared'st a fortune with me
in my greatness,

I ha'd thee after when I clomb* my stato,
And shunk'st thou at my ruin?

Mar Claud I lov'd your greatness,
And would have trac'd you in the golden path
Of sweet promotion but this your decline
Sours all these hop'd sweets

App Claud 'Tis the world nigh
Such gratitude a great man still shall have
That trusts unto a temporizing slave

Mar Claud Slave! good Which of us two
In our dejection is basest? I am most sure
Your loathsome dungeon is as dark as mine,
Your conscience, for a thousand sentences
Wrongly denounc'd, much more oppress'd than
mine

Then which is the most slave?

App Claud O double baseness,
To hear a drudge thus with his lord compare!
Great men disgrac'd slaves to their servants are

Enter VIRGINIUS, IULIUS, MINUTIUS NUMITORIUS, HORATIIUS
VATERIUS, OFFICERS with Soldiers

Virginius Soldiers, keep a strong guard whilst
we survey

Our sentenc'd prisoners and from this deep
dungeon

Keep off that great concourse, whose violent hands
Would ruin this stone building, and drag hence
This impious judge, piecemeal to tear his limbs
Before the law convince† him

Iul See, these monsters,
Whose fronts the fair Virginia's innocent blood
Hath visaged with such black ugliness,
That they are loathsome to all good men's souls!—
Speak, damn'd judge! how canst thou purge
thyself

From lust and blood?

App Claud I do confess myself
Guilty of both yet hear me, noble Romans
Virginius, thou dost but supply my place,
I thine fortune with lift thee to my chair,
And thrown me headlong to thy pleading bar
If in mine eminence I was stern to thee,
Shunning my rigour, likewise shun my fall,
And, being mild where I show'd cruelty,
Establish still thy greatness Make some use
Of this my bondage With indifference
Survey me, and compare my yesterday

* clomb] The old copy "climb"

† convince] i.e. convict

With this sad hour, my height with my decline,
And give them equal balance.

Virginius Uncertain fate! but yesterday his
breath

Aw'd Rome, and his least torv'd* frown was
death

I cannot choose but pity and lament,
So high a rise should have such low descent.

Iai He's ready to forget his injury
O too relenting age!—Thinks not *Virginius*,
If he should pardon *Appius* this black deed,
And set him once more in the ivory chair,
He would be wary to avoid the like,
Become a new man, a more upright judge,
And deserve better of the commonweal?

Virginius 'Tis like he would

Iai Nay, if you thus begin,
I'll fetch that shall anatomize his sin [Exit

Num *Virginius*, you are too remiss to punish
Deeds of this nature you must fashion now
Your actions to your place, not to your passion
Severity to such acts is as necessary
As pity to the tears of innocence

Min He speaks but law and justice
Make good the streets with your best men at arms
[A shout within

Valerius and *Horatius*, know the reason
Of this loud uproar and confused noise
[Exeunt *Val.* and *Hor.*

Although my heart be melting at the fall
Of men in place and office, we'll be just
To punish murderous acts, and censure lust

Enter VALERIUS and HORATIUS

Val *Iaius*, worthy lord, bears through the
street

The body of *Virginia* towards this prison
Which, when it was discover'd to the people,
Mov'd such a mournful clamour, that their cries
Pierc'd heaven, and forc'd tears from their sorrow-
ing eyes

Hor Here comes *Iaius*

Re enter IAIUS with the body of VIRGINIA

Iai Where was thy pity, when thou slow'st this
murder,
Thou wouldst extend to *Appius*? Pity! See
Her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence
Of yon stern murderer,† till she find revenge!
Nor will these drops stanch, or these springs be
dry,

* torv'd] i.e. stern

† Her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence
Of yon stern murderer] According to the belief of the
time when this play was written

Till theirs be set a bleeding Shall her soul,
(Whose essence some suppose lives in the blood,)
Still labour without rest? Will old *Virginius*
Murder her once again in this delay?

Virginius Pause there, *Iaius*

This sight hath stiffen'd all my operant powers,*
I'd all my blood, benumb'd my motion quite.
I'll pour my soul into my daughter's belly,
And with a soldier's tears embalm her wounds.—
My only dear *Virginia*!

App Claud Leave this passion,
Proceed to your just sentence

Virginius We will—Give me two swords.—

Appius, grasp this,
You *Claudius*, that you shall be your own hang-
men,†

Do justice on yourselves You made *Virginius*
Slurp his own blood, lodg'd in his daughter's
breast,

Which your own hands shall act upon yourselves
If you be Romans, and return their spits,
Redeem a base life with a noble death,
And through your lust burnt veins confine ‡ your
breath

App Claud *Virginius* is a noble justice
Had I my crook'd paths level'd by thine,
I had not sway'd the balance Think not, lords,
But he that had the spirit to oppose the gods,
Dares likewise suffer what their powers inflict
I have not dread'd famine, fire, nor strage,§
Then common vengeance, poison in my cup,
Nor dagger in my bosom, —the revenge
Of private men for private injuries,

* *non operant powers*] So in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* act
iii. sc. 2,—

"*Non operant powers* then functions have to do, &c
† *hangmen*] i.e. executioners

* *confine*] i.e. drive out, banish I subjoin several
passages where the word is used in the same sense it is
somewhat remarkable that they are all from Heywood

"*Lycron* & once more fled, we by the helpe
Of these his people have confin'd him hence"

The Golden Age, 1611, sig. D

"Thy sensuall eyes are fixt upon that w all
Thou nero shall e ite it, Rome continues you all"

The Rape of Lucrece, ed. 1630, sig. I 2

"*King* Accept what we most precious hold, thy life
Marshall Which as your gift I hee keepe, till Heaven
and Nature
Confinde it hence"

The Royall King and the Lowell Subject, 1637, sig. A 2

"Instead of *confine* d, had his doome bene to have bene
confin'd, there had bene some comfort, he might have
still kept his country, but in plume Portuguese and
Spanish both, banisht"

A Challenge for Beautie 1636 sig. B 2

"All that's good and honest I confine."

The Brazen Age, 1613, sig. E 2

§ *strage*] i.e. slaughter

Nay, more than these, not fear'd to commit evil,—
And shall I tremble at the punishment?
Now, with as much resolv'd constancy
As I offended, will I pay the mulct,
And this black stain laid on my family
(Than which a nobler hath not place in Rome)
Wash with my blood away—Learn of me,
Claudius,

I'll teach thee what thou never studied'st yet,
That's bravely how to die—Judges are term'd
The gods on earth and such as are corrupt
Read me in this my ruin, those that succeed me
That so offend, thus punish. This the sum of all,—
Appius that sinn'd by Appius' hand shall fall

[Kills himself]

Virginius He died as boldly as he basely en'd,
And so should every true-bred Roman do
And he whose life was odious, thus expiring,
In his death forceth pity—Claudius, thou
Wast follower of his fortunes in his being,
Therefore in his not being imitate
His fair example

Mar Claud Death is terrible
Unto a conscience that's oppress'd with guilt.
They say there is Flyssum and hell,
The first I have forfeited, the latter fear
My skin is not sword proof

Icilius Why dost thou pause?

Mar Claud For mercy, mercy I entreat you
all

Is't not sufficient for Virginia slain
That Appius suffer'd? one of noble blood
And eminence in place for a plebeian?
Besides, he was my lord, and might command me
If I did aught, 'twas by compulsion, lords,
And therefore I crave mercy

Icilius Shall I doom him?

Virginius Do, good Icilius.

Icilius Then I sentence thus

Thou hadst a mercy, most unmeriting slave,
Of which thy base birth was not capable,
Which we take off by taking thence thy sword.
And note the difference 'twixt a noble strain
And one bled from the rabble both alike
Dar'd to transgress, but, see, their odds in death
Appius died like a Roman gentleman,
And a man both ways knowing, but this slave
Is only sensible of vicious living,
Not apprehensive of a noble death
Therefore as a base malefactor we
And tumorous slave give him, as he deserves,
Unto the common hangman

Mar Claud What, no mercy?

Icilius Stop a mouth

Away with him! [MAR CLAUD is removed
The life of the Decemviri
Expires in them Rome, thou at length art free,
Restor'd unto thine ancient liberty!]

Messenius Of consuls, which bold Junius Brutus
first

Began in Tarquin's fall—*Virginius*, you
And young *Icilius* shall his place succeed,
So by the people's suffrage 'tis decreed

Virginius We marshal, then, our soldiers in
thit name

Of consuls, honour'd with these golden bays
Two fair, but ladies most unfortunate,
Have in their ruins rais'd declining Rome,
Lucretia and Virginia, both renown'd
For chastity—Soldiers and noble Romans,
To grace her death, whose life hath feed great
Rome,

March with her corse to her sad funeral tomb

[Flourish. Exeunt]

THE
FAMOUS HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt With the Coronation of Queen Mary, and the coming in of King Philip
As it was played by the Queens Maisties Seruants Written by Thomas Dickers and John Webster London Printed by
E. A. for Thomas Archer, and are to be solde at his shop in the Pope's head Pallace neere the Royall Exchange 1607 4to

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When I formerly edited the works of Webster, I was not aware that there existed more than one edition of this play since that time, a copy of the second quarto has come into my possession (from the sale of Mr. Hickes's books)

There can be no doubt that *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* consists merely of fragments of two plays—or rather, a play in two Parts,—called *Lady Jane*, concerning which we find the following entries in *The Diary of Henslowe*

"Lent unto John Thare, the 15 of octobr 1602, to geve unto harey chettell, Thomas Dickers,
 Thomas Howode, and Mr Smyth, and Mr Webster, in earneste of a playe called Ladye Jane,
 the some of . 1^l

"Lent unto Thomas Howode, the 21 of octobr 1602, to paye unto Mr Dickers, chettell,
 Smythe, Webster and Howode, in fulle payment of ther plays of ladye Jane, the some of v^{li} x^s

"Lent unto John Ducke, the 27 of octobr 1602, to geve unto Thomas Dickers, in earneste of
 the 2 pt of Ladye Jane, the some of v^{li} "

Pp 212 3, ed. Shakespeare Soc

Whether the present abridgment of *Lady Jane* was made by Dekker and Webster (see its title page), or by some other play wright, cannot be determined that it has suffered cruelly from the hands of the transcriber or printer, is certain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND
GUILDFORD DUDLEY, } his sons.
AMBROSE DUDLEY, }
DUKE OF SUKFOK
DUKE OF NORFOLK
LORD OF ARUNDEL
EARL OF PEMBROKE
EARL OF HUNTINGDON
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER
Lord Treasurer
SIR THOMAS WYATT
SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD
SIR GEORGE HARLER
SIR HENRY IRBY
SIR ROBERT ROSTON
CAPTAIN BULL
NORRIS
PILCHUR
Doctor
COUNT LEWENT
ROOSE
HOMES
Porter
Crown.
Headsmen, Sheriff, Herald, Officers, &c.

QUEEN MARY
LADY JANE DUDLEY
Country Maid
Ladies,

THE

FAMOUS HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and SUFFOLK **

Suff How fares the king, my lord? speaks he cheerly?

North Even as a dying man, whose life's † like to Quick lightning,
Which is no sooner seen but is extinct

Suff Is the king's will confirm'd?

North Ay, that's the point that we level at
But, O, the confirmation of that will,
'Tis all, 'tis all!

Suff That will confirm my daughter queen

North Right, and my son is married to your daughter

My lord, in an even plain way I will
Derive the crown unto your daughter's head
What though the king hath left behind
Two sisters, lawful and immediate heirs,
To succeed him in his throne?

Lies it not in our powers to contradict it?
Have we not the king and council's hands unto it?
Tut, we stand high

In man's opinion and the world's broad eye

Suff Here comes Sir Thomas Wyatt

Enter WYATT

North Sir Thomas,
Booted and spurred whither away so fast?

Wyatt It boots me not to stay,
When in this land rebellion bears such sway
God's will, a court 'tis chang'd
Since noble Henry's days You have set your hands

Unto a will, a will you well may call it
So wills Northumberland, so wills great Suffolk,
Against God's will, to wrong those princely maids.

* *Enter Northumberland, &c*] Scene A room in the palace at Greenwich

† *life's*] The old copies "life"

North Will you not subscribe

Your hand with other of the lords? Not with me,
That in my hands surprise * the sovereignty?

Wyatt I'll damn † my soul for no man, no, for no man

Who at doomsday must answer for my sin?

Not you, nor you, my lords

Who nam'd Queen Jane in noble Henry's days?

Which of you all durst once displace his issue?

My lords, my lords, you whet your knives so sharp
To carve your meat, that they will cut your fingers

The strength is weakness that you build upon
The king is sick,—God mend him, ay, God mend him!—

But were his soul from his pale body free,
Adieu, my lords, the court no court for me

North Farewell, I fear thee not —

[*Exit WYATT*]

The fly is angry, but he wants a sting
Of ‡ all the council, only this perverse
And peevish lord hath denied his hand
To the investing of your princely daughter
He's idle, and wants power
Our ocean shall these petty brooks devour —
Here comes his highness' doctor

Enter Doctor

Suff How fares his highness?

Doct His body is past help

* *surprise*] May be right but qy?

† *damn*] The old copies "damb d"

‡ *Of all the council, only this perverse*

And peevish lord hath denied his hand]

The old copies have,

"And all the Counsell only this perverse

And peevish Lord, hath only deny d his hand"

The Rev J Mitford (*Gent Mag* for June 1838, p 491)
would read the second line thus —

"And peevish lord denied hath his hand"

We have left our practice to the divines,
That they may cure his soul

Suff * Past physicks help! why, then, past
hope of life —

Here comes his highness preacher

Enter Preacher

Life, reverent man?†

Preach Life, life, though death his body do
dissever,

Our king lives with the King of Heaven for ever

North Dead! — Send for heralds, call me pur-
suivants,

Where's the King at arms?

In every market-town proclaim Queen Jane.

Suff Best to take the opinion of the council †

North You are too timorous, we in ourselves
Are power sufficient the king being dead,
This hand shall place the crown on Queen Jane's
head

Trumpets and drums, with your notes resound
Her royal name, that must in state be crown'd!

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Guildford and Jane ‡

Guild Our cousin king is dead

Jane Alas, how small an urn contains a king!
He, that rul'd all even with his princely breath,
Is forc'd to stoop now to the stroke of death
Hear'd you not the proclamation?

Guild I hear of it, and I give credit to it
What great men fear to be, their fears make §
greater

Our fathers grow ambitious,
And would force us sail in mighty tempests,
And are not lords of what they do possess
Are not thy thoughts as great?

Jane I have no thoughts so rank, so grown to
As are our fathers' pride [head,

Troth, I do enjoy a kingdom, having thee,
And so my pain be prosperous in that,
What care I though a sheep cote be my palace
Or fairest roof of honour?

Guild See, how thy blood
Keeps course with mine! Thou must be a queen,
ay me,

A queen! The flattering bells, that shrilly sound
At the king's funeral, with hollow hearts
Will cowardly call thee sovereign, for, indeed,
Thou wouldst prove but an usurper

* *Suff* | The old copies "Ara"

† *Life, reverent man?* | Here the old copies have no
interrogation — something seems wanting

‡ *Enter Guildford and Jane* | Scene A room in Lion
House

§ *ma/e* | The old copies "grow" (an error occasioned by
that word in the next line).

Jane Who would wear fetters,
Though they were all of gold, or to be sick,
Though his furt brows for a wearing nightcap
Wore a crown! Thou must assume a title
That goes on many feet, but 'tis an office
Wherein the hearts of scholars and of soldiers
Will depend upon thy hearse Were this rightly
scann'd,
We scarce should find a king in any land

Enter ARUNDEL.

Arun Honour and happy reign
Attend the new majesty of England!

Jane To whom, my lord, bends this your awe?

Arun To your grace, dread sovereign,
You are, by the king's will and the consent
Of all the lords, chosen for our queen

Jane O God! methinks you sing my death in
parts
Of music's loudness 'tis not my turn to rise

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, SUFFOLK with the purse and the
mace, and others*

North The voice of the whole land speaks in
my tongue

It is concluded your majesty must ride
From hence unto the Tower, there to stay
Until your coronation

Jane O God!

Suff Why sighs your majesty?

Jane My lord and father,
I pray, tell me, — was your father's father
E'er a king?

Suff Never, an it like you grace

Jane Would I might still continue of his line,
Not travel in the clouds! It is often seen,
The heated blood, that covets to be royal,
Leaves off ere it be noble —
My learned, careful king, what, must we go?

Guild We must

Jane Then it must be so

North Set forward, then

[*A dead march, and pass round the stage, and
GUILDFORD speaks **]

Guild The Tower will be a place of ample state
Some lodgings in it will, like dead men's skulls,
Remember us of frailty

Jane † We are led
With pomp to prison. O prophetic soul!
Lo, we ascend into our chairs of state,
Like several ‡ coffins, in some funeral pomp.

* They are now supposed to have ranebed the Tower
(The historic fact is, that Jane was conveyed from Lion
House to the Tower by water)

† *Jane* | The old copies "Gai"

‡ *several* | The old copies "funerall." The reading.

Descending to their graves! But we must on.
How can we fare well to keep our court
Where prisoners keep their cave?

[*A flourish. Exeunt*]

Enter QUEEN MARY,* *with a prayer book in her hand,*
like a nun

Mary Thus like a nun, not like a princess born,
Descended from the royal Henry's loins,
Like I environ'd in a house of stone
My brother Edward lives in pomp and state,
I in a mansion here all ruin'd
Their rich attire, delicious banquetting,
Their several pleasures, all their pride and honour,
I have forsaken for a rich prayer book
The golden mines of wealthy India
Are all as dross compar'd to thy sweetness
Thou art the joy and comfort of the poor,
The everlasting bliss in thee we find
This little volume, enclosed in this hand,
Is richer than the empire of this land

Enter SIR HENRY BODINGFIELD

Boding Pardon me, madam, that so boldly I
press

Into your chamber I salute your highness
With the high style of queen

Mary Queen! may it be?

Or jest you at my lowering misery?

Boding Your brother king is dead,

And you the Catholic queen must now succeed

Mary I see my God at length hath heard my
prayer

You, Sir Harry, for your glad tidings,
Shall be held in honour and due regard

Enter WYATT

Wyatt Health to the Lady Mary!

Mary And why not queen, Sir Thomas?

Wyatt Ask that of Suffolk[s] duke, and great
Northumberland,
Who in your stead have crown'd another.

Mary Another queen, Sir Thomas, we alive,
The true immediate heiress of our dread father!

Wyatt. Nothing more true than that,
Nothing more true than you are the true heir
Come, leave this cloister, and be seen abroad
Your very sight will stir the people's hearts,
And make them cheerly for Queen Mary cry
One comfort I can tell you the tenants

"several" (and it is at least a probable emendation) was proposed by Mr Collier (*Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures*, &c., p. cv).

* *Enter* Queen Mary, &c.] *Scene* An apartment in the Castle of Framlingham

Of the Dukes Northumberland and Suffolk
Denied their aid in these unlawful arms,
To all the council I denied my hand,
And for King Henry's issue still will stand

Mary Your counsel, good Sir Thomas, is so
pathy,

That I am won to like it

Wyatt Come, let us straight

From hence, from Framlingham. Cheer your
spirits

I'll to the dukes at Cambridge, and discharge
Them all—Prosper me, God, in these affairs!

I lov'd the father well, I lov'd the son,

And for the daughter I through death will run

[*Exeunt*]

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, SUFFOLK, ARUNDEL, BRETT,
and Soldiers.*

North Where's Captain Brett?

Brett Here, my lord

Suff Are all our numbers full?

Brett They are, my lord

Suff See them arraign'd † I will set forward
straight

North. Honourable friends, and native peers,
That have chosen me to be the leader

Of these martial troops, to march against

The sister of our late dead sovereign,

Bear witness of my much unwillingness

In furthering these attempts I rather joy

To think upon our ancient victories

Against the French and Spaniard, whose high pride

We level'd with the waves of British shore,

Dying the haven of Britain ‡ with guilty blood,

Till all the harbour seem'd a sanguine pool

Or we desire these arms were now to war

'Gainst the perfidious northern enemy,

Who, trembling at our first shock, voice, and sight,

Like cowards turn'd their backs with shameful
flight

But those rich spoils are past we are now to go,

Being native friends, against a native foe

In your hands we leave the queen elected

She hath seizure of the Tower If you

Be confident, as you have sworn yourselves,

True hegemen to her highness, she no doubt

With royal favour will remunerate

The least of your deserts

* *Enter* Northumberland, &c.] *Scene* London, or in its neighbourhood?

† *arraign'd*] i.e. arraigned Shakespeare, Spenser, and other old writers, have *derraig*n, in the same sense

‡ *Britain*] The old copies '*Brit'*'—The Rev J Mitford (*Gen. Mag.* for June 1833 p. 491) would read '*Brute*,'—which helps the metre somewhat, but does not improve the sense

Farewell, my tears into your bosoms fall,
With one embrace I do include you all

Arundel. My lord most lov'd, with what a mourning heart

I take your farewell, let the after signs
Of my employment witness I protest,
Did not the sacred person of my queen,
Whose weal I tender as my soul's chief bliss,
Urge my abode, I would not think it shame
To trail a pike where you were general
But wishes are in vain, I am bound to stay,
And urgent business calls your grace away
See, on my knees I humbly take my leave,
And steep my words with tears.

North. Kind Arundel,

I bind thee to my love once more, farewell

Arundel. Heavens give your grace success!
Commend us to the queen and to your son
Within one week I hope war will be done *[Exit]*

Brett. Come, my lords, shall us march?

North. Ay, ay, for God's sake, on
'Tis more than time, my friends, that we were gone *[Exeunt]*

*Enter Treasurer and Porter **

Treas. What, ho, porter! open the gate

Porter. I beseech your honour to pardon me,
The council hath given strict command not
any
Shall pass this way

Treas. Why, you idle fellow,
Am I not sent upon the queen's affairs,
Commanded by the lords? and know you not
That I am treasurer? Come, open the gate
You do you know not what.

Porter. Well, my lord, I do adventure, on your word,
The dukes' displeasure, all the council board
Besides may be my heavy enemies,
But go, o' God's name! I the worst will prove,
And if I die, I die for him I love.

Treas. I thank thee, and will warrant thee from death
Is my horse ready?

Porter. It is, my lord

Treas. Then will I fly this fearful council board *[Exit]*

Porter. My heart misgives me, I have done amiss,
Yet being a councillor, one of the number,
Nothing can prove amiss. Now shall I know
The worst, here comes my Lord of Arundel

Enter ARUNDEL

Arundel. Porter, did the lord treasurer pass this way?

Porter. But now, my gracious lord

Arundel. Ungacious villain, follow, bring him back again,
If not by fair means, bring him back by force
And hear you, sirrah, as you go, will * the lord mayor,

And some aldermen of his brethren,
And some especial citizens of note,
To attend our further pleasures presently
The treasurer fled, the duke is but newly arrested,
Some purpose, on my life, to cross their plots
We'll set strong watches, see gates and walls well mann'd

'Tis ten to one but princely innocence
Is these strange turmoils' wisest violence

[Exeunt]

† WINCHESTER, ARUNDEL, and other Lords, discovered, the Lord Treasurer kneeling at the council table

Arundel. Though your attempt, lord treasurer, be such

That hath no colour in these troublous times
But an apparent purpose of revolt
From the decess'd king's will and our decree,
Yet, for you are a councillor of note,
One of our number, and of high degree,
Before we any way presume to judge,
We give you leave to speak in your behalf

Treas. My lord, the business of these troublous times,

Binding us all still to respect the good
Of commonweal, yet doth it not debar
Private regard of us and of our own
The general weal is treasur'd in your breast,
And all my ablest powers have been employ'd
To stir them there, yet have I borne a part,
Laying the commons' troubles next my heart
My oversight in parting without leave
Was no contempt, but only for an hour,
To order home affairs, that none of mine
In these nice times should unto faction climb

Arundel. Nay, my good lord, be plain with us, I pray,

Are you not griev'd that we have given consent
To Lady Jane's election?

Treas. My lords, I am not

Arundel. Speak like a gentleman, upon your word,
Are you not discontent?

Treas. Troth, to be plain,
I am not pleas'd that two such princely maids,

* *Enter Treasurer and Porter*] Scene Court of the Tower

* will] i e desire

† Winchester, &c.] Scene A room in the Tower

Lineally descended from our royal king,
And by his testimony confirm'd heir[s],
If that their brother dying issueless,*
And one that never dream'd it, never desir'd
The rule of sovereignty,
*But with virgin's tears hath oft bewail'd her
misery,
Should politically by us be nam'd a queen
Arundel You have said nobly sit and take your
place

Enter Porter

Porter My lords, Sir Thomas Wyatt craves
access
Unto your honours
Arundel Let him come near
Porter Room for Sir Thomas Wyatt!

Enter WYATT

Wyatt A divine spirit teach your honours truth,
Open your eyes of judgment to behold
The true legitimate Mary, your undoubted
sovereign!

Arundel Alas, Sir Thomas, sit and take your
place—

Now to our former business
The obligation wherein we all stood bound
To the deceased late king's will and our decree,
His cousin Jane and the two absent dukes,
Cannot be conceal'd without great reproach
To us and to our issue We have sworn,
In presence of the sacred host of heaven,
Unto our late young lord, to both the dukes,
That no impeachment should divert our hearts
From the election of the Lady Jane †
To this end we have seiz'd her in the Tower,
By public proclamation made her queen,
To this end we have nam'd the duke[s] with power,

* There is manifestly a line or lines wanting here

† That no impeachment should divert our hearts

From the election of the Lady Jane] The old copies have,—

“From the impeachment of the Lady Jane”—
the word “impeachment” having been repeated from the
preceding line by a mistake of the transcriber or printer
That the first “impeachment,”—i.e. hindrance let, im-
pediment,—is right, there can be no doubt, and that
in the second line “election” is the author's word, seems
equally certain, compare what Arundel has said a little
before,—

“Are you not griev'd that we have given consent
To Lady Jane's election?”
(The reading of this passage proposed by the Rev J
Mitford (*Gent Mag* for June 1833, p 492).—

“That no impeachment should divert our hearts
From the impeachment of the Lady Jane,”—
alters the right word in the first line, and leaves the
wrong one in the second.)

Given them commission under our own hands
To pass against the lady, yea, perform*
In hostile manner, and no doubt the spleen
Of the undaunted spirit of Northumberland earl
Will not be call'd with writings of repeal
Advice in this I hold it better far,
To keep the course we run, than, seeking change,
Hazard our lives, our heirs, and the realm †

Wyatt In actions roving from the bent of truth
We have no precedent thus to persist
But the bare name of worldly policy
If others have ground from justice and the law,
As well divine as politic agreeing,
They are for no cause to be disinclined
If you not seven years since to that effect
Swore to the father to maintain his seed,
What dispensation hath acquitted you
From your first sacred vows? You'll say, the will
Extorted from a child O, let mine eyes,
In naming that sweet youth, observe their part,
Pouring down tears, sent from my swelling heart
God's mother, I t'ring child! but I'll go on
Say that the will were his, forc'd by no trick,
But for religious love his simple act,
Yet note how much you cry You were sworn
before

To a man's will, and not a will alone,
But strengthen'd by an act of parliament
Besides this sacred proof, the princely mads,
Had they no will nor act to prove them right,—
Have birthrights no privilege, being a plea so strong
As cannot be refell'd but by plain wrong?
Now were you touch'd The lady in [the] Tower,
Alas, she's innocent of any § claim
Trust me, she'd think it a most happy life,
To leave a queen's and keep a lady's name
And for the dukes, your warrants sent them forth,
Let the same warrants call them back again
If they refuse to come, the realm, not they,
Must be regarded Be strong and bold
We are the people's factors Save our sons
From killing one another, be afraid
To tempt both heaven and earth So, I have said

Arundel Why, then, give order that she shall be
queen

Send for the mayor Her errors we'll forget,
Hoping she will forgive

* the lady, was perform] The old copies “the Lady You
perform”—As the passage now stands, “the lady,”
means Mary But why? “To pass against the lady's foes
performe,” &c.—“the lady's,” meaning the Lady Jane's?

† the realm] The old copies “the realm's” (which, though
sense, is at variance with “the realm” in the next speech)

‡ turn] The old copies “tear me”

§ any] The old copies “my”

Wyatt Never make doubt
Setting her ceremonious order by,
She is pure within, and mildly chaste without
Arum Give order to keep fast the Lady Jane
Dissolve the council Let us leave the Tower,
And in the city hold our audience
Wyatt You have advis'd well, honourable
lords
So will the citizens be wholly ours,
And if the dukes be cross, we'll cross their powers

[*Lament*][*Enter* BRETT, CLOWN, and SOLDIERS *

Brett Lancepersado,† quarter, quarter
Clown What shall we quarter, captain?
Brett Why, the soldiers
Clown Why, they are not hanged nor drawn
yet

Brett Sir, I mean quarter them, that the of-
fended multitude may pass in safety

Clown May we not take tolls of the pies and
the apple women?

Brett Not in any sort, the duke's pleasure will
pass free ‡

Clown The commons shall be used with all
common courtesy, that go in rank like beans,
and cheese-cakes on their heads instead of caps

Brett Sirrah, this is a famous university,
And those scholars, those lofty buildings and
goodly houses

Founded by noble patrons But, no more
Set a strong watch, that be your chiefest care

* *Enter Brett, &c.] Scene* A street in Cambridge

† *Lancepersado* [Written also *lancepersado*, *lancepersado*,
lancepersado, or *lancepersata* (Ital *lancia speziata*) the
lowest office of foot one who is under the corporal]

"He is a gentleman of no mean standing in the
militia, for he draws his pedigree from the time of the
wars between Francis I and his son Henry II, kings of
France, on the one part, and the Emperor Charles V,
and his brother in law, the Duke of Savoy, on the other
part In those wars, when a gentleman of a troop of
horse, in any skirmish, battle, or encounter, had broke
his lance on the enemy, and lost his horse in the scuffle
he was entertained (under the name of a broken lance)
by a captain of a foot company as his comrade till he
was again mounted But as all good orders fall soon
from their primitive institution so in a short time our
Monsieur Lancepersata (for so he was called) was forced to
descend from being the captain's comrade, and become
the corporal's companion, and assisted him in the exer-
cise of his charge, and therefore was sometimes called by
the French, *aide corporal*. But when the corporal grew
weary of the comradeship of his lancepersata, he made
him officiate under him, and for that had some allowance
of pay more than the common souldier"—*Lerner's Pallas
Armata*, p. 219—(as quoted by Grosz, *Mil. Ant.*, v. 1,
p. 262)

‡ *will pass free*] Qy "will have them pass free"?[*Enter* a Countryman and a Maid

Count What's here? soldiers!

Brett Fear not good speech These rude arms
I bear

Are not to fight sweet gentle peace away,*

But to succour your lives Pass peaceably away

Clown Cry "God save the queen," as you go, and
God send you a good market!

Count God save the queen! what queen? there
lies the sense

When we have none, it can be no offence

Clown What carry you there in your basket?

Maid Eggs, forsooth.

Clown Well, say "God save Queen Jane," as you
go, and God send you a good market!

Maid Is the right queen call'd Jane? alack for
woe,

[*That*] at the first she was not christen'd so!

[*Re-ent* Countryman and Maid

Brett Thus old and young still descant on her
name,

Nor lend no ear when we her style proclaim

I fear, I fear,—Fear, Brett! what shouldst thou
fear?

Thou hast a breast compos'd of adamant

I'll what it betide,

My anchor is cast, and I in harbour ride

[*Exeunt*][*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, HASTINGDON, WYATT, and
SOLDIERS †

Wyatt My lord, 'tis true, you sent unto the
council

For fresh supplies what succour, what supplies?

Happy is he can draw his neck out of the collar,
And make his peace with Mary

North How stands the treasurer addicted to
us?

Wyatt I had forgot when we were at council,
He stole away, and went home to his house,

And by much entreaty was won to return

In brief, they all incline to Queen Mary.

My lord, farewell

Each hasty hour will colder tidings tell [Exit

North Come they in thunder, we will meet with
them

In the loudest language that their ordinance speaks,
Ours shall answer theirs—Call me a herald,

* *Are not to fight sweet gentle peace away*] In the old
copies thus—

"*Let not to fight? Sweet, gentle Peace away*"

The "*away*" at the end of the next line is very question-
able Qy "along"?

† *Enter Northumberland, &c.] Scene* Another part of
the same town

And in the market-place proclaim Queen Jane

[A Herald called in

The streets are full, the town is populous,
The people gape for novelty — Trumpets, speak
to them,

• That they may answer with an echoing cry,
"God save Queen Jane, God save her majesty!"
[A trumpet sounds, and no answer. The Herald
sounds a parley, and then answers]

Ha! a bare report of trumpets!

Are the slaves hoarse, or want they art to
speak?

O me! This town consists on famous colleges,
Such as know both how, and what, and when to
speak

Well, yet we will proceed,
And smother what close envy hath devised

Enter AMBROSE DUFFY

Ambrose, my son, what news?

Amb O my thrice honour'd father!

North Boy, speak the worst

That which sounds deadliest, let me hear that first

Amb The lords have all revolted from your fac-
tion

North We in ourselves are strong

Amb In Baynard's Castle was a council held,
Whither the mayor and sheriff did resort,
And twas concluded to proclaim Queen Mary

North Then they revolt the allegiance from my
daughter,

And give it to another?

Amb True, my thrice honour'd father
Besides, my brother (Guildford and his wife,
Where she was proclaim'd queen, are now close
prisoners,

Namely in the Tower

North God take them to his mercy! they had
need

Of grace and patience, for they both must bleed
For innocent souls, they both from guilt are free!

Amb O my thrice honour'd father, might I ad-
vise you,

Fly to your manor, there study for your safety

North Boy, thou say'st well

And since the lords have all revolted from me,
Myself will now revolt against myself

Call me a herald to fill their empty ears —

Assist me, son — my good Lord Huntingdon,
Even in this market-town proclaim Queen Mary

A trumpet sounds a parley, the Herald proclaims

Her Mary, by the grace of God, Queen of Eng-
land, France, and Ireland, defendress of the faith,
Amen! [Within, a shout and a flourish]

North Amen! I bear a part,
Ay, with my tongue, — I do not with my heart
Now they can cry, now they can bawl and yell
Base minded slaves, sink may your souls to hell!

Enter ROOSE with letters

Roose My honour'd lord, the council greets you
with

These letters

North Stay, Master Roose, ere you depart,
receive

An answer and reward [He readeth the letter
"In the sovereign name of Mary our queen, you
shall, upon the sight hereof, cease your arms,
discharge your soldiers, and presently repair unto
the court, on else to be held as an arch traitor"]

'Tis short and sharp —

Master Roose, we do obey your warrant

But, I pray, tell me, how do all our friends at
court?

Is there not a great mortality amongst them?

Is there not a number of them dead of late,
Since I came thence?

Roose My gracious lord, not any

North O Master Roose, it cannot be I will
assure you,

At my departure thence I left living there at least
Five hundred friends, and now I have not one,
Simply, not one friends! ha, ha, ha! Commission,
Thou must be my friend,
And stand betwixt me and the stroke of death,
Were thy date out, my life's date were but short,
They are cold friends that kill their friends in
sport

Amb Here comes your honour'd friend, the Earl
of Arundel

Enter ARUNDEL

North My honour'd friend, —

Arun I am no friend to traitors

In my most high and princely sovereign's name,
I do arrest your honour of high treason

North A traitor, Arundel!

Have I not your hand in my commission?

Let me peruse it as I take it, 'tis here,
And by your warrant have [I] so strict proceeded

Are the limits of my warrant broke? answer me

Arun It may be that it hath pleas'd her
majesty

To pardon us, and for to punish you,

I know no other reason this I must,

I am commanded, and the act is just.

North And I obey you When we parted last,
My lord of Arundel, our farewell was

Better than our greeting now then you cried,
"God speed",

Now you come on me, ere you say, "Take heed",
Then you did owe me your best bloods, nay, griev'd
You could not spend them in my service, O, then
It was a double death to stay behind!

But I am overtook, and you are kind,
I am, beshrew you else but I submit,
My crime is great, and I must answer it

Arun You must, with your three sons, be
guarded safe

Unto the Tower, with you those lords and
knights

That in this faction did associate you
For so I am enjoin'd

Then peaceably let us conduct you thither

North O my children, my soul weeps endless
tears for you!

O, at the general sessions, when all souls
Stand at the bar of justice, and hold up
Their new immortalized hands, O, then
Let the remembrance of their tragic ends
Be raz'd out of the bead roll of my sins!
Whene'er the black book of my crime's unclasp'd,
Let not these scarlet letters be found there,
Of all the rest only that page be clear!
But come, to my arraignment, then to death!
The queen and you have long and at this head
If to my children she sweet grace extend,
My soul hath peace, and I embrace my end

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter SUFFOLK **

Suff Three days are past, Monday, Tuesday, and
Wednesday too,

Yet my protesting servant is not come
Himself conducted me to this hard lodging,
A simple cabin for so great a prince,
And then he swore, but oaths you see are vain,
That he would hourly come and visit me
I, that was wont to surfeit in estate,
Am now through hunger almost desolate

Enter HOMES, sweating, with bottle and bag

Homes My lord,—

Suff Ned Homes, speak, hast thou brought me
meat?

Homes With much ado, my lord, meat, bread,
and wine

While you refresh yourself, I will record
The cause of my long stay.

* *Enter Suffolk* If the author intended here to follow history, the scene is now the Duke's manor of Astley, a few miles from Coventry, for he was apprehended in Astley park see Holinshed's *Chron* vol iv 14, ed 1808

Suff I prithee, do

Need bids me eat, need bids me hear thee too

Homes The night I left you in the hollow tree,
My house was search'd.

Suff Go on, go on

Homes And I no sooner enter'd but attack'd,
Threaten'd the rack, as if I did not yield
Your gracious self into their graceless hands

Suff And thou hast done't, thou hast betray'd
me?

Homes Done it! O, betray you! O, no!
First would I see my lov'd wife and children
Murder'd and toss'd on spears, before I would
Deliver your grace unto their hands, for they
Intend your death,—

Suff Go on, go on

Homes And offer'd

A thousand crowns to him that can bring news
Of your abode 'twas offer'd in my hands,
Which I beseech my stop my vital breath,
When I am fed with gold to work your death

Enter Sheriff and Officers

Sher See, yonder sits the duke

Suff I kiss thee in requital of this love

Homes And, in requital of so great a grace,
I kiss your hand that deign'st * to kiss my face
Sher So Judas kiss'd his master—Seize the
duke

Suff Ah me! Ned Homes, we are undone, both
thou

And I betray'd!

Sher My lord, late Duke of Suffolk, in her
highness'

Name, I do arrest you of high treason

Suff I do obey, and only crave this kindness,
You would be good unto my servant Homes,
Who† in relieving me hath but perform'd
The duty of a servant to his lord

Sher You are deceiv'd, sir, in your servant
much,

He is the man that did betray you—

Here, Master Homes, towards your thousand
pounds,

Here is a hundred marks,

Come to the Exchequer, you shall have the rest

Suff Hast thou betray'd me? yet with such a
tongue,

So smoothly oil'd, slight off my danger's fear?

O, break, my heart! this grief's too great to bear

* *your hand that deign'st, &c*] I e the hand of thee that deign'st, &c.—The old copies have "your hand that dares," &c,—"*dares*" being evidently a misprint for "*daines*,"—*daines* (deignest)

† *Who*] The old copies "*Where*."

Homes Pardon me, my lord

Suff God pardon thee,

And lay not to thy soul this grievous sin!
Farewell, and when thou spend'st at this ill-got gold,
Remember how thy master's life was sold
Thy lord that gave thee lordships, made thee great,
Yet thou betray'd'st him as he sat at meat —
On to my grave! 'tis time that I were dead,
When he that held my heart betrays my head

[*Exeunt* *SUFFOLK*, *Sheriff*, and *Officers*]

Homes O God, O God, that ever I was born!
This deed hath made me slave to object scorn

[*Exit*]

Enter the Clown

Clown O poor shrimp, how art thou fallen away
for want of mouching! O, colon* cries out most
tyrannically! the little gut hath no mercy —

What's here? victuals! O rare, O good!

Feed chops, drink throat, good victuals make
good blood

Re. enter *HOMES*, with a halter about his neck

But stay, who's here? more sheriffs, more search-
ers? O no, this is *Homes*, that betray'd his
honest master: how, with a halter about his neck!
I hope he doth not mean to hang himself. I'll
step aside

Homes This is the place where I betray'd my
lord

This is the place where oft I have reliev'd,
And villain I betray'd him to the jaws of death
But here before I further will proceed,
Here will I bury this enticing gold
Lie there, damned fiend, never serve humanit' more!

Clown This is rare now in this mood if he
would hang himself, 'twere excellent

Homes Shall I ask mercy? no, it is too late,
Heaven will not hear, and I am desperate

[*Strangles himself*]

Clown So, so, a very good ending would all
false servants might drink of the same sauce!
Gold, you are first mine — you must help [me] to shift
myself into some counterfeit suit of apparel, and
then to London. If my old master be hanged,
why, so; if not, why, rustic and lustic. Yet, before
I go, I do not care if I throw this dog in a ditch
— Come away, dissembler! — This cannot choose
but be a hundred pound, it weighs so heavy

[*Exit with the body of* *HOMES*]

* *colon*] A word frequently in the mouth of hungry
personages in our old dramas: it is the largest of the
human intestines, not 'the little gut,' as the *Clown* here
calls it

† *human*] Our dictionaries, I believe, do not acknow-
ledge this word as a substantive: but *Chapman* uses it
frequently as such.

Enter *QUEEN MARY*, * *WINCHESTER*, *NOFFOLK*, *FLEMBROKE*,
WYATTE, *ARUNDEL*, and *Attendants*

Q. Mary By God's assistance and the power of
heaven,

After our troubles, we are safely set
In our inheritance for which we do subscribe
The praise and benefit to God, next, thanks
To you, my lords. Now shall the sanctuary,
And the house of the Most High, be newly built,
The ancient honours due unto the church,
Burn'd within the ruin'd† monasteries,
Shall lift their stately heads and rise again
To astonish the destroyers' wondering eyes
Zed shall be deck'd in gold religion,
Not like a virgin robb'd of all her pomp,
But bravely‡ shining in her gems of state,
Like a fair bride be offer'd to the Lord
To build§ large houses, pull no churches down,
Rather enrich the temple with our crown
Better a poor queen than the subjects poor

Win May it please your grace to give release
unto

Such ancient bishops that have lost their honours
In the church affairs

Q. Mary We have given order
To the Duke of Norfolk to release them

Arun Your sacred highness will no doubt be
mindful

Of the late oath you took at Finsburgham

Q. Mary O, my lord of Arundel, we remember
that

But shall a subject force his prince to swear
Contrary to his conscience and the law?

We here release unto our faithful people
One entire subsidy, due unto the crown
In our dead brother's days. The commonalty
Shall not be overburden'd in our reign
Let them be liberal in religion,

And we will spare their treasure to themselves
Better a poor prince than the nation poor
The subjects' treasure is the sovereign's store

Arun What is your highness' pleasure about
the rebels?

Q. Mary The queen like rebel, I mean you not,
Queen Jane?

Arun Guildford, and Jane, with great Northum-
berland,

And haughty Suffolk's duke

* *Enter Queen Mary*] Scene London. A room in the
palace

† *ruin'd*] The old copies "Ruine"

‡ *bravely*] The old copies "bristly"

§ *To build, &c.*] Something that preceded this has
dropt out

|| *rebel*] The old copies "Rebels"

Q. Mary The Duke of Suffolk
Is not yet apprehended therefore, my lords,
Some of you most dear to us in love
Be careful of that charge the rest we'll leave
For trial of the other prisoners

Wyatt The Lady Jane, most mighty sovereign,
Allied to you in blood,—
For she's the daughter of your father's sister,
Mary the Queen of France, Charles Brandon's wife,
Your niece, your next of blood except your
sister,—

Deserves some pity, so doth youthful Guildford
Win Such pity as the law allows to traitors
Nor They were misled by their ambitious
fathers

Win What son to obey his father proves a
traitor,
Must buy their disobedience with their death

Wyatt My lord of Winchester still thirsts for
blood

Q. Mary Wyatt, no more, the law shall be
their judge

Mercy to mean offenders well ostend,
Not unto such that dare usurp our crown

Arun Count Egmont, the ambassador from
Spain,
Attends your highness' answer 'bout* those
letters

Sent from the emperor in his son's behalf

Q. Mary In the behalf of lovely, princely Philip,
Whose person we have shrined in our heart,
At the first sight of his delightful picture†
That picture should have power to kindle† love
In royal breasts the darts of love are words,
Pictures, conceit, he will prevail by any
Your counsel, lords, about this foreign business

Arun I say, in it like your royal majesty,
A royal treaty and to be confirm'd,
And I allow the match

Win Allow it, lords! we have cause to thank
our God

That such a mighty prince as Philip is,
Son to the emperor, heir to wealthy Spain
And many spacious kingdoms, will vouchsafe—

Wyatt Vouchsafe, my lord of Winchester!
pray, what?

Win To grace our mighty sovereign with his
honourable title

Wyatt To marry with our queen, mean you
not so?

Win I do, what then?

Wyatt O God!

Is she a beggar, a forsaken maid,
That she hath need of grace from foreign princes?
By God's dear mother,—O, God pardon! swear I!—

Methinks she is a fair and lovely prince,
Her only beauty, were she of mean birth,
Able to make the greatest potentate,

Ay, the great emperor of the mighty Cham,
That hath more nations under his command
Than Spanish Philip's like to inherit towns,
To come and lay his sceptre at her feet,

And to entreat her to vouchsafe the grace
To take him and his kingdom to her mercy

Win Wyatt, you are too hot

Wyatt And you too proud
Vouchsafe! O, base! I hope she'll not vouchsafe
To take the emperor's son to her dear mercy

Q. Mary Proceed, my lord of Winchester, I
pray

Win Then still I say we have cause to thank
our God

That such a mighty prince will look so low
As to respect this island and our queen

Wyatt Pardon me, madam, he respects* your
island

More than your person think of that

Nor Wyatt, you wrong the affection of the
prince,

For he desires no fortresses nor towns,
Nor to bear any office, rule, or state,
Either by person or by substitute,
Nor yet himself to be a councillor
In our affairs

Wyatt What need he, noble lords,
To ask the fruit, when he demands the tree?
No castle, fortresses, nor towers of strength!

It boots not, when the chiefest tower of all,
The key that opens unto all the land,

I mean our gracious sovereign, must be his
But he will bear no office in the land!

And yet will marry with the queen of all
Nor be of council in the realm's affairs!

And yet the queen enclosed in his arms
I do not like this strange marriage

The fox is subtle, and his head once in,
The slender body easily will follow

I grant he offers you, in name of dower,
The yearly sum of threescore thousand ducats,

Besides the seventeen famous provinces,
And that the heir succeeding from your loins

Shall have the sovereign rule of both the realms
What, shall this move your highness to the match?

* 'bout] The old copies "brought"

† 'kindle] The old copies "tangle"

* respects] One of the old copies "respect"

Spain is too far for England to inherit,
But England near enough for Spain to woo

Q. Mary * Have not the kings of England, good
Sir Thomas,

Espous'd the daughters of our neighbour kings?

Wyatt I grant, your predecessors oft have sought
Their queen[s] from France, and sometimes too from
Spain,

But never could I hear that England yet
Has been so base to seek a king from either
His policy, dear queen, no love at all

Win. 'Tis love, great queen, no policy at all

Wyatt Which of you all dares justify this match,
And not be touch'd in conscience with an oath?
Remember, O, remember, I beseech you,
King Henry's last will and his act at court!
I mean that royal act of parliament
That does prohibit Spaniards from the land,
That will and act to which you all are sworn,
And do not damn your souls with perjury

Q. Mary But that we know thee, Wyatt, to be
true

Unto the crown of England and to us,
Thy over boldness should be paid with death
But cease, for fear your liberal tongue offend —
With one consent, my lords, you like this match!

Omnes, except WYATT We do, great sovereign

Q. Mary Call in Count Egmont, honourable
lords

Enter Egmont

We have determin'd of your embassy,
And thus I plight our love to Philip's heart
Embark you straight, the wind blows wondrous
fair

Till he shall land in England I'm all eye

[Exeunt all except WYATT]

Wyatt And ere he land in England, I will offer
My loyal breast for him to tread upon
O, who so forward, Wyatt, as thyself
To rouse this troublesome queen in this her throne!
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud nation,
Whom naturally our countrymen abhor
Assist me, gracious heavens, and you shall see
What hate I bear unto their slavery!
I'll into Kent, there muster up my friends,
To save this country, and this realm defend

[Exit]

Enter Guildenford, Jane, and Lieutenant

Guild Good morrow to the partner of my woe

* *Q. Mary* The old copies "Wm"

† *act* The old copies "Court" (an error occasioned by
"court" in the preceding line)

‡ *liberal* i.e. licentious free

§ *Enter Guildenford, &c.* A room in the Tower

|| *partner* The old copies "Patron" (Compare Shake-

Jane Good morrow to my lord, my lovely Dudley
Why do you look so sad, my dearest lord?

Guild Nay, why doth Jane thus with a heavy eye,
And a defected look, salute the day?

Sorrow doth ill become thy silver brow
Sad grief lies dead, so long as thou liv'st fair,
In my Jane's joy I do not care for care

Jane My looks, my love, are sort'd with my
heart

The sun himself doth scanty show his face
Out of this firm grate you may perceive
The Tower hill throng'd with store of people,
As if they gap'd for some strange novelty

Guild Though sleep do seldom dwell in men
of care,

Yet I did this night sleep, and this night dream'd
My princely father, great Northumberland,
Was married to a stately bride,
And then methought, just on his bridal day,
A poison'd draught did take his life away

Jane Let not fond visions so appal my love,
For dreams do oftentimes contrive to prove

Guild The nights are tedious, and the days
are sad

And see you how the people stand in heaps,
Each man sad-looking on his oppos'd object,
As if a general passion possess'd them!
Their eyes do seem as drooping is the moon,
As if prepared for a tragedy,
For never swarms of people there do tread,
But to rob life and to enrich the devil,
And show they wept †

Lieut. My lord, they did so, for I was there

Guild I pray, resolve us, good Master Lieutenant,
Who was it yonder that tender'd up his life
To nature's death?

Lieut. Pardon me, my lord,
'Tis felony to acquaint you with [the] death
Of any prisoner, yet, to resolve your grace,
It was your father, great Northumberland,
That this day lost his head

Guild Peace rest his soul!

His sins be buried in his grave,
And not remember'd in his epitaph! ‡ —
But who comes here?

*spears First Part of Henry VI., act iii. sc. 2., and will
be partner of your weal or woe.)*

* *fond* i.e. foolish vain

† *And show they wept* Either so nothing which preceded
these words has dropt out, or else they are corrupted

‡ *His sins be buried in his grave,*

And not remember'd in his epitaph From Shakespeare,

"Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph"

First Part of Henry IV., act v. sc. iv

Jane. My father prisoner!

Enter Suffolk, guarded forth

Suff. O Jane, now might but I see thy title and
Thy state thou now must leave for a small grave
Had I been contented to have been great, I had
stood,

But now my rising is pull'd down with blood
Farewell!—Point me my house of prayer—

Jane. Is grief

So short? 'Twas wont to be full of words, 'tis
true,

But now death's lesson bids a cold adieu
Farewell! Thus friends on desperate journeys
part

Breaking off words with tears, that swell the
heart [*Exit Suffolk guarded*]

Lieut. 'Tis the pleasure of the queen that you
part lodgings

Till your arraignment, which must be to-morrow

Jane. Good Master Lieutenant, let us pray to-
gether

Lieut. Pardon me, madam, I may not, they
that owe you, sway me

Guild. Entreat not, Jane though she our
bodies part

Our souls shall meet—farewell, my love!

Jane. My Dudley, my own heart! [*Exit*

*into Wyatt, Halper, Isely, Rodston, and Soldiers **

Wyatt. Hold, drum! Stand, gentlemen! Give
the word along!

Soldiers. Stand, stand!

Wyatt. Masters, friends, soldiers, and therefore
gentlemen,

I know

Some of you wear warm purses lined with gold
To them I speak not, but to such lean knaves
That cannot put up crosses† thus I say,—
Fight valiantly, and, by the Mary God,
You that have all your life time silver lack'd,
Shall now get crowns,—mairry, they must be
crack'd

First Sold. No matter, we'll change them for
white money

Wyatt. But it must needs be so, dear country-
men,

For soldiers are the masters of war's mint,
Blows are the stamps they set upon with bullets,
And broken pates are when the brains be spilt,
These light crowns that with blood are double gilt

* *Enter Wyatt, &c.] Scene* A field near Rochester

† *put up crosses]* A quibble—one meaning of *crosses* was
“pieces of money” (many pieces having a cross on one
side)

But that's not all that your stout hearts shall earn
Stick to this glorious quarrel, and your names
Shall stand in chronicles, rank'd even with kings,
You free your country from base Spanish thrall,
From ignominious slavery—who can

Digest* a Spaniard that's a true Englishman?

First Sold. Would he might choke that digests
him!

Wyatt. He that loves freedom and his country
city

“A Wyatt!” he that will not, with my heart,
Let him stand forth, shake hands, and we'll
depart†

Soldiers. A Wyatt, a Wyatt, a Wyatt!

Enter Norroy, sounding a trumpet

Harp. Forbear, or with the breath thy trumpet
spends

This shall let forth thy soul

Norroy. I am a herald,

And challenge safety by the law of arms

Harp. So shalt thou when thou art lawfully
employ'd

Wyatt. What loud knaves that?

Norroy. No knave, Sir Thomas, I am a true
man

To my queen, to whom thou art a traitor

Soldiers. Knock him down

Wyatt. Knock him down! fie, no,

We'll handle him, he shall sound before he go

Harp. He comes from Norfolk and those
fawning lords,

In Mary's name, weighing out life to them

That will with business buy ‡ it—seize on him

As a pernicious enemy

Wyatt. Sir George,

Be rul'd, since we profess the use of war,

Let's not be luss'd it for our ignorance

He shall pass and repass, juggle the best he can—

Lead him into the city—Norroy, set forth,

Set forth thy braven throat, and call all Rochester

About thee, do thy office,

Fill their light heads with proclamations, do

Catch fools with luscious twigs dipt with pardons—

But, Sir George, and good Sir Harry Isely,

If this gallant open his mouth too wide,

Powder the varlet, pistol him, fire the roof

That's o'er his mouth

He craves the law of arms, and he shall ha't

Teach him our law, to cut's throat if he pite—

If louder reach thy proclamation,

The Lord have mercy upon thee!

* *Digest]* The old copies “Dispel.” See note*, p. 111
† *depart]* i.e. part ‡ *buy]* The quarto of 1607 “bure”

Norroy Sir Thomas, I must do my office

Harp Come, we'll do ours too

Wyatt Ay, ay, do, blow thyself hence

[*Exeunt HARPER, ISLEY, and Norroy*]

Whorson, proud herald, because he can give arms,

He thinks to cut us off by the elbows —

Masters, and fellow soldiers, say will you leave

Old Tom Wyatt?

Omnes No, no, no

Wyatt A march! 'tis Norfolk's drum, upon my life

I pray, see what drum it is

[*A cry within* "Arm!"]

Rod The word is given, "arm, arm" fluteth through the camp,

As loud, though not so full of dread, as thunder

For no man's cheeks look pale, but every face

Is lifted up above his foreman's head,

And every soldier does on tiptoe stand,

Shaking a drawn sword in his threatening hand

Wyatt At whom, at whose drum?

Rod At Norfolk, Norfolk's drum

With him comes Arundel You may behold

The silken faces of their ensigns show

Nothing but wrinkles staggering in the wind

Norfolk rides foremostly, his crest well known,

Proud as if all our heads were now his own

Wyatt Soft! he shall pay more for them

So Robert Rodston, bring our musketeers

To flank our pikes, let all our archery fall off

In wings of shot a both sides of the van,

To gall the first horse of the enemy

That shall come fiercely on our cannoners

Bid them to charge — charge, my hearts!

Omnes Charge, charge!

Wyatt Saint George for England! Wyatt for poor Kent!

Blood lost in country's quarrel is nobly spent

[*Re-enter ISLEY*]

Isley Base slave, hard hearted fugitive,
He that you sent with Norroy, false Sir George,
Is fled to Norfolk

Rod Sir George Harper fled!

Wyatt I ne'er thought better of a counterfeit
His name was Harper, was it not? let him go
Henceforth all harpers*, for his sake shall stand

* Henceforth all harpers, for his sake, shall stand

But for plain ninepence] "The harp first appeared upon the Irish money in his [Henry the Eighth's] reign" — *Riding's Coinage*, vol. ii p. 443, ed. 1819. By a proclamation, set forth in 1600 it was declared, "that every of the said Harp Shillings should have and bear the name and value only of twelve Pence Irish, according to the old standard of that realm, being in true value no more than nine Pence English" *Id.* vol. iii p. 112

But for plain ninepence throughout all the land
They come no man gave ground in these hot cases,

Be Englishmen, and beard them to their faces

[*Exeunt*]

[*Enter NORFOLK, ARUNDEL, BRETT, Clown, and Soldiers*]

Nor Yonder the traitor marcheth with a steel bow

Bent on his sovereign and her kingdom's peace

To wave him to us with a flag of truce,

And tender him soft mercy, were to call

Our right in question Therefore put in act

Your resolute intendments if rebellion

Be suffer'd to take head, she lives too long,

Treason doth swarm, therefore give signal to the fight

Brett 'Tis good, 'tis good, my lord

Nor Where's Captain Brett?

Brett Here, my lord

Nor To do honour

To you, and those five hundred Londoners

That march after your colours, you shall charge

The traitor in the vanguard, whilst myself,

With noble Arundel and stout Jerningham,

Second you in the main

God and Saint George this day fight on our side,

While thus we tame a desperate rebel's pride!

[*Exeunt all except BRETT, Clown, and some Soldiers*]

Brett Countrymen and friends, and you the most valiant sword and buckler men of London, the Duke of Norfolk in honour has promoted you to the vanguard, and why to the vanguard, but because he knows you to be expert men, martial men, men of good stomachs, very hot shots, very furious for valour, such as scorn to shrink for a wetting, who will bear off any thing with head and shoulders?

Omnes Well, forward, good commander, forward!

Brett I am to lead you, and whither? to fight, and with whom? with Wyatt, and what is Wyatt? a most famous and rich traitor — [*aside*] to nobody, by this hand, that I know

Omnes Nay, speak out, good captain

Brett I say again, — Is worthy Norfolk gone?

Omnes Ay, ay, gone, gone

Brett I say again, that Wyatt for using thus in arms, with the Kentish men dangling thus at

* *Enter Norfolk, &c.* Another put out of the field

+ *her*] The old copies "him"

† *actiones*] So W. ruer,

* With diuers hero not catolop'd, and for a cheefest take All actions Crandish, and of these eternall pen worke make"

Albion's England, p. 294, ed. 1612

his tail, is worthy to be hanged—[*aside*] like a jewel in the kingdom's ear—SIR I well, my lads?

Omnes Forwards, forwards!

Brett And whosoever cuts off his head shall have for his labour—

Clown What shall I have? I'll do it

Brett The pox the plague, and all the diseases the spittle houses and hospitals can throw upon him

Clown I'll not do it, that's flat

Brett And wherefore is Wyatt up?

Clown Because he cannot keep his bed

Brett No, Wyatt is up to keep the Spaniards down to keep King Philip out whose coming in will give the land such a fillip, 'twill make it reel again

Clown A would it were come to that, we would, we would leave off hilips and fall to hot cockles

Brett Philip is a Spaniard, and what is a Spaniard?

Clown A Spaniard is no Englishman, that I know

Brett Right, a Spaniard is a Cimochio, a Culmanco, nay, which is worse, a Dondego,—and what is a Dondego?

Clown A Dondego is a kind of Spanish stock fish or poor John

Brett No, a Dondego is a desperate Vikingo, a very Castilian, God bless us! There came but one Dondego* into England, and he made all Paul's stink again: what shall a whole army of Dondegoes do, my sweet countrymen?

Clown Marry, they will make us all smell abominably: he comes not here: that's flat

Brett A Spaniard is called so because he's a Spaniard, his yard is but a span

Clown That's the reason our Englishwomen love them not

Brett Right, for he carries not the Englishman's yard about him: If you deal with him, look for hind measure: if you give an inch, he'll take an ell, if you't give an ell, he'll take an inch: therefore, my fine, spruce, dapper, finical fellows, if you are now, as you have always been counted, politic Londoners to fly to the stronger side, leave Arundel, leave Norfolk, and love Brett

Clown Well fling out flat caps at them

* *Dondigo*, Ac J l c Don Diego—So Heywood

"But for these Spaniards, now you Don Diegos,

you that made Paulen to stinke"

Forr Maut of the West, 1631, Part 1st p. 11 Various other writers allude to the nasty feat of this Don Diego in St Paul's Cathedral, and it is very plainly told in a letter among the Cottonian MSS (*Jnl C m*), which must have been written about the beginning of 1597

† *you*] the old copies "he"

Brett Wear your own neat's leather shoes, scorn Spanish leather, cry, "A fig for the Spaniard!" Said I well, bullies?

Omnes Ay, ay, ay

Brett Why, then, fiat, fiat!

And every man die at his foot that cries not "A Wyatt, a Wyatt!"

Omnes A Wyatt, a Wyatt, a Wyatt!

Enter WYATT

Wyatt Sweet music, gallant fellow-Londoners!

Clown I futh, we are the mudlaps, we are the lickpennies

Wyatt You shall be all Lord Mayors at least

[*Exeunt WYATT, BRETT, CLOWN and SOLDIERS*]

[*March sounds and enter WYATT, BRETT, ROBERTSON, SELLY, CLOWN and SOLDIERS again*]

Wyatt Those eight brass pieces shall do service now

Against their masters, Norfolk and Arundel
They may think their heels

More than their hands for saving of their lives

When soldiers turn survivors, and measure lands,
God help poor farmers! Soldiers and friends, let us all

Play nimble blood hounds and hunt them step by step

We hear

The lawyers plead in armour stead of gowns

If they fall out about the case they join,

Then they may cuff each other from the bar—

Soft! this is Ludgate stand doof, I'll knock

[*He knocks and PERCINROCK upon the walls*]

Pem Who knocks?

Wyatt A Wyatt, a true friend

Open your gates, you lowering citizens,

I bring you freedom from a foreign prince

The queen has heard your suit, and 'tis her pleasure

The city-gates stand open to receive us

Pem Avaunt, thou traitor! think'st thou by forgery

To enter London with rebellious arms?

Know that these gates are barr'd against thy entrance,

And it shall cost the lives

Of twenty thousand true subjects to the queen

Before a traitor enters

Omnes Shoot him through

Wyatt Stay, let's know him first

Clown Kill him, then let's know him after words

* *and enter again*] Scene London,—Ludgate

Pem Look on my face, and blushing see with shame

Thy treasons character'd

Brett 'Tis the Lord Pembroke

Wyatt What have we to do with the Lord Pembroke?

Where's the queen's lieutenant?

Pem I am lieutenant of the city now

Wyatt Are you Lord Mayor?

Pem The greatest lord that breathes enters not here

Without express command from my dear queen

Wyatt She commands by us

Pem I do command thee, in her highness' name,

To leave the city gates, or, by my honour,

A piece of ordinance shall be straight discharged

To be thy death's man and shoot thee to thy grave

Wyatt Then here's no entrance!

Pem No, none [Exit]

Brett What should we do following Wyatt any longer?

Wyatt O London, London, thou perfidious town!

Why hast thou broke thy promise to thy friend,

That for thy sake, and for the general sake,

Hath thrust myself into the mouth of danger?—

Much back to Fleet street—If that Wyatt die, London, unjustly, buy† thy treachery!

Brett Would I could steal away from Wyatt! it should be the first thing that I would do

[There they all steal away from WYATT and leave him alone]

Wyatt Where's all my soldiers? what, all gone, And left my drum and colours without guard!

O infelicity of careful men!

Yet will I sell my honour'd blood as dear

As e'er did faithful subject to his prince [Exit]

[Enter NORFOLK and ISLEY]

Isley Pembroke revolts and lies to Wyatt's side

Norfolk He's damnd in hell that speaks it

[Enter HARPER]

Harper O my good lord, 'tis spread That Pembroke and Count Arundel both are fled!

[Enter PEMBROKE and ARUNDEL]

Pem 'Sfoot, who said so? what devil dares stir my patience?

* *the* The old copies 'thy'

† *buy* i.e. pay dearly for (Q. "bv," i.e. buy)

‡ *Enter Norfolk and Isley* Scene A street in London

§ *Harper* The old copies "Is"

Zounds, I was talking with a crew of vagabonds That lagged at Wyatt's tail, and am I thus Paid for my pains?

Norfolk And thereo being mis'd, Some villain, finding you out of sight, hath mis'd This slander on you—but, come, my lord

Pem I'll not fight

Norfolk Nay, sweet earl,—

Pem Zounds, fight, and hear my name dishonoured!

Arundel Wyatt is march'd down Fleet street after him!

Pem Why do not you, and you, pursue him?

Norfolk If I strike one blow, may my hand fall off!

Pem And if I do, by this—

Norfolk Come, leave your swearing did not country's care

Uge me to this quarrel, for my part,

I would not strike a blow

Pem No more would I

I'll cut no wrongs—let's all die, and I'll die

[Enter Messenger]

Mess Stand on your guard, For this way Wyatt is pursued again

A great noise within [Enter WYATT, with his sword drawn, being wounded]

[Within] Follow, follow!

Norfolk Stand, traitor, stand, or thou shalt ne'er stand more

Wyatt Lords, I yield

An easy conquest 'tis to win the field

After all's lost I am wounded let me have

A surgeon, that I may go sound unto my grave

'Tis not the name of traitor

'Pals me, nor plucks my weapon from my hand

Use me how you can,

Though you say traitor, I am a gentleman

Your dreadful shaking me, which I defy,

Is a poor loss of life, I wish to die

Death frights my spirit no more than can my bed,

Nor will I change one hair, losing this head

Pem Come, guard him, guard him

Wyatt No matter where

I hope for nothing, therefore nothing fear

[Revolts]

[Enter WINCHESTER, NORFOLK, ARUNDEL, PEMBROKE, with other lords]

Win. My Lord of Norfolk, will it please you sit? By you, the noble Lord of Arundel

Since it hath pleas'd her sacred majesty

* *Enter Winchester, &c.* Scene A room in the Tower

To nominate us here commissioners,
Let us, without all partiality,
Be open ear'd to what they can allege —
Where's the Lieutenant of the Tower?

Enter Lieutenant

Lieut. Here, my good lord

Win. Fetch forth the prisoners [Exit Lieut]

Enter Guildford and Jane with Lieutenant

Place them severally in chairs of state —

Clerk of the crown, proceed as law requires.

Clerk. Guildford Dudley, hold up thy hand at the bar

Guild. Here at the bar of death I hold it up,
And would to God, this hand, heav'd to the law,
Might have advanc'd itself in better place,
For England's good and for my sovereign's weal.

Clerk. Jane Gray, Lady Jane Gray, hold up thy hand at the bar

Jane. A hand as pure from treasonous offence*
As the white livery

Worn by the angels in their Maker's sight!

Clerk. You are here indicted by the names of Guildford Dudley, Lord Dudley, Jane Gray, Lady Jane Gray, of capital and high treason against our most sovereign lady the queen's majesty. That is to say, that you Guildford Dudley, and Lady Jane Gray, have, by all possible means, sought to procure unto yourselves the royalty of the crown of England, to the dishonouring of our now sovereign lady the queen's majesty, the true and lawful issue to that famous king Henry the Eighth, and have manifestly adorned yourselves with the state's garland imperial, and have granted warrants, commissions, and such like, for levying of men and soldiers to be sent against the said majesty. What answer you to this indictment,—guilty, or not guilty?

Guild. Our answer shall be several like ourselves

Yet, noble earl, we confess the indictment

May we not make some apology unto the court?

Noif. It is against the order of the law,

Therefore directly plead unto the indictment,
And then you shall be heard

Guild. Against the law!

Words utter'd, then, as good unspoken were,
For, whatsoever you say, you know your form,
And you will follow it unto our deaths

Noif. Speak, are you guilty of those crimes or no?

Jane. I'll answer first,—I am, and I am not
But should we stand unto the last unguilty,

You have large conscience jurors to besmear
The fairest brow with style of treachery

Noif. The barons of the land shall be your jury

Jane. An honourable and worthy trial,
And God forbid so many noblemen
Should be made guilty of our timeless deaths!

Arun. You'll answer to the indictment, will you not?

Guild. My lord, I will I am—

Noif. What? are you guilty or no?

Guild. I say unguilty still, yet I am guilty,

Jane. Slunder not thyself

If there be any guilty it was I,

I was proclaim'd queen, I the crown should wear

Guild. Because I was thy husband, I stand here

Jane. Our loves we sought ourselves, but not our pride

And shall our fathers' faults our lives divide?*

Guild. It was my father that made thee distrust

Jane. O, but for mine, my Guildford had been blest

Guild. My Jane had been as fortunate as fair

Jane. My Guildford free from this soul-grieving care

Guild. If we be guilty, 'tis no fault of ours,
And shall we die for what's not in our powers?

We sought no kingdom, we desired no crown

It was impos'd upon us by constraint,

Like golden fruit hung on a barren tree,

And will you count such forcement treachery?

Then make the silver Thames as black as Styx,

Because it was constrain'd to bear the bark†

Whose battering ordnance should have been employ'd

Against the hinderers of our royalty

Win. You talk of senseless things

Guild. Do trees want sense,

That by the power of music have been drawn
To dance a pleasing measure?

We'll come, then, never unto living things

Say we usurp'd the English royalty,

Was't not by your consents?

I tell you, lords, I have your hands to show,

Subscrib'd to the commission of my father,

By which you did authorize him to wage arms

If they were rebellious against your sovereign,

Who cried so loud as you, "God save Queen Jane"?

And come you now your sovereign to arraign?

Come down, come down here, at a prisoner's bar

* divide] The quarto of 1612 "deride"

† bark] The old copies "bankes"

* treasonous offence] The old copies "Treasons Innocence"

Better do so than judge yourselves amiss,
For look, what sentence on our heads you lay,
Upon your own may light another day

Win The queen hath pardon'd them
Guild And we must die

For a less fault,—O partiality!

Jane Patience, my Guildford, it was ever known,

They that sinn'd least, the punishment have borne.

Guild True, my fair queen oft sorrow truly speaks.*

Great men, like great flies,† through law's cob webs break,

But the thinn'st frame the prison of the weak

Norfolk Now trust me, Arundel, it doth grieve me much

To sit in judgment of these harmless [souls]

Arundel I help'd to attach the father, but the son—

O, through my blood I feel compassion run!

My lords, we'll be humble suitors to the queen
To save these innocent creatures from their deaths

Norfolk Let's break up court if Norfolk long should stay,

In tears and passion I should melt away

Win Sit still

What, will you take compassion upon such?

They are heretics

Jane We are Christians leave our conscience to ourselves,

We stand not here about religious causes,

But are accus'd of capital treason

Win Then you confess the indictment?

Guild Even what you will

Yet save my Jane, although my blood you spill

Jane If I must die, save princely Guildford's life

Norfolk Who is not mov'd to see this loving strife?

Arundel Pity, pardon me do what you will to-day,

* *oft sorrow truly speaks*] The old copies 'if sorrow truly speak'

† *Great men, like great flies, &c.*] It may be urged that Dekker wrote this, as the following passage occurs in one of his plays—

"*Forcivell* You must hang up the lawes

Oscar Like cob webbe in owle roomes, through which great flies

Break through, the leese being caught both wing there dies"

If this be not a good play the devil is in it, 1612, Sig. D 3 But the simile is derived from ancient wisdom—'One of the Seven was wont to say, that laws were like cob webs, where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through' *Bacon's Apophthegms*, No. 234

See, too, what Deho says in *The Duchess of Malfi*

"Then the law to him," &c. p. 61

And I'll approve it, though it be my death

Win Then hear the speedy sentence of your deaths

You shall be carried to the place from whence you came,

From thence unto the place of execution,

Through London to be drawn on hurdles,

Where thou, Jane Gray, shalt suffer death by fire,

Thou, Guildford Dudley, hang'd and quartered

So, Lord have mercy upon you!

Guild Why, this is well,

Since we must die, that we must die together

Win Stay, and hear the mercy of the queen

Because you are of noble parentage,

Although the crime of your offence be great,

She is only pleas'd that you shall—

Both Will she pardon us?

Win Only, I say, that you shall lose your heads

Upon the Tower hill—So, convey them hence—

Lieutenant, strictly look unto your charge

Guild Our dooms are known, our lives have

play'd their part—

Farewell, my Jane!

Jane My Dudley, mine own heart!

Guild Fain would I take a ceremonious leave,

But that's to die a hundred thousand deaths.

Jane I cannot speak for tears

Lieut. My lord, come

Guild Let's griefs speak louder, when the great are dumb * [Exit

Lieut. WYATT, in the Tower

Wyatt The sad aspect this prison doth afford
Jumps† with the measure that my heart doth keep,

And this enclosure here, of naught but stone,

Yields far more comfort than the stony hearts

Of them that wrong'd then country and their friend

Here are no perjur'd councillors‡ to swear

A sacred oath, and then forswear the same,

No innovators here do harbour keep

A steadfast silence doth possess the place;

In this the Tower is noble, being bus'

Enter NORFOLK, WINCHESTER, ARUNDEL, and Officers, to WYATT

Norfolk Sir Thomas Wyatt,—

Wyatt That's my name, indeed

* *Last griefs speak louder, when the great are dumb*] The old copies have

'Great griefs speak louder

When the last are dumb d"

But compare *The White Devil*, p. 15, and note

† *Jumps*] I agree

‡ *councillors*] I.e. members of the council.

Win. You should say traitor

Wyatt Traitor, and Wyatt's name,

Differ as far as Winchester and honour

Win. I am a pillar of the mother church

Wyatt And what an I?

Win. One that subverts the state

Wyatt Insult not too much o'er th' unfortun-
ate,

I have no bishop's rochet to declare

My innocency This is my cross

That causeless I must suffer my head's loss

When that hour comes wherein my blood is spilt

My cross will look as bright as yours twice gilt

Norfolk Here's for that purpose

Wyatt Is your grace so short?

Belike you come to mark my death a sport

Win. We come to bring you to your execution,

You must be hang'd and quarter'd instantly

At the Park-corner is a gallows set

Whither make haste to tender nature's debt

Wyatt Then hies the end of Wyatt's rising
up

I to keep Spaniards from the land was sworn

Right willingly I yield myself to death

But sorry such should have my place of birth

Had London kept his word, Wyatt had stood,

But now King Philip enters through my blood

[Lord Officers with Wyatt]

Win. Where's the Lieutenant of the Tower?

[The Lieutenant]

Lieut. Here, my lord

Win. Fetch forth your other prisoner

Lieut. My lord, I will

Here lies young Guildford, here the Lady Jane

Norfolk Conduct them forth [Exit Lieut]

[Enter Guildford and Jane with the Lieutenant]

Guild. Good morrow once more to my lovely
Jane

Jane. The last good morrow, my sweet love, to
thee

Guild. What were you reading?

Jane. On a prayer book

Guild. Trust me, so was I we had need to pray,
For, see, the ministers of death draw near

Jane. To a prepared mind death is a pleasure
I long in soul till I have spent my breath

Guild. My lord high chancellor, you are welcome
hither

What, come you to behold our execution?

And, my Lord Arundel, thrice welcome you
help'd

To attach our father, come you now to see
The black conclusion of our tragedy?

Win. We come to do our office

Guild. So do we,

Our office is to die, yours to look on

We are beholding unto such beholders

The time was, lords, when you did flock to main

To see her crown'd, but now to kill my Jane

The world like to a sickle bends itself

Men run their course of lives as in a maze

Our office is to die, yours but to gaze

Jane. Patience, my Guildford

Guild. Patience, my lovely Jane!

Patience his blanch'd thy soul as white as snow,

But who shall answer for thy death? This
know,

An innocent to die, what is it less

But to add angels to heaven's happiness?

The guilty dying do applaud the law,

But when the innocent creature stoops his neck

To an unjust doom, upon the judge they check

Lives are, like souls, requir'd of their neglectors,

Then ours of you that should be our protectors

Win. Rail not against the law

Guild. No, God forbid!

My Lord of Winchester is made of law,

And should I rail against it, 'twere gainst you

If I forget not, you rejoic'd to see

The fall of Cromwell joy you now at me?

Oft dying men are fill'd with prophecies,

But I'll not be a prophet of your ill --

Yet know, my lords, they that behold us now

May to the axe of justice one day bow,

And in that plot of ground, where we must die,

Sprinkle their bloods, though I know no cause
why

Norfolk Speak you to me, Lord Guildford?

Guild. Norfolk, no

I speak to --

Norfolk To whom?

Guild. Alas I do not know --

Which of us two dies first?

Win. The better part

Guild. O, rather kill the worst!

Jane. 'Tis I, sweet love, that first must kiss the
block

Guild. I am a man, men better brook the
shock

Of threatening death your sex are ever weak,
The thoughts of death a woman's heart will break

Jane. But I am arm'd to die

Guild. Likelier to live,

* Wyatt's rising up] The quarto of 1612 'Wyatt's up'

* 20] The old copies 'It is'

Death to the unwilling doth his presence give
He dares not look the bold man in the face,
But on the fearful lays his killing mace

Win. It is the pleasure of the queen
That the Lady Jane must first suffer death

Jane I thank her highness,
That I shall first depart this hapless world,
And not survive to see my dear love dead

Guild She dying first, I three times lose my head

Enter the Headsman and Ladies

Heads Forgive me, lady, I pray, your death

Guild Ha! hast thou the heart to kill a soul
so fair?

Win It is her head-man

Guild And demands a pardon
Only of her for taking off her head?

Jane Ay, gentle Guildford, and I pardon him

Guild But I'll not pardon him thou art my wife,

And he shall ask me pardon for thy life

Heads Pardon me, my lord

Guild Rise, do not kneel,

Though thou submit't, thou hast a lowering steel,
Whose fatal declination brings our death

Good man of earth, make haste to make us earth

Heads Pleaseth the Lady Jane, I'll help her off
With her night gown

Jane Thanks, gentle friend, but I

Have other waiting women to attend me
Good Mistress Ellen, lend me a helping hand
To strip me of these worldly ornaments
Off with these robes, O, tear them from my side!
Such silken covers are the gift of pride
Instead of gowns, my coverture be earth,
My worldly death a new celestial birth! —
What, is it off?

First Lady Madam, almost

Jane Not yet! O God,

How hardly can we shake off this world's pomp,
That cleaves unto us like our body's skin!

Yet thus, O God, shake off thy servant's sin!

First Lady Here is a scarf to blind your eyes

Jane From all the world but from my Guild
ford's sight

Before I fasten this beneath my brow,

* *Good Mistress Ellen* &c.] "Then kneeling downe, she said the 1st verse of Miserere mei Deus, in English, and then stood up and gave him hand (called *mistresse Ellen*) her gloves and handkercher, &c. *Holinshed's Chron.* vol. iv. 22, ed. 1809

† *there*] The old copies "thus"

‡ *a new celestial birth*] The old copies "or new Celestiall breath."

Let me behold him with a constant look

Guild O, do not kill me with that piteous eye!

Jane 'Tis my last farewell, take it patiently

My dearest Guildford, let us kiss and part —

Now blind mine eyes never to see the sky

Blindfold thus lead me to the block to die

[Exit with Headsman and Ladies]

Guild O!

[Falls in a trance]

Norfolk How fares my lord?

Arundel He's fallen into a trance

Norfolk Wake him not until he wake himself —

O happy Guildford, if thou die in this,

Thy soul will be the first in heavenly bliss!

Win Here comes the headsman with the head
of Jane

Re-enter Headsman with Jane's head

Guild Who spake of Jane? who nam'd my
lovely Jane?

Win Behold her head

Guild O, I shall faint again!

Yet let me bear this sight unto my grave,
My sweet Jane's head —

Look, Norfolk, Arundel, Winchester,

Do malefactors look thus when they die, —

A ruddy lip, a clear reflecting eye,

Cheeks purer than the maiden orient pearl,

That sprinkle* bashfulness through the clouds!

Her innocence has given her this look

'Tis like for me to show so well, being dead,

How willingly would Guildford lose his head!

Win My lord, the time runs on

Guild So does our death

Here's one has run so fast, sheds out of breath

But the time goes on, and my fair Jane's white
soul

Will be in heaven before me, if I do stay

Stay, gentle wife, thy Guildford follows thee

Though on the earth we part by adverse fate,

Our souls shall knock together at heaven's gate

The sky is calm, our deaths have a fair day,

And we shall pass the smoother on our way

My lords, farewell, ay, once farewell to all

The fathers' pride has caus'd the children's fall

[Exit GUILDFORD to death †]

* *That sprinkle, &c.*] Corrupted, of course (The old copies have "That sprinkles," &c.)

† *Dudley*, as every reader of history knows, was put to death before his wife.

Warner, in describing the end of this unhappy pair, adorns more closely to fact —

"Come was the day, the tragick day, wherein they both should die,

When either, passing to their end each other did espie,

Shoe in her lodging waiting death prepared her that day

And he in being led therto, her lodging in his way

Nor^f Thus have we seen her highness' will
perform'd
And now their heads and bodies shall be join'd
And buried in one grave, as fits their loves

Ascending and descending signes then fly and fill
uprice,
And each bemoones the other more than murther their
private cue
Their eyes, that looked lone ere while, now looke their
last adieu,
And staine their faces, faultles ere this dismall enter
view,
Their cares, erst listning noies, are deafe, unlesse to
signes profound
Their tongues erst talking noies, those looks and sighes
did now confound
What part socie of them had felt or tasted noies ere
this,
Wearo senecles now of any ioy, saue hope of heavenly
blys

Thus much I'll say in their behalfe now dead,
Their fathers' pride their lives hath severed

[Exeunt

Whilst either thus for earthly pompe no longer time
did looke,

He passeth to the fatall blocke, she prying on her
booke

Whence (having made a godly end) he was returned
whilst shee

Prepared for like, and of her lord the senecles tronke
did see,

A sight more deathful than her death that should
consort him strait,

And for the which her fearless eyes did every moment
waite

She vnabashed, mounting now the skaffold, there
attends

The fatall stroke, and vnto God her better parte com-
mends,

And as she had a vertuous life so vertuously she ended "
Albion's England, p. 196, ed. 1612

WESTWARD HO.

Westward Ho! As it hath been divers times Acted by the Children of Pauls. Written by The Decker, and Iohn Webster. Printed at London, and to be sold by Iohn Hodgins dwelling in Pauls Churchyard 1607 4to

I have met with one copy of this comedy which differs slightly in some passages from the copy I possess. See the prefatory matter to *The White Devil*, p. 2.

The title of *Westward Ho!* that of the play which comes next in the present collection *Southward Ho!* as well as that of the comedy by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, *Eastward Ho!* appear to have been derived from the exclamations of the watermen who plied on the Thames.

“[Make a noise, *Westward Ho!*”

Queen Elizabeth. Woman, what noise is this I hear?

Father & Wife. An like your grace, it is the watermen that call for passengers to make their voyage.

Peele's Eastward Ho! Works vol. i. p. 18. See ed.

Chapman,

“Here lies your way due west

Then *westward Ho!*”

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, act iii. sc. 1

“A stranger” the better welcome comes hee *Westward Ho!* *Westward Ho!* *Westward Ho!*”

Day's Isle of Gulls 1606. Sig. A. 2

“Yea? and will you to the southw'ardly fath? will you to the coynnes of Italy in y gallants? Take heed how yee goe Northwards, tis a dangerous coast, just met with it in winter, therefore goe Southwards my gallants, southwards ho!”

Sharpham's Flare 1613, Sig. D. 4.

Eastward Ho! was printed in 1605. the Prologue to it shows that *Westward Ho!* was then on the stage,

Not out of envy for that's no effect
Where there's no cause, nor out of imitation,
For we have euermore been imitated,
Nor out of our contention to doe better
Then that which is opposide to ours in title,
For that was good, and better cannot be
And for the title, if it seeme affected,
We might as well haue called it, *God you good even*
Only that eastward westwards still exceeds,
Honour the sunnes time rising not his setting.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LARI
 JUSTINIANO
 HONEY-SUCKLE
 TENTERHOOK
 WAFFER
 MONOTONY
 SIR GOSLING GLOWWORM
 TINSBROOK
 WHITBROOK
 AMBUSH
 CLUDGE
 SCURVILOR
 CASHIER
 TAILOR
 HONEYEAT
 PRENTICE
 CHAMBERMAN
 BOY-SERVANTS, TINDLERS

MISTRESS JUSTINIANO
 MISTRESS HONEY-SUCKLE *
 MISTRESS TENTERHOOK *
 MISTRESS WAFFER *
 MISTRESS BIGBEND
 LUCY
 CHILITAN

* *Mistress Honey-suckle* } In the old copy (which has no list of dramatis personæ) the Christian names of these
Mistress Tenterhook } ladies are generally prefixed to their respective speeches—*Judith* to Mistress Honey-
Mistress Wafer } suckles, *Moll* or *Clare* to Mistress Tenterhook, and *Habet* to Mistress Wafer's.
 When our poets make Mistress Tenterhook be addressed 'sweet *Clare*,' in the latter part of the play, they must
 have forgotten that she had been termed 'little *Moll*' in an earlier scene. The name of Mistress Justiniano is
Moll.

WESTWARD HO.

ACT I

SCENE 1^{*}

Enter MISTRESS BUILDING and Tailor

Bud Stay, tailor, this is the house—may these look the gown be not ruffled, is for the jewels and precious stones. I know where to find them ready presently. She that must wear this gown if she will receive it, is Master Justiniano's wife, the Italian merchant—my good old lord and master that hath been a tilter this twenty year, hath sent it. Woe, tailor, you are a kind of bird. Tailor, if this gentlewoman's husband should chance to be in the way now, you shall tell him that I keep a hot house† in Gunpowder alley, near Centichief's Friars; and that I have brought home his wife's foul linen, and, to colour my knavery the better, I have here three or four kinds of complexion, which I will make show of to sell unto her. The young gentlewoman hath a good city wit, I can tell you, she hath read in *The Italian Courtier*‡ that it is a special ornament to gentlewomen to have skill in punting.

Tailor Is my lord acquainted with her?

Bud O, ay.

Tailor Faith, Mistress Building, I do not commend my lord's choice so well now, methinks he were better to set up a dairy, and to keep

half a score of lusty, wholesome, honest, country wenches.

Bud Honest country wenches? in what hundred shall a man find two of that simple virtue?

Tailor Or to love some lady, there were equality and coherence.

Bud Tailor, you talk like an ass. I tell thee there is equality enough between a lady and a city dame, if there can be but of a colour. Name you any one thing that your citizen's wife comes short of to your lady? they have as pure linen as choice pining, love green geese in June, mulled and red in the fall, and woodcock in winter. Your citizen's wife learns nothing, but fopperies of your lady, but your lady or just co's peace maiden carries high wit from the city,—namely, to receive all and pay all, to awe the husbands, to check their husbands, to control their husbands, nay, they have the trick on't to be sick for a new gown, or a cucumet,* or a diamond, or so, and I wis† this is better wit than to learn how to wear a Scotch fuddingale, nay, more,—Here comes one of the servants— you remember, tailor, that I am deaf, observe that.

Tailor Ay, thou art in that like one of our young gulls, that will not understand any wrong is done him, because he does not answer it.

Enter Priestess

Bud By your leave, bachelor, is the gentlewoman, your mistress, stirring?

Priest Yes, she is moving.

Bud What says he?

Tailor She is up.

* *Scene 1*] London. A street before the house of Justiniano.

† *Keep a hot house* &c.] A hot house meant properly a bath, but it also meant a brothel, for brothels were often kept under the pretence of their being hot houses.—“He, sir, a tapster, sir, parcel bird, one that serves a bird woman, whose house, sir, wry, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs, and now she professes a hot house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.” *Shakespeare's Measure for Measure*, act II. sc. 1.

‡ *The Italian Courtier*] Thomas Hoby's translation of Castiglione's famous *Courtier* appeared in 4to in 1561.

* *cucumet*] i.e., necklace.

† *wis*] Some copies of the old ed. 'wist'.

Bird Where's the gentleman, your master, pray you?

Preu Where many women desire to have their husbands,—abroad

Bird I am very thick of hearing

Preu Why, abroad —[*aside*] you smell of the bawd

Bird I pray you, tell her here's an old gentlewoman would speak with her

Preu So [Exit]

Tailor What, will you be deaf to the gentlewoman when she comes too?

Bird O, no, she's acquainted well enough with my knavery —She comes

Enter MISTRESS JUSTINIANO

How do you, sweet lady?

Mist Just Iady!

Bird By God's me, I hope to call you lady ere you die. What, mistress, do you sleep well on nights?

Mist Just Sleep! ay, as quietly as a client having great business with lawyers

Bird Come, I am come to you about the old suit my good lord and master hath sent you a velvet gown here do you like the colour? three-pile, a pretty fantastical trimming! I would God you would say it, by my troth I dreamed last night you looked so prettily, so sweetly, methought so like the wisest lady of them all, in a velvet gown

Mist Just What's the forepart?

Bird A very pretty stuff I know not the name of your forepart, but 'tis of a hain colour

Mist Just That it was my hud fortune, being so well brought up, having so great a portion to my marriage, to match so unluckily! Why, my husband and his whole credit is not worth my apparel well, I shall undergo a strange report in leaving my husband

Bud Tush, if you respect your credit, never think of that, for beauty covets rich apparel, choice diet, excellent physie. No German clock,* nor mathematical engine whatsoever, requies so much reparation as a woman's face, and what means hath your husband to allow sweet Doctor Ghasterpipe his pen on? I have heard that you have three-score smocks that cost three pounds a smock will these smocks ever hold out with

* *No German clock &c*] Some copies of the old ed "Noe"—See the notes of the commentators on—

"A woman, that is like a German clock, still a repairing"

Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iii sc 1

your husband? no, your linen and your apparel must turn over a new leaf, I can tell you.

Tailor [aside] O admirable bawd! O excellent Birdlune!

Bird I have heard he loved you, before you were married, entirely what of that? I have ever found it most true in mine own experience, that they which are most violent dotards before their marriage are most voluntary cuckolds after. Many are honest, either because they have not wit,* or because they have not opportunity, to be dishonest, and this Italian, your husband's countryman, holds it impossible any of their ladies should be excellent witty, and not make the uttermost use of their beauty will you be a fool, then?

Mist Just Thou dost persuade me to all very well

Bird You are nice and peevish † how long will you hold out, thank you? not so long as Ostend ‡

Enter JUSTINIANO

Pardon of me, your husband! Remember that I am deaf, and that I come to sell you complexion—truly, mistress, I will deal very reasonably with you

Just What are you, say ye?

Bird Ay, forsooth

Just What, my most happy wife?

Mist Just Why, your jealousy

Just Jealousy! in futh, I do not fear to lose That I have lost already—What are you?

Bird Please your good worship, I am a poor gentlewoman that cast away myself upon an unthrifty captain that lives now in Ireland I am fain to pick out a poor living with selling complexion, to keep the frailty, as they say, honest

Just What's he? §—Complexion too! you are a bawd

Bud I thank your good worship for it

Just Do not I know these tricks?

That which thou mak'st a colour for thy sin Hath been thy first undoing,—painting, painting

Bird I have of all sorts, forsooth here is the

* *wit*] Some copies of the old ed "*wit*", other copies "*means*" (Compare what follows)

† *nice and peevish*] i.e. scrupulous and foolish

‡ *not so long as Ostend*] After a siege of three years and ten weeks this place surrendered to the Marquis of Spanish on the twelfth of September, 1704. In the same year appeared at London *A True Historie of the Memorable Siege of Ostend and what passed on either side from the beginning of the Siege unto the yielding up of the Town &c* Translated out of French into English By Edward Grimston

§ *he*] If right, means the Tailor but of "hero"

burned powder of a hog's jaw-bone, to be laid with the oil of white poppy, an excellent focus to kill morpew, weed out fleckles, and a most excellent groundwork for painting, here is gnimony likewise burned and pulverized, to be mingled with the juice of lemons, sublimate mercury, and two spoonfuls of the flowers of brimstone, a most excellent receipt to cure the flushing in the face

Just Do you hear, if you have any business to despatch with that deaf goodness there, pray you, take leave—opportunity, that which most of you long for (though you never be with child), opportunity I'll find some idle business in the mean time, I will, I will, in truth, you shall not need fear me or you may speak French, most of your kinds can understand French God b'w'you!

Being certain thou art false, sleep, sleep, my brain,

For doubt was only that which fed my pain

[*Exit*]

Must Just You see what a hell I live in I am resolved to leave him

Bird O the most fortunate gentlewoman, that will be so wise, and so, so provident! the caroches shall come

Must Just At what hour?

Bird Just when women and vintners are conjuring, at midnight O the entertainment my lord will make you,—sweet wines, lusty diet, perfumed linen, soft beds! O most fortunate gentlewoman!

[*Leant BIRDIE and Tailor*]

Re enter JUSTINIANO

Just Have you done? have you despatched? 'tis well and, in troth, what was the motion?

Must Just Motion! what motion?

Just Motion! why, like the motion in law that stays for a day of hearing, yours for a night of hearing Come, let's not have April in your eyes, I pray you it shows a wint'ron month follows your weeping Love a woman for her tears! Let a man love oysters for their water for women, though they should weep liquor enough to seive a dyer or a brewer, yet they may be as stale as wenches that travel every second tide between Gravesend and Billingsgate

Must Just This madness shows very well

Just Why, look you, I am wondrous merry can any man discern by my face that I am a cuckold? I have known many suspected for men of this misfortune, when they have walked

thorough the streets, wear their hats o'er their eyebrows, like politic penthouses,* which commonly make the shop of a mercer or a linen-draper as dark as a room in Bedlam, his cloak shrouding his face, as if he were a Neopolitan that had lost his beard in April, and if he walk through the street, or any other narrow road (as 'tis rare to meet a cuckold), he ducks at the penthouses, like an ancient† that dares not flourish at the oath-taking of the prior‡ for fear of the sign posts Wife, wife, do I any of these? Come, what news from his lordship? has not his lordship's virtue once gone agunst the han, and coveted coyness?

Must Just Sir, by my soul, I will be plain with you

Just Except the forehead, dear wife, except the forehead

Must Just The gentleman you spake of hath often solicited my love, and hath received from me most chaste denials

Just Ay, ay, provoking resistance 'tis as if you come to buy wares in the city, bid money for't, your mercer or goldsmith says, "Truly, I cannot take it," lets his customer pass his stall next, nay, perhaps two or three, but if he find he is not prone to return of himself, he calls him back and back, and takes his money so you, my dear wife,—O the policy of women and tradesmen! they'll bite at any thing

Must Just What would you have me do? all your plate, and most part of your jewels, are at pawn, besides, I hear you have made over all your estate to men in the town here What would you have me do? would you have me turn common sinner, or sell my apparel to my wust coat, and become a laundress?

Just No laundress, dear wife, though your credit would go far with gentlemen for taking up of linen, no laundress

Must Just Come, come, I will speak as my

* Like politic penthouses, &c. | Our old writers have frequent allusions to the regularity of tradesmen in taking their shops, that customers might be unable to detect the badness of their goods So Brome, 'What should the city do with honesty?' Why we your wares gummed, your shops duck, &c. *The City Wit*, act 1 sc 1 And Middleton,

'though your shop wares you vent

With your deceiving lights, &c.

Any thing for a quiet life, act ii sc 2,—*Works*, iv 412, ed Dyce

† ancient] i.e. flag, standard (So afterwards, act ii sc 1, "I'm as lumber as an ancient that was flourished in the run," &c.)

‡ the prior] i.e. the Lord Mayor

misfortune prompts me Jealousy hath undone many a citizen, it hath undone you and me You married me from the service of an honourable lady, and you know what matches I might have had What would you have me to do? I would I had never seen your eyes, your eyes

Just Very good, very good

Mist Just Your prodigality, your dicing, your riding abroad, your consorting yourself with noblemen your building a summer house, hath undone us, hath undone us What would you have me do?

Just Any thing I have sold my house and the wares in it, I am going for Stode* next tide what will you do now wife?

Mist Just Have you indeed?

Just Ay by this light, all's one I have done as some citizens at thirty, and most heirs at three and twenty, made all away Why do you not ask me now what you shall do?

Mist Just I have no counsel in your voyage, neither shall you have any in mine

Just To his lordship,—will you not, wife?

Mist Just I even whether my misfortune leads me

Just Go, no longer will I make my cure thy prison

Mist Just O my fate! Well, sir, you shall answer for this sin which you force me to Fare you well let not the world condemn me, if I seek for mine own maintenance

Just So, so

Mist Just Do not send me any letters—do not seek my recommendation by this light, I'll receive none if you will send me my apparel, so, if not, choose I hope we shall meet more

[Exit

Just So, farewell the acquaintance of all the mad devils that haunt jealousy! Why should a man be such an ass to play the antic for his wife's appetite? Imagine that I, or any other great man, have on a velvet night cap and put case that this night cap be too little for my ears or forehead, can my man tell me where my night-cap wings me, except I be such an ass to proclaim it? Well, I do play the fool with my misfortune very handsomely I am glad that I am certain of my wife's dishonesty, for a secret stumptot is like mines prepared to ruin goodly buildings Farewell my care! I have told my wife I am

going for Stode that's not my course, for I resolve to take some shape upon me, and to live disguised here in the city They say, for one cuckold to know that his friend is in the like head ache, and to give him counsel, is as if there were two partners, the one to be arrested, the other to bail him My estate is made over to my friends, that do verily believe I mean to leave England Have amongst you, city dames! you that are indeed the fittest and most proper persons for a comedy nor let the world lay any imputation upon my disguise, for court, city, and country, are merely as masks one to the other, envied of some, laughed at of others and so, to my comical business [Exit

SCENE II*

Enter TENTERHOOK, MOLL, and TENTERHOOK MONSIEUR, a Servant of Tenterhook

Ten Moll,—

Mist Ten What would, heart?

Ten Where's my cashier? are the sums right? are the bonds secured?

Cash Yes, sir

Ten Will you have the bags secured?

Moll O no, sir, I must disburse instantly, as that be counters have more places to send money to than the devil hath to send his spirits There's a great deal of light gold

Ten O, sir, twill wait in play in you will stay till to-morrow, you shall have it If it were sovereigns

Moll No, in troth tis no matter, twill wait in play Let me see the bond, let me see when this money is to be paid [Looks at the bond] the tenth of August, the first day that I must tender this money, is the first of dog days

Serv I fear 'twill be hot staying for you in London then

Ten Servicer, take home the bond with you [Exit Servicer]

Will you stay to dinner, sir?—Have you any partridge, Moll?

Mist Ten No, in troth, heart, but in excellent pickled goose, a new service—Pray you, stay

Moll Sooth, I cannot—By this light, I am so infinitely, so unboundably beholdng to you!

Ten Well, signior, I'll leave you—My cloak, there!

Mist Ten When will you come home, heart?

* I am going for Stode next tide] By Stode I suppose, we are to understand Stale—Here the spelling of the old ad is Stoul, but in act iii. sc. 3, it has "Stode"

* Scene II.] The same A room in the house of Tenterhook

Ten In troth, self, I know not, a friend of yours and mine hath broke

Mist Ten Who, sir?

• *Ten* Master Justiniano, the Italian

Mist Ten Broke, sir?

Ten Yea, sooth I was offered forty yesterday upon the Exchange, to assure a hundred

Mist Ten By my troth, I am sorry

Ten And his wife is gone to the party

Mist Ten Gone to the party! O wicked creature!

Ten Farewell, good Master Monopoly I prithee, visit me often [Exit]

Mon Little Moll, send away the fellow

Mist Ten Philip, Philip,—

Cash Here, forsooth

Mist Ten Go into Bucklersbury,* and fetch me two ounces of preserved melons look there be no tobacco taken in the shop when he weighs it

Cash Ay, forsooth [Exit]

Mon What do you eat preserved melons for, Moll?

Mist Ten In troth, for the shaking of the heart I have here sometime such a shaking, and downwards such a kind of earthquake, as it were

Mon Do you hear, let your man carry home my money to the ordinary, and lay it in my chamber but let him not tell my host that it is money I owe him but forty pound, and the rogue is hasty, he will follow me when he thinks I have money, and give into me as crows perch upon carrion, and when he hath found it out, give upon me as heralds do upon funerals

Mist Ten Come, come, you owe much money in town when you have forfeited your bond, I shall never see you more

Mon You are a monkey I'll pay him tomorrow I'll see you to-morrow too

Mist Ten By my troth, I love you very honestly, you were never the gentleman offered any uncivility to me, which is strange methinks, in one that comes from beyond seas would I had given a thousand pound, I could not love thee so!

Mon Do you hear, you shall sign some scurvy discharge or other, and go to the Bath next spring I'll meet you there

Enter MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE and MISTRESS WAFER

Mist Honey By your leave, sweet Mistress Tenterhook

* *Bucklersbury*] In our author's time, was chiefly occupied by druggists

Mist Ten O, how dost, partner?

Mon Gentlewomen, I stayed for a most happy wind, and now the breath from your sweet, sweet lips should set me going Good Mistress Honey suckle, good Mistress Wafer, good Mistress Tenterhook, I will pray for you, that neither rivalship in loves, pureness of painting, or riding out of town, nor acquainting each other with it, be a cause your sweet beauties do fall out, and run one upon another

Mist Wafer Hail, sir! we do not use to rail

Mon Why, mistress, railing is your mother's tongue, as well as lying

Mist Honey But do you think we can fill out?

Mon In troth, beauties, as one spoke seriously that there was no inheritance in the unity of princes, so think I of women, too often interviews amongst women, as amongst princes, breed envy oft to other's fortune there is only in the unity of women an estate for wile, and every penny knows that is no certain inheritance

Mist Wafer You no money, sir

Mon So may I leave you, most fortunate gentlewoman! [Exit]

Mist Ten [aside] Love shoots here

Mist Wafer Tenterhook, what gentleman is that gone out? is he a man?

Mist Honey O God, and an excellent trumpeter He came lately from the university, and loves city dames only for their victuals He hath an excellent trick to keep lobsters and crabs sweet in summer, and calls it a device to prolong the days of shell fish, for which I do suspect he hath been clerk to some nobleman's kitchen I have heard he never loves any wench till she be as stale as Frenchmen eat their wild fowl — [aside] I shall anger her

Mist Ten How stale, good Mistress Nimblerwit?

Mist Honey Why, as stale as a country hostess, in exchange sempster, or a court laundress

Mist Ten He is your cousin how your tongue runs!

Mist Honey Talk and make a noise, no matter to what purpose, I have learned that with going to puritan lectures I was yesterday at a banquet will you discharge my ruffs of some wafer? — And how doth thy husband, Wafer?

Mist Wafer Faith, very well

Mist Honey He is just like a torchbearer to maskers, he wears good clothes, and is mixed in good company, but he doth nothing thou art fain to take all and pay all

Mist Ten The more happy she would I could

make such an ass of my husband too!—I hear say he breeds thy child in his teeth, every year

Mist. Wafer In faith, he doth

Mist Honey By my troth, 'tis pity but the fool should have the other two pains incident to the head

Mist Wafer What are they?

Mist Honey Why, the head-ache and horn-ache I heard say that he would have had thee nursed thy child thyself too

Mist Wafer That he would, truly

Mist Honey Why, there's the policy of husbands to keep their wives in I do assure you, if a woman of any markable face in the world give her child suck, look, how many wrinkles be in the nipple of her breast, so many will be in her forehead by that time twelvemonth But, sirrah,* we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent secret, we two learn to write

Mist Ten To write!

Mist Honey Yes, believe it, and we have the finest schoolmaster, a kind of precisian, and yet an honest knave too By my troth, if thou beest a good wench, let him teach thee thou mayst send him of any errand, and trust him with any secret, nay, to see how demurely he will bear himself before our husbands, and how poud when their backs are turned!

Mist Ten For God's love, let me see him

Mist Wafer To-morrow we'll send him to thee till then, sweet Tenterhook, we leave thee, wishing thou mayst have the fortune to change thy name often

Mist Ten How! change my name?

Mist Wafer Ay, for thieves and widows love to shift many names, and make sweet use of it too

Mist Ten O, you are a wag, indeed Good Wafer, remember my schoolmaster—Farewell, good Honey-suckle

Mist Honey Farewell, Tenterhook [*Exit*]

ACT II

SCENE I†

Enter BONIFACE, a carpenter, brushing his master's cloak and cap, and Honey-suckle in his night cap, dressing her self‡

Honey Boniface, make an end of my cloak and cap

Bon I have despatched 'em, sir, both of them lie flat at your mercy

Honey 'Fore God, methinks my joints are numbler every morning since I came over than they were before In France, when I rise,§ I was so stiff and so stunk, I would ha' sworn my

* *sirrah*! "*Sirrah* has go"

Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2

† *Julia* "Why, he tell thee, *sirrah*"

Dromio "No *sirrah* you shannot tell me

The Two Merry Wives of Windsor 1620 sig. B 4

And in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, *Erinda* says to *Gracetta* "But hark, *sirra*, tell me one thing, if it fall out," &c. sig. B

A female was sometimes addressed "*sirrah*," long after our author's days in Fletcher's *Man of Mode*, or *Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1670, old Buller says to Harrick, "*Adod, sirrah* I like thy wit well" Act II. sc. 1

In the north of Scotland I have frequently heard persons in the lower links of life use the word "*Sirra*," when speaking to two or three women

† *Scene I* [London. A room in the house of Honey-suckle dressing herself] She tying the tagged laces which fastened the breeches to the doublet.

§ *rus*! Or *ris*, was formerly often used for *rise*

legs had been wooden pegs, a constable new chosen kept not such a peripatetical gait, but now I'm as lumber as an ancient* that has floundered in the rain, and as active as a Norfolk tumbler

Bon You may see what change of pasture is able to do

Honey It makes fat calves in Romney-Marsh, and lean knives in London therefore, Boniface, keep your ground God's my pity, my forehead has more crumples than the back part of a counsellor's gown, when another rides upon his neck at the bu Boniface, take my helmet give your mistress my night cap Are my antlers swollen so big, that my biggen pinches my brows? So, request her to make my head piece a little wider

Bon How much wider, sir?

Honey I can allow her almost an inch go, tell her so, very near an inch

Bon. [*aside*] If she be a right citizen's wife, now her husband has given her an inch, she'll take an ell, or a yard at least [*Exit*]

Enter JUSTINIANO like a writing mechanical poetist

Honey Master Parenthesis! *salve, salve, domine*

* *ancient*! See note †, p. 211

Just *Salve tu quoque, jubete salvere plurimum*

Honey No more *plurimums*, if you love me Latin whole meats are now minced, and served in for English gallinewives, let us, therefore, cut out our uplandish meats' tongues, and talk like regenerate Britons

Just Your worship is welcome to England I poured out orisons for your arrival

Honey Thanks, good Master Parenthesis and *que nouvelles*? what news flutters abroad? do juckdaws dung the top of Paul's steeple at all?

Just The more is the pity, if my daws do come into the temple as I fear they do

Honey They say Charing cross is fallen down since I went to Rochelle but that's no such wonder, 'twas old, and stood awry, as most part of the world can tell and though it lunk under propping, yet, like great fellows at a wrestling when their heels are once flying up, no man will save em, down they fall, and there let them lie though they were bigger than the grand Charing cross was old, and old things must shrink, as well as new northern cloth

Just Your worship is in the right way, verily, they must so but a number of better things between Westminster bridge and Temple bar, both of a worshipful and honourable erection, are fallen to decay, and have suffered public fiction, since Charing fell, that were not of half so long standing as the poor wry necked monument

Honey Who's within there? One of you call up your mistress tell her here's her writing schoolmaster—I had not thought, Master Parenthesis, you had been such an early stirrer

Just Sir, your vulgar and fourpenny penmen, that, like your London sempsters, keep open shop and sell learning by retail, may keep their beds and lie at their pleasure, but we, that edify in private and traffic by wholesale, must be up with the lark, because, like country attorneys, we are to shuffle up many matters in a forenoon Certes Master Honeysuckle, I would sing *Laus Deo*, so I may but please all those that come under my fingers, for it is my duty and function, perdy, to be fervent in my vocation

Honey Your hand I am glad our city has so good, so necessary, and so laborious a member in it, we lack painful and exact penmen amongst us Master Parenthesis, you teach many of our merchants, sir, do you not?

Just Both wives, maids, and daughters, and I thank God the very worst of them lie by very good men's sides I pick out a poor living amongst 'em, and I am thankful for it

Honey Trust me, I am not sorry how long have you exercised this quality?

Just Come Michael tide next, this thirteen year

Honey And how does my wife profit under you, sir? hope you to do any good upon her?

Just Master Honeysuckle, I am in great hope she shall fructify I will do my best, for my part, I can do no more than another man can

Honey Pray, sir, ply her, for she is capable of any thing

Just So far as my poor talent can stretch, it shall not be hidden from her

Honey Does she hold her pen well yet?

Just She learns somewhat too hard upon her pen yet, sir, but practice and annihilation will break her from that

Honey Then she grubs her pen?

Just Its but my pains to mend the neb again

Honey And whereabouts is she now, Master Parenthesis? She was talking of you this morning, and commending you in her bed, and told me she was past her letters

Just Truly, sir, she took her letters very suddenly, and is now in her mumps

Honey I would she were in her crotchets too, Master Parenthesis ha, ha! I must talk merrily, sir

Just Sir, so long as your muth be void of all squirality,* 'tis not unfit for your calling I trust, ere few days be at an end, to have her fall to her joining, for she has her letters *ad unguem*, her A, her great B, and her great C, very right, D and E delicate, her double F of a good length, but that it straddles a little too wide, at the G very cunning

Honey Her H is full, like mine, a goodly big H

Just But her double L is well, her O of a reasonable size, at her P and Q neither merchant's daughter, alderman's wife, young country gentle won in, nor courtier's mistress, can match her

Honey And how her U?

Just U, sir! she fetches up U best of all, her single U she can fashion two or three ways, but her double U is as I would wish it

Honey And, faith, who takes it faster,—my wife or Mistress Tenterhook?

Just O, your wife, by odds, she'll take more in one hour than I can fasten either upon Mistress Tenterhook, or Mistress Wafer, or Mistress Flapdragon the brewer's wife, in three

* *squirality*] A corrupt form of *scurrility* sometimes found in old writers

Enter MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE

Honey Do not thy cheeks burn, sweet chuckaby, for we are talking of thee?

Must Honey No, goodness, I warrant you have few citizens speak well of their wives behind their backs, but to their faces they'll cog worse and be more suppliant than clients that sue in *forma pauper**—How does my master's troth, I am a very truant have you your ruler about you, master? for, look you, I go clean awry

[Shows copy book]

Just A small fault, most of my scholars do so—Look you, sir, do not you think your wife will mend? mark her dashes, and her strokes, and her breakings, and her bendings

Honey She knows what I have promised her, if she do mend—Nay, by my fay, Jude, this is well, if you would not fly out thus, but keep your line

Must Honey I shall in time, when my hand is in—Have you a new pen for me, master? for, by my truly, my old one is stark nought, and will cast no ink—Whither are you going, lamb?

Honey To the Custom house, to the 'Change, to my warehouse, to divers places

Must Honey Good Cole, tarry not past eleven, for you turn my stomach then from my dinner

Honey I will make more haste home than a stipendiary Switzer does after he's paid—Fare you well, Master Parenthesis

Must Honey I am so troubled with the rheum too! Mouse, what's good for t?

Honey How often have I told you you must get a patch!† I must hence [Exit]

Must Honey I think, when all's done, I must follow his counsel, and take a patch, I[d] have had one long ere this, but for disfiguring my face yet I had noted that a mastic patch upon some women's temples hath been the very rheum of beauty

* *forma pauper*] Our early drama dists have a pleasure in making their characters miscell terms of law—Rowley, "I, by my troth, he is now but a Knight under *Forma Pauper*." When you see me you know me, 1612 Sig. 1. 3. † you must get a patch] "I ven as blacke patches are worne, some for pride, some to stay the Rheume, and some to hide the scall," &c. *Jacke Drums Entertainment*, 1610, Sig. 1. 2.

For when they did but happen for to see
Those that with Rheume a little troubled be
Wore on their faces a round masticke patch,
Their fondness I perceiv'd sometime to catch
Thit for a Fashion "

Withers *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, B. II. Sat. I, p. 171, ed. 1615

† all s] Some copies of the old ed. "all "

§ rheum] A misprint, I be. eve but q3 for what?

Just Is he departed? is old Nestor marched into Troy?

Must Honey Yes, you mad Greck, the gentleman's gone

Just Why, then, clap up copy-books, down with pens, hang up ink horns and now, my sweet Honey-suckle, see what golden winged bee from Hybla flies humming with *crura thymo plena*,* which he will empty in the hive of your bosom

[Giving letter]

Must Honey From whom?

Just At the skirt of that sheet, in black work, is wrought his name break not up the wild fowl† till anon, and then feed upon him in private there's other mons r'the fire, more sacks are coming to the mill O you sweet temptations of the sons of Adam, I commend you, extol you, magnify you! Were I a poet, by Hippocrene I swear (which was a certain well where all the Muses watered), and by Parnassus like I swear, I would rhyme you to death with praises, for that you can be content to lie with old men all night for their money, and walk to your gardens with young men in the daytime for your pleasure O you delicate dimutations! you do but as I would do were I the properest, sweetest, plumpest, cherry checked, coral lipped woman in a kingdom I would not dance after one man's pipe

Must Honey And why?

Just Especially after an old man's

Must Honey And why, pray?

Just Especially after an old citizen's

Must Honey Still, and why?

Just Marry, because the suburbs, and those without the bars, have more privilege than they within the freedom What need one woman dote upon one man? or one man be mad, like Orlando, for one woman?

Must Honey Troth, 'tis true, considering how much flesh is in every shambles

Just Why should I long to eat of baker's bread only, when there's so much sitting, and bolting, and grinding in every corner of the city? Men and women are born, and come running into the world faster than coaches do into Cheapside upon Simon and Jude's day, and are eaten up by death faster than mutton and porridge in a term time Who would pin their hearts to any sleeve? This world is like a mint we are no sooner cast into

* *crura thymo plena*]

"At fessus multa refruunt se nocte minores,

Crura thymo plena" Virgil *Georg.* IV. 151

† break not up the wild fowl] To break up was an old term for carving (So in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. II. sc. 1, "Break up this capon," I. e. Open this letter)

the fire, taken out again, hammered, stamped, and made current, but presently we are changed the new money, like a new drab, is caught at by Dutch, Spanish, Welsh, French, Scotch, and English, but the old cracked King Harry groats are shovelled up, feel bruising and battering, clapping and melting,—they smoke for't

Mist Honey The world's an auncat naughty pack I see, and is a vely scurvy world

Just Scurvy! worse than the conscience of a broom man, that carries out new ware and brings home old shoes. A naughty pack! why, there's no minute, no thought of time passes, but some villany or other is a brewing. Why, even now now, at holding up of this finger, and before the turning down of this, some are murdering, some lying with their maids, some picking of pockets, some cutting purses, some cheating, some weighing out bribes, in this city some wives are cuckolding some husbands in yonder village some farmers are now now grinding the jawbones of the poor. Therefore, sweet scholar, sugared Mistress Honey-suckle, take summer before you, and lay hold of it, why, even now must you and I hatch an egg of iniquity.

Mist Honey Troth, master, I think thou wilt prove a very knave

Just It's the fault of many that fight under this brand

Mist Honey I shall love a puritan's face the worse, whilst I live, for that copy of thy countenance

Just We are all weathercocks, and must follow the wind of the present, from the bias

Mist Honey Change a bowl, then *

Just I will so, and now for a good cast there's the knight, Sir Goshing Glowworm

Mist Honey He's a knight made out of wax †

Just He took up silks upon his bond, I confess, nay, more, he's a knight in print but let his knighthood be of what stamp it will, from him come I, to entreat you, and Mistress Waver and Mistress Tenterhook, being both my scholars, and your honest pew fellows, to meet him this afternoon at the Rhenish wine-house in the Stillyard ‡. Captain Whirlpool will be there,

* From the bias

Mist Honey Change a bowl then] Here the metaphor is, of course, from the game of bowls

† He's a knight made out of wax] So in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 3, the Nurse says of Paris, "Why, he's a man of wax"

‡ The Rhenish wine-house in the Stillyard] "Next to this lane on the East [Cosin Lane, Dowgate Ward] is the black house, or *Stile yard* (as they terme it), a place for

young Linstock, the alderman's son and heir, there too Will you steal forth, and taste of a Dutch bun and a keg of sturgeon!

Mist Honey What excuse shall I coin now?

Just Phew! excuses! You must to the Pawn to buy lawn, * to Saint Martin's for lace, to the garden, to the glass-house, to your gossip's, to the poulter's † else take out an old ruff, and go to your sempster's. Excuses! why, they are more ripe than medlars at Christmas

Mist Honey I'll come. The hour?

Just Two the way through Paul's, every wench take a pillar, there clap on your mask—your men will be behind you, and, before your prayers be half done, be before you, and man you out at several doors. You'll be there!

Mist Honey If I breathe

Just I arewell

[Exit MIST HONEY

So now must I go set the t'other wenches the self-same copy a rare schoolmaster for all kind

Merchants of Almain, &c. *Stow's Survey of London*, 1608, p. 164

"Stillyard is a place in London, where the fraternitie of the Easterling Merchants otherwise the Merchants of the Hanse and Almain are wont to have their abode. It is so called Stillyard, of a broad place or court wherein steele was much sold, of *Stile yard* upon which that house is now founded." *Minsheu's Guide into Tongue*, 1617

"They [the Hans Lown Merchants] were permitted to sell Rhenish wine by retail." *Machius's London*, vol. 1, p. 48

(Compare with the passage in the text,

"Men when they melle and know not what to do, with one let us go to the willard and drink." *Khevenchulm's* &c. *Nicholas's Purse Pamphlet*, Sig. F 2, ed. 1.

Who would let a Cit (whose teeth are rotten out with sweet meads his mother brings him from Goshopping) breathe upon her vernal from the promise of a dry neck's tongue and a *puttle* or *Khevench* at the *stillyard*, when she may command a blade to toss and tumble her?" *Nichols's Guide*, 1610, Sig. B

To this note I now (1857) add on the authority of Mr. P. Cunningham's *Handbook of London*—that the Steel yard, Stelyard, or Stillyard (in Upper Thames Street, in the ward of Dowgate) appears to have been so called from its being the place where the king's stelyard, or beam, was erected for weighing the tonnage of goods imported into London.—In the present passage the old ad. has 'Stillyard,' but twice drew words it has 'Stillyard'

* to the Pawn to buy lawn] So in the curious poetical dialogue 'Les merry when go signs met', 1609, the Wife says,

"In truth (kind coussin) my commin, s from the Pawn, But I protest I lost my labour there

A Gentleman promise to give me lawn,

And did not meet me, which he well shall heare"

Stanzas 2nd

The Pawn (*Bahn*, Germ., a path or walk. *Baan*, Dutch, a path way) was a corridor, which for need a kind of *Barbar*, in the Royal Exchange (Gresham's) See Cunningham's *Handbook of London*

† poulter's] i. e. poulterer's

of hands I O, what strange curses are poured down with one blessing!

Do all tread on the heel? Have all the ait To hoodwink wise men thus? and, like those builders

Of Babel's tower, to speak unknown tongues, Of all, save by their husbands, understood? Well, if, as ivy 'bout the elm does twine, All wiles love clipping,* there's no fault in mine

But if the world lay speechless, even the dead Would rise, and thus cry out from yawning graves, Women make men or fools, or beasts, or slaves

[Exit

SCENE II *

Enter EARL and MISTRESS BIRDLIME

Earl Her answer! talk in music will she come!

Bird O, my sides ache in my loins, in my bones I ha' more need of a posset of sick, and lie in my bed and sweat, than to talk in music No honest woman would run hurrying up and down thus, and undo herself for a man of honour, without reason. I am so lute, every foot that I set to the ground went to my heart, I thought I had been at mum chance,† my bones rattled so with jouncing had it not been for a friend in a corner [Takes aqua-vitæ], I had kicked up my heels

Earl Minister comfort to me,—will she come?

Bird All the castles of comfort that I can put you into is this, that the jealous wittol her husband came, like a mad ox, bellowing in whilst I was there O, I ha' lost my sweet breath with trotting

Earl Death to my heart! her husband! What saith he?

Bird The frize jerkin rascal out with his purse, and called me plain bawd to my face

Earl Affliction to me! then thou spak'st not to her?

Bird I spake to her, as clients do to lawyers without money, to no purpose, but I'll speak with him, and hamper him too, if ever he fall into my clutches I'll make the yellow hammer her husband know (for all he's an Italian) that there's a difference between a cogging bawd and an honest motherly gentlewoman Now, what

* clipping] i.e. embracing

† Scene II] The same A room in the house of the Earl

‡ mum chance] A game played either with dice or cards Mistress Birdlime alludes to the former method

cold whetstones lie over your stomacher? will you have some of my aqua? Why, my lord!

Earl Thou hast kill'd me with thy words

Bird I see bashful lovers and young bullocks are knocked down at a blow Come, come, drink this draught of cinnamon water, and pluck up your spirits, up with 'em, up with 'em Do you hear? the whiting-mop* has nibbled

Earl Ha!

Bird O, I thought I should fetch you you can "ha" at that, I'll make you hem anon As I'm a sinner, I think you'll find the sweetest, sweetest bedfellow of her O, she looks so sugaredly, so simperingly, so gingerly, so amorously, so amiably! Such a red lip, such a white forehead, such a black eye, such a full cheek, and such a goodly little nose, now she's in that French gown, Scotch falls, Scotch bum, and Italian head tire you sent her, and is such an enticing she witch, carrying the charms of your jewels about her! O!

Earl Did she receive them? speak,—here's golden keys [Giving money] To unlock thy lips,—did she vouchsafe to take them?

Bird Did she vouchsafe to take them? there's a question! you shall find she did vouchsafe The troth is, my lord, I got her to my house, there she put off her own clothes, my lord, and put on your's, my lord, provided her a coach, searched the middle aisle in Paul's,† and with three Elizabeth twelve pences pressed three knaves, my lord, hired three liveries in Long lane,‡ to man her for all which, so God mend me, I'm to pay this night before sun set

Earl This shower shall fill them all rain in their laps

What golden drops thou wilt

Bird Alas, my lord, I do but receive it with

* whiting mop] i.e. young whiting,—a cant term for a nice young woman, a tender creature

† searched the middle aisle in Paul's, and with three Elizabeth twelve pences pressed three knaves] Persons of every description, with a strange want of reverence for the sanctity of the spot, used daily to frequent the body of old St Paul's There the young gallant gratified his vanity by strutting about in the most fashionable attire, there the politician discussed the latest news, there he who could not afford to dine loitered during the dinner hour, there the servant out of place came to be engaged there the pickpocket found the best opportunities for the exercise of his talents, &c

‡ hired three liveries in Long lane] "The lane, truelie called Long," (Stow's Survey, p 911, ed 1598,) running out of Aldersgate street, and falling into West Smith field, abounded in shops where second hand apparel might be procured

one hand, to pay it away with another I'm but your bailey

Earl. Where is she?

Bud. In the green velvet chamber the poor sinful creature pants like a pigeon under the hands of a hawk, therefore use her like a woman, my lord, use her honestly, my lord, for, alas, she's but a novice and a very green thing

Earl. Farewell I'll in unto her

Bud. Fie upon't, that were not for your honour, you know gentlewomen use to come to lords' chambers, and not lords to the gentlewomen's I'd not have her think you are such a rank rascal. Walk you here I'll beckon, you shall see I'll fetch her with a wet finger

Earl. Do so

Bud. Hist! why, sweetheart, Mistress Justiniano! why, pretty soul, tread softly, and come into this room here be rushes,* you need not fear the creaking of your cork shoes

Enter MISTRESS JUSTINIANO

So, well and fit—There's his honour—I have business, my lord very now the mark's me set up, I'll get me twelve score off, and give aim †

[Exit]

Earl. You're welcome, sweet, you're welcome
Bless my hand

With the soft touch of yours Can you be cruel
To one so prostrate to you? even my heart,
My happiness, and state lie at your feet
My hopes me flatter'd that the field was won,
That you had yielded (though you conquer me),
And that all marble scales, that barr'd your eyes
From throwing light on mine, were quite ta'en off
By the cunning woman's hand that works for me
Why, therefore, do you wound me now with frowns?

Why do you fly me? Do not excuse
The art of woman on me, I'm already
Your captive, sweet Are these your hate or fears?

Mist Just. I wonder lust can hang at such white hairs

Earl. You give my love ill names, it is not lust,
Lawless desires well temper'd may seem just
A thousand mornings with the early sun,
Mine eyes have 'fore § your windows watch'd to steal

Brightness from those as oft upon the days
That consecrated to devotion are,
Within the holy temple have I stood

* rushes] See note †, p. 21

† well and fit] In our early writers is often equivalent to Well done

‡ give aim] See note *, p. 20

§ fore] The old ed "from"

Disguis'd, waiting your presence, and when your hands

Went up towards heaven to draw some blessing down,

Mine, as if all my nerves by yours did move,
Begg'd in dumb signs some pity for my love
And thus being feasted only with your sight,
I went more pleas'd than sick men with flesh health,

Rich men with honour, beggars do with wealth

Mist Just. Part now so pleas'd, for now you more enjoy me

Earl. O, you do wish me physic to destroy me!

Mist Just. I have already leap'd beyond the bounds

Of modesty, in piecing out my wings
With borrow'd feathers but you sent a sorceress
So perfect in her trade, that did so lively
Breathe forth your passionate accents, and could draw

A lover lungishing so piercingly,
That her charms wrought upon me, and, in pity
Of your sick heart, which she did counterfeit
(O, she's a subtle beldun!), see, I cloth'd
My limbs, thus player like, in rich attires
Not fitting mine estate, and am come forth,—
But why I know not

Earl. Will you love me?

Mist Just. Yes,

If you can clear me of a debt that's due
But to one man, I'll pay my heart to thee

Earl. Who's that?

Mist Just. My husband

Earl. Um

Mist Just. The sum's so great,
I know a kingdom cannot answer it,
And therefore I beseech you, good my lord,
To take this gilding off, which is your own,
And henceforth cease to throw out golden hooks
To choke mine honour though my husband's poor,

I'll rather beg for him than be your whore

Earl. 'Gainst beauty you plot treason, if you suffer

Tears to do violence to so fair a cheek
That face was ne'er made to look pale with want
Dwell here, and be the sovereign of my fortunes
Thus shall you go attir'd

Mist Just. Till lust be tir'd

I must take leave, my lord

Earl. Sweet creature, stay

My coffers shall be yours, my servants yours,
Myself will be your servant, and I swear
By that which I hold dear in you, your beauty

(And which I'll not profane), you shall live here
As free from base wrong as you are from blackness,
So you will deign but let me enjoy your sight
Answer me, will you?

Mist Just I will think upon't

Earl Unless you shall perceive that all my
thoughts

And all my actions be to you devoted,
And that I very justly earn your love,
Let me not taste it

Mist Just I will think upon it

Fair But when you find my merits of full
weight,

Will you accept their worth?

Mist Just I'll think upon't
I'd speak with the old woman

Earl She shall come —

Joys, that are born unlook'd for, are born dumb
[Exit]

Mist Just Poverty, thou bane of chastity,
Poison of beauty, broker of maidenheads!
I see when force nor wit can scale the hold,
Wealth must, she'll ne'er be won that defies gold
But lives there such a creature? O, 'tis rare
To find a woman chaste that's poor and fair

Re-enter BIRDIE

Bird Now, lumb, has not his honour dealt
like an honest nobleman with you? I can tell
you, you shall not find him a Templar, nor one of
these cogging Catherine pear coloured* beards,
that by their good wills would have no pretty
woman scape them

Mist Just Thou art a very bawd, thou art a
devil

Cast in a reverend shape, thou stale damnation,†
Why hast thou me cutt'd from mine own
paradise,

To steal fruit in a barren wilderness?

Bird Bawd, and devil, and stale damnation!
Will women's tongues, like bakers' legs, never go
straight?

Mist Just Had thy Cuckean magic me trans-
form'd

Into that sensual shape for which thou conjur'st,
And that I were turn'd common venturer,
I could not love this old man

Bird This old man, um! this old man! do
his hoary hairs stick in your stomach! yet,

* Catherine pear coloured] i.e. red

† stale damnation] So Juliet, in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii sc 5, and Malevole, in *The Malcontent*, act v sc 2 (see the present edition), use "ancient damnation" as a term of reproach

methinks, his silver hairs should move you they
may serve to make you bodkins Does his age
grieve you? Fool! is not old wine wholesomest,
old puppies toothsomest, old wood burn brightest,
old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart,
are surest, and old lovers are soundest I ha'
tried both

Mist Just So will not I

Bird You'd have some young perfumed
beardless gallant* board you, that spits all his
brains out at's tongue's end, would you not?

Mist Just No, none at all, not any

Bird None at all! what do you make there,
then? why are you a burden to the world's
conscience, and an eye sore to well given men?
I dare pawn my gown, and all the buds in my
house, and all the gettings in Michaelmas term
next, to a tavern token,† that thou shalt never be
an innocent

Mist Just Who are so?

Bird Fools why, then, are you so precise?
Your husband's down the wind, and will you,
like a haggler arrow, be down the weather-
strike whilst the iron is hot A woman, when
there be roses in her cheeks, cherries on her lips,
civet in her breath, ivory in her teeth, lilies in
her hand, and liquorice in her heart, why, she's
like a play, if new, very good company, very
good company, but if stale, like old Hieronimo,
go by, go by ‡ therefore, as I said before, strike
Besides, you must think that the commodity of
beauty was not made to be dead upon any young
woman's hands if your husband live given up
his cloak let another take measure of you in his
jerkin, for as the cobbler in the night time
walks with his lantern, the merchant and the

* gallant] The old ed. Gallants

† tavern token] There being scarcity of small change
tradesmen were allowed to coin tokens—promissory pieces
of brass or copper, of the value of a farthing Reed
(note on the First Part of *The Honest Whore*, act i sc 4,) thinks they were called tavern tokens, because they were
probably at first coined chiefly by tavern keepers
but Gifford (note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. i p. 29,) observes, "that most of them would refer to the tavern
may be easily supposed, and hence perhaps, the name"

‡ like old Hieronimo, go by, go by] An allusion to a pas-
sage in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, which has been ridiculed
by a host of poets,

Hieronimo Justice, O justice to Hieronimo!

Isabella Back! see'st thou not the king is busy?

Hieronimo O, is he so?

King Who is he that interrupts our business?

Hieronimo Not I—Hieronimo bewails, you ha', you ha'

See Act 4 Alde's ed. n. d.

It may be just necessary to add, that the *Spanish Tragedy* is a continuation of *The First Part of Hieronimo*, which was most probably also the work of Kyd.

lawyer with his link, and the courtier with his torch, so every lip has his lettuce to himself, the lob has his lass, the collier his dowdy, the western man his pug, the serving man his punk, the student his nun in White friars, the puritan his sister, and the lord his lady, which worshipful vocation may fall upon you, if you'll but strike whilst the iron is hot

Must Just Witch, thus I break thy spells
were I kept brave *

On a king's cost, I am but a king's slave [Exit

Bud I see, that, as Frenchmen love to be bold, Flemings to be drunk, Welshmen to be called Britons, and Irishmen to be cockney-mongers, so cockneys, especially she cockneys, love not aquavite when tis good for them

[Enter MONOPOLY]

Mon Saw you my uncle?

Bud I saw him even now going the way of all flesh that's to say towards the kitchen. Here's a letter to your worship from the putty

Mon What putty?

Bud The Tenterhook, your winton

Mon From her 'phew' putty that, stretch me no more upon your Tenterhook—pox on her 'n there no potthecaries in the town to send her physic bills to, but me? She's not troubled with the green sickness still is she?

Bud The yellow jaundice, as the doctor tells me. Troth, she's as good a peat' she is tullen away so, that she's nothing but bare skin and bone, for the turtle so mourns for you!

Mon In black?

Bud In black! you shall find both black and blue if you look under her eyes.

Mon Well, sing over her ditty when I'm in tune

Bud Nay, but will you send her a box of mithridatum and dragon water,—I mean some restorative words? Good Master Monopoly, you know how welcome you're to the city, and will you, Master Monopoly, keep out of the city? I know you cannot—would you saw how the poor gentlewoman lies!

Mon Why, how lies she?

Bud Troth, as the way lies over Gids-hill, very dangerous—you would pity a woman's case,

* *better*] I.e. nicely dressed

† *Enter MONOPOLY*

Mon Saw you my uncle? Qy is the I and the uncle of Monopoly? and the latter, in consequence of that relationship, now under the Earl's roof? Or were the audience to suppose, after Mrs Justiniano's *exit*, a change of place?

if you saw her—Write to her some treatise of pacification

Mon I'll write to her to-morrow

Bud To-morrow! she'll not sleep, then, but tumble an if she might have it to night, it would better please her

Mon Perhaps I'll do't to night—farewell

Bud If you do't to night, it would better please her than to-morrow

Mon God's so, dost hear? I'm to sup this night at the Lion in Shoreditch with certain gallants—canst thou not draw forth some delicate face that I ha' not seen—and bring it thither! wot thou?

Bud All the punters in London shall not fit for colour as I can—but we shall have some swagging!

Mon All as civil, by this light—as lawyers

Bud But, I tell you, she's not so common as lawyers, that I mean to betray to your trade, for as I'm a summer shes a night's cousin—a Yorkshire gentlewoman, and only speaks a little broad, but of very good carriage

Mon Nay, that's no matter—we can speak as broad as she—but wot bring her?

Bud You shall call her cousin do you see? two men shall wait upon her—and I'll come in by chance—but shall not the putty be there?

Mon Which putty?

Bud The writer of that smutty broad

Mon Not for as many angels as there be letters in her paper—speak not of me to her nor our meeting, if you love me—Wot come?

Bud Mum, I'll come

Mon Farewell

Bud Good Master Monopoly, I hope to see you one day a man of great credit

Mon If I be, I'll build chimneys with tobacco—but I'll smoke some—and be sure, Budlime, I'll stick wool upon thy back

Bud Thanks, sir, I know you will, for all the kindred of the Monopolies are held to be great fleecers—[Exit

—

SCENE III *

[Enter SIR GOSWINE GLOWWORM, LANSBROOK, WILKINSON, and the three CITIZENS WIVES, MISTRESS MONTSUCKLE, MISTRESS WATTS, and MISTRESS TENTERHOOK

Sir Gos So, draw those curtains, and let's see the pictures under 'em [The ladies unmask]

Lin Welcome to the Stillard, fair ladies

* *Scene III*] The same. A room in the Rhemish wine-house in the Stillard. See note f, p. 217

Mist Honey, Mist Wafer, Mist Ten Thanks, good Master Linstock

Whul Hans, some wine, Hans!

*Enter HANS with cloth and bun**

Hans Yaw, yaw, you sall hebben it, mester old vine or new vine?

Su Gos Speak, women

Mist Honey New wine, good Sir Gosling — wine in the must, good Dutchman, for must is best for us women

Hans New vine,—vell, two pots of new vine! *[Exit]*

Mist Honey An honest butterbox, for if it be old, there's none of it comes into my belly

Mist Wafer Why, Tenterhook, pray thee, let's dance friskin, and be mery

Lin Thou art so troubled with Monopolies, they so hang at thy heart strings

Mist Ten Pox o' my heart, then

Re enter HANS with wine

Mist Honey Ay, and mine too if any courtier of them all set up his gallows there, wench, use him as thou dost thy pantables,* scorn to let him kiss thy heel, for he feeds thee with nothing but court-holy bread,† good words, and cares not for thee — *Su Gosling*, will you taste a Dutch what's you call 'em?

Mist Wafer Here, Master Linstock, half mine is yours — bun, bun, bun, bun

Just *[within]* Which room? where are they? — Wo ho, ho, ho, so ho, boys!

Su Gos 'Sfoot, who's that? lock our room

Just *[within]* Not till I am in, and then lock out the devil, though he come in the shape of a putitan

Enter JUSTINIANO and servants as before

Mist Honey, Mist Wafer, Mist Ten School master, welcome, welcome, in troth

Just Who would not be scratched with the briars and brambles to have such burs sucking on his breeches? — *Sive you gentlemen!* — *Onoble knight!*

Su Gos More wine, Hans!

Just Am not I gentlemen a ferret of the night hair, that can make three combs bolt at a clap into your purse nets?‡ Ha, hith do then three husbands dream what copies I am setting their wives now were it not a rare jest if they should come sneaking upon us like a horrible noise of fiddlers?§

* pantables] i.e. slippers

† court holy bread] Or, as we more usually find it, court holy water, — i.e. flattery, insincere compliments

‡ purse nets] See note *, p. 110

§ noise of fiddlers] i.e. company of fiddlers

Mist Honey Troth, I'd not care, let 'em come, I'd tell 'em we'd ha' none of their dull music

Mist Wafer *[drinking]* Here, Mistress Tenterhook

Mist Ten Thanks, good Mistress Wafer

Just Who's there? peepers, intelligoucers, eaveschoppers!

Omnes Uds foot, throw a pot at's head!

Just O Lord! O gentlemen, knight, ladies that may be, citizens' wives that are, shift for your selves, for a pur of your husbands' heads are knocking together with Hans his, and inquiring for you

Omnes Keep the door locked

Mist Honey O ay, do, do, and let Sir Gosling (because he has been in the Low Countries) swear *Gotz Sacrament*, and drive 'em away with broken Dutch

Just Here's a wench has simple spricks in her she's my pupil, gallants — *[Aside]* Good God! I see a man is not sure that his wife is in the chamber, though his own fingers hung on the pullock trap doors, false drabs, and spring locks, may cozen a covey of constables. How the silly husbands might here h' been gulled with Flemish money! — Come, drink up Rhine, Thames, and Meander dry, there's nobody

Mist Honey Ah, thou ungodly master!

Just I did but make a false fire, to try your valour, because you cried "Let 'em come" By this glass of woman's wine, I would not h' seen then spirits walk here, to be dubbed deputy of a ward, I they would h' chronicled me for a fox in a lamb's skin. But, come, is this merry midsummer night agreed upon? when shall it be? where shall it be?

Lin Why, futh, to morrow at night.

Whul We'll take a coach and ride to Ham or so

Mist Ten O, fie upon t, a coach! I cannot abide to be jolted

Mist Wafer Yet most of your citizens' wives love jolting

Su Gos What say you to Blackwall or Lime house?

Mist Honey Every room there smells too much of tar

Lin Let's to mine host Dogbolt at Brunford,* then there you are out of eyes, out of ears, private rooms, sweet linen, winking attendants, and what cheer you will

Omnes Content, to Brunford

* Brunford] i.e. Brantford (I raton the old spelling on account of the pun in p. 241)

Mist Wafer Ay, ay, let's go by water, for, Sir Gosling, I have heard you say you love to go by water

* *Mist Honey*. But, wenches, with what pulleys shall we slide, with some cleanly excuse, out of our husbands' suspicion, being gone westward for smelts* all night?

Just Thit's the block now we all stumble at wind up that string well, and all the consort's† in tune

Mist Honey Why, then, Goodman scrapper, 'tis wound up, I have it—Sir! *Wafer*, thy child's at nurse—if you that are the men could provide some wise ass that could keep his countenance,—

Just Nay, if he be an ass, he will keep his countenance

Mist Honey Ay, but I mean, one that could set out his tale with audacity, and say that the child were sick, and ne'er stagger at it, that last should serve all our feet

Waverl. But whereo will that wise ass be found now?

Just I see I'm born still to draw dun out o'the mure‡ for you, that wise beast will I be—I'll be that ass that shall groan under the burden of that abominable lie—heaven pardon me, and pray God the infant be not punished for't! Let me see—I'll break out in some filthy shape like a thrasher, or a thrither, or a sowgelder, or something—and speak dreamingly, and swear how the child pukes, and eats nothing (as perhaps it does not), and lies at the mercy of God (as all children and old folks do), and then, scholar *Wafer*, ply you your put

Mist Wafer Feu not me for a vney § or two

* westward for smelts] A proverbial expression. In 1603 appeared a story book (which suggested to Shakespeare some of the circumstances in *Cymbeline*) entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman*. *Life of Mist Merry Western Wenches*, &c.

† consort] See note on *Northward Ho*, act i. sc. 1. p. 10.
‡ to draw dun out o' the mure] Gifford thus satisfactorily describes a game, the allusion to which in *Hamlet* and *Julius*, act i. sc. iv., had completely puzzled all Shakespeare commentators. *Dun* is in the mure is a Christ mas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room. This is *dun* (the cut horse), and a cry is raised, that he is *stuck in the mure*. Two of the company advance either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when *dun* is extricated of course—and the movement arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes. Note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 283.

§ vney] Or *venue* a technical term for chat or thrust in plying with different weapons, was a subject of dispute

Just Where will you meet in the morning?

Sir Gos At some tavern near the water side, that's private

Just The Greyhound, the Greyhound in Blackfriars, an excellent rendezvous

Len Content, the Greyhound by eight

Just And then you may whip forth, two first, and two next, on a sudden, and take boat at Bidewell dock most privately

Omnes Bet so—a good place

Just I'll go make ready my rustical properties* Let me see—scholar, lie you home, for your child shall be sick within this half hour [Exit

Enter BIRDIME:

Mist Honey 'Tis the uprightest dealing man!—God's my pity, who's yourder?

Bird I'm bold to press myself under the colours of your company, hearing that gentlewoman was in the room—[To *Mist Ten*] A word, mistress

Mist Ten How now? what says he?

Sir Gos Zounds, what's she? a bawd, by the Lord, is't not?

Mist Wafer No, indeed, Sir Gosling, she's a very honest woman and a midwife

Mist Ten At the Lion in Shoreditch? and would he not read it? nor write to me? I'll poison his supper

Bird But no words that I bewrayed him

Mist Ten Gentlemen, I must be gone, I cannot stay, in faith pardon me, I'll meet to-morrow—come, nurse—cannot tarry, by this clement

Sir Gos Mother, you, gi' nunn, drunk ere you go

Bird I am going to a woman's labour, indeed, sir, cannot stay

[Exit MISTRESS FEXTREBOOK and BIRDIME.

Mist Wafer I hold my life,† the black bird her husband whistles for her

between Messrs Stevens and Malone. Douce has made himself their umpire in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 23 to which I refer the reader. In finding *venue* the French term answered to the Italian *stoccata* see Gifford's note on Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. 99. I wonder that Malone, in his contest with Stevens, failed to quote the following passage of a play which he must surely have read—

1 *Four Women* look to t, the fencer gives you a vney

2 *Enter* Believe it he has home

Sectionum the *Woman hater*, 1620, Sig. B. 2
* properties] Used here in a theatrical sense—articles necessary for the scene

† *Mist Wafer* I hold my life, &c.] The old prefixes to this speech *Amb* which in early plays often stands for *John* but here it would seem to be a mistake for *Mich*, see note on the *Dramatis Personae* of this play

Mist Honey A reckoning! Break one, break all

Sir Gos Here, Hans!—Draw not, I'll draw for all, as I'm true knight

Mist Honey Let him 'mongst women this does stand for law,
The worthiest man, though he be fool, must draw
[*Leant*]

ACT III

SCENE I *

Enter TENTERHOOK and MISTRESS TENTERHOOK

Ten What book is that, sweetheart?

Mist Ten Why, the book of bonds that we due to you

Ten Come, what do you with it? why do you trouble yourself to take care about my business?

Mist Ten Why, sir, doth not that which concerns you concern me? You told me Monopoly had discharged his bond. I find by the book of accounts here that it is not cancelled. If I would suffer such a cheating companion to lurch it me, I'd see him hanged, I. Good sweetheart, as ever you loved me, as ever my bed was pleasing to you, arrest the knave: we were never beholding to him for a pin, but for eating up our victuals, good mon-e, enter an action against him

Ten In troth, love, I may do the gentleman much discredit: and besides, it may be other actions may fall very heavy upon him

Mist Ten Hang him! to see the dishonesty of the knave!

Ten O wife, good words: a courtier, a gentle man

Mist Ten Why, may not a gentleman be a knave? that were strange, in faith: but, as I was a saying, to see the dishonesty of him that would never come, since he received the money, to visit us! You know, Master Tenterhook, he hath hung long upon you. Master Tenterhook, as I am virtuous, you shall arrest him

Ten Why, I know not when he will come to town

Mist Ten He's in town, this night he sups at the Lion in Shoreditch: good husband, enter your action, and make haste to the Lion presently. There's an honest fellow, Sergeant Ambush, will do it in a trice, he never salutes a man in courtesy, but he catches him as if he would arrest him: good heart, let Sergeant Ambush be in wait for him

Ten Well, at thy entreaty I will do it—[*To*

Servant within] Give me my cloak, there! Buy a link and meet me at the Counter in Wood street—Buss me Moll

Mist Ten Why, now you love me: I'll go to bed, sweetheart

Ten Do not sleep till I come Moll

Mist Ten No, I will not [*Exit TENTERHOOK*]
Buy sheep! If a woman will be free in this intricate labyrinth of a husband, let her marry a man of a melanchol complexion: she shall not be much troubled with him. By my sooth, my husband hath a hand as dry as his beams, and a breath as strong as six common gudsens. Well, my husband is gone to arrest Monopoly. I have dealt with a sergeant privately, to catch him, pretending that he is my unit's son: by this means shall I see my young gallant that in this has played his put. When they owe money in the city once, they deal with their lawyers by attorney: follow the court, though the court do them not the grace to follow them: then dict. O, the wit of a woman when she is put to the pinch!

[*Exit*]

SCENE II *

Enter TENTERHOOK, SERGEANT AMBUSH, and YEOMAN CLUTCH

Ten Come, Sergeant Ambush,—come, Yeoman Clutch: you're the tavern, the gentleman will come out presently. Thou art resolute?

Amb Who, I? I carry fire and sword that fight for me, here and here. I know most of the knaves about London, and most of the thieves too, I thank God and good intelligence

Ten I wonder thou dost not turn broker, then

Amb Phew! I have been a broker already, for I was first a puritan, then a bankrupt, then a broker, then a fencer, and then sergeant: were not these trades would make a man honest?—Peace! the door opens: wheel about, Yeoman Clutch

* *Scene I*] London. A room in the house of Tenterhook

* *Scene II*] The same. Before the Lion in Shoreditch

Enter WHIRLPOOL, LINSTOCK and MONOPOLY, unbraced

Mon An e'er I come to sup in this tavern again! there's no more attendance than in a gaol an there had been a punk or two in the company, then we should not have been rid of the drawers. Now were I in an excellent humour to go to a vaulting house I would break down all their glass windows, hew in pieces all their joint-stools, tear [their] silk petticoats, ruffle their periwigs, and spoil their painting,—O the gods, what I could do! I could undergo fifteen bawls, by this darkness, or if I could meet one of these varlets that wear Pannier alley on their backs, sergeants, I would make them scud so fast from me, that they should think it a shorter way between this and Ludgate, than a condemned cutpurse thinks it between Newgate and Tyburn.

Lin You are for no action to night!

Whol No, I'll to bed

Mon Am not I drunk now? *Implentus veteris Bacchi pinguisque tobacco**

Whol Faith, we are all heated

Mon Ciptun Whirlpool, when wilt come to court and dine with me?

Whol One of these days, Frank, but I'll get me two gauntlets for fear I lose my fingers in the dishes there be excellent shavers, I hear, in the most of your under offices I protest I have often come thither, sat down, drawn my knife, and, ere I could say grace, all the meat hath been gone I have risen and departed thence as hungry as ever came country attorney from Westminster Good night, honest Frank do not swaggle with the watch, Frank

[Exit WHIRLPOOL and LINSTOCK]

Ten So, now they are gone, you may take him

Amb Sir, I arrest you

Mon Arrest me! at whose suit, you varlets?

Clutch At Master Tenterhook's

Mon Why, you varlets, dare you arrest one of the court?

Amb Come, will you be quiet, sir?

Mon Pray thee, good yeoman, call the gentle men back again There's a gentleman hath carried a hundred pound of mine home with him to his lodging, because I dare not carry it over the fields I'll discharge it presently

Amb That's a trick, sir, you would procure a rescue

Mon Catchpoll, do you see? I will have the hair of your head and beard shaved off for this, an e'er I catch you at Gray's Inn, by this light, ha

* *Implentur, &c.* | "Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguis que jument" Virgil, *Æneid*, l. 215

Amb Come, will you march?

Mon Are you sergeants Christmans? Sirrah, thou lookest like a good pitiful rascal, and thou art a tall man too it seems, thou hast backed many a man in thy time, I warrant

Amb I have had many a man by the back, sir

Mon Well said! in troth, I love your quality 'las, 'tis needful every man should come by his own But, as God mend me, gentlemen, I have not one cross* about me, only you two Might not you let a gentleman pass out of your hands, and say you saw him not? is there not such a kind of mercy in you now and then, my masters? As I live, if you come to my lodging to-morrow morning, I'll give you five brace of angels Good yeoman, persuade your graduate here I know some of you to be honest faithful drunkards respect a poor gentleman in my case

Ten Come, it will not serve your turn—Officers, look to him upon your peril

Mon Do you hear, sir? you see I am in the hands of a couple of ravens here is you are a gentleman, lend me forty shillings let me not live, if I do not pay you the forfeiture of the whole bond, and never plead conscience

Ten Not a penny, not a penny good night, sir

[Exit]

Mon Well, a man ought not to swear by any thing, in the hands of sergeants, but by silver, and because my pocket is no lawful justice to minister any such oath unto me, I will patiently encounter the Counter Which is the dearest ward in prison sergeant? the Knights ward?

Amb No, sir, the Master's side†

Mon Well the knight is above the master, though his table be worse furnished I'll go thither

Amb Come, sir, I must use you kindly the gentleman's wife that hath arrested you—

Mon Ay, what of her?

Amb She says you are her aunt's son

Mon I am?

Amb She takes on so pitifully for your arrest 'twas much against her will, good gentle woman, that this affliction lighted upon you

Mon She hath reason, if she respect her poor kindred

Amb You shall not go to prison

Mon Honest sergeant, conscientious officer, did

* I have not one cross about me, only two [two] This quibbling on the word cross has occurred before see note †, p. 196

† the Knight's ward?

Amb No, sir, the Master's side See note †, p. 195

I forget myself even now, a vice that sticks to me always when I am drunk, to abuse my best friends? Where didst buy this buff? Let me not live, but I'll give thee a good suit of durance.* Wilt thou take my bond, sergeant? Where's a scrivener, a scrivener, good yeoman? you shall have my sword and hangers† to pay him

Ans Not so, sir, but you shall be prisoner in my house. I do not think but that your cousin will visit you there to-morrow, and take order for you.

Mon Well said! Was't not a most treacherous part to arrest a man in the night, and when he is almost drunk? when he hath not his wits about him, to remember which of his friends is in the subsidy? Come, did I abuse you, I recant: you are as necessary in a city as tumblers in Norfolk, sunbeams in Lancashire, or rake-hells in an army.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III ‡

Enter JUSTINIANO like a collier, and a Boy

Just Buy any small coal, buy any small coal? §

Boy Collier, collier!

Just What sayest, boy?

Boy 'Ware the pillory!

Just O, boy, the pillory assures many a man that he is no cuckold, for how impossible were

* *When didst buy this buff? Let me not live, but I'll give thee a good suit of durance.* So, in Shakespeare's *First Part of Henry IV*, act 1 sc 2, the Prince says to Falstaff with a pun, "And is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?" — *Durance* was a strong and lasting kind of stuff. Mr. Halliwell (*Shakespeare Society Papers*, vol. iii) cites from *The Book of Rules*, ed. 1675 p. 35,—

"Durance, or	with thread, the yard	00	06	08
"Durety	† with silk, the yard	00	10	00

† *hangers* i.e. fringed and ornamented loops attached to the girdle, in which the small sword or dagger was suspended —

• *Mens swords in hangers hung fast by their side*

Taylor the water poet's *Virtue of a Tayle and necessity of Hanging*, Works, 1630, p. 133

‡ *Scene III*] The same. A street before the house of Wafer

§ *Buy any small coal, buy any small coal?* This was the common cry of colliers: so in one of the rarest of plays, *A Knacke to know an honest man*, 1596,

"*Enter LILLO, like a collier*"

Le Will you buy any coles, fine small coles? "Sir G. Let me here make a remark on a note of Gifford: "With our ancestors," says he, "colliers, I know not for what reason, lay, like Mrs. Quickly, under an ill name." *Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. ii p. 169. I believe they were in bad repute because they used to cheat most grossly the purchasers of coals by giving false measure. R. Greene, in his *Pleasant Discovery of the Coynage of Colliers*, appended to his *Notable Discovery of Loosnane*, 1591, lays open all their knavery.

it a man should thrust his head through so small a loop hole, if his forehead were branched, boy!

Boy Collier, how came the goose to be put upon you, ha?

Just I'll tell thee. The term lying at Winchester, in Henry the Third's days, and many French women coming out of the Isle of Wight thither, (as it hath always been seen, though the Isle of Wight could not of long time neither endure foxes nor lawyers, yet it could brook the more dreadful cockatrice,*) there were many punks in the town, as you know our term is their term. Your farmer, that would spend but threepence on his ordinary, would lavish half a crown on his lechery, and many men, calves as they were, would ride in a farmer's foul boots before break fast: the commonest sinner had more fluttering about her than a fresh punk hath when she comes to a town of garrison or to a university. Captains, scholars, servingmen, jurors, clerks, townsmen, and the black guard,† used all to one ordinary, and most of them were called to a pitiful reckoning, for, before two returns of Michaelmas, surgeons were full of business, the care of most, secrecy, grew as common as lice in Ireland, or as scabs in France. One of my tribe, a collier, earned in his cart forty maimed soldiers to Salisbury, looking as pitifully as Dutchmen first made drunk, then earned to beheading: every one that met him cried "Ware the goose,‡ collier!" and from that day to this there's record to be seen at Croydon, how that pitiful wifage, which indeed was virtue in the collier, that all that time would carry no coals, laid this imputation on all the posterity.

Boy You are full of tricks, collier.

Just Boy, where dwells Master Wafer?

Boy Why, here: what wouldst? I am one of his juvenals.

Just Hath he not a child at nurse at More clacke?§

Boy Yes: dost thou dwell there?

Just That I do: the child is wondrous sick, I was willed|| to acquaint thy master and mistress with it.

Boy I'll up and tell them presently. [*Exit*]

Just So, if all should fail me, I could turn collier. O the villany of this age! how full of secrecy and silence (contrary to the opinion of the world) have I ever found most women! I

* *cockatrice*] A cant name for a prostitute.

† *the black guard*] See note *, p. 8.

‡ *the goose*] See note on *A Cure for a Cuckold*, act iv sc. 1.

§ *More-clacke*] A common corruption of *Mortlake*.

|| *willed*] i.e. desired.

have sat a whole afternoon many times by my wife, and looked upon her eyes, and felt if her pulses have beat, when I have named a suspected love, yet all this while have not drawn from her the least scruple of confession. I have lain awake a thousand nights, thinking she would have revealed somewhat in her dreams, and when she has begun to speak any thing in her sleep, I have jogged her, and cried, "Ay, sweet heart, but when will your love come?" or "What did he say to thee over the stall?" or "What did he do to thee in the garden chamber?" or "When wilt he send to thee any letters?" or "When wilt thou send to him any money?" What an idle conceit jealousy will make a man! Well, this is my comfort, that here comes a creature of the same kind piece

Enter WAFER and MISTRESS WAFER, with Boy

Mist Wafer O my sweet child!—Where's the collier?

Just He's, forsooth

Mist Wafer [to Boy] Run into Bucklersbury* for two ounces of dragon water, some periwinkles, and treacle—What is it sick of, collier? a burning fever?

Just Futh, mistress, I do not know the infirmity of it—Will you buy any small coal, say you?

Wafer Prithce, go in and empty them—Come, be not so impatient

Mist Wafer Ay, ay, ay, if you had groaned for it as I have done, you would have been more natural—[To Servant within] Take my riding hat and my kittle, there!—I'll away presently

Wafer You will not go to night, I am sure

Mist Wafer As I live, but I will

Wafer Futh, sweetheart, I have great business to night—stay till to-morrow, and I'll go with you

Mist Wafer No, sir, I will not hinder your business. I see how little you respect the fruits of your own body. I shall find somebody to bear me company

Wafer Well, I will defer my business for once, and go with thee

Mist Wafer By this light, but you shall not, you shall not hit me with the teeth that I was your hindrance—Will you to Bucklersbury, sir?

[Exit Boy]

Wafer Come, you are a fool, leave you weeping

Mist Wafer You shall not go with me, as I live

[Exit WAFER.]

Just Pupil!

Mist Wafer Excellent master!

Just Admirable mistress! How happy be our Englishwomen that are not troubled with jealous husbands! Why, your Italians, in general, are so sun burnt with these dog days, that your great lady there thinks her husband loves her not, if he be not jealous—what confirms the liberty of our women more in England than the Italian proverb which says,—If there were a bridge over the narrow seas, all the women in Italy would show their husbands a million of light pair of heels, and fly over into England?

Mist Wafer The time of our meeting? come

Just Seven

Mist Wafer The place?

Just In Blackbairs there take water, keep aloof from the shore, on with your masks, up with your sails, and Westward ho!

Mist Wafer So

[Exit.]

Just O the quick apprehension of women! they'll grope out a man's meaning presently. Well, it rests now that I discover myself in my true shape to these gentlewomen's husbands, for though I have played the fool a little, to beguile the memory of mine own misfortune, I would not play the knave, though I be taken for a bankrupt but, indeed, as in other things, so in that, the world is much deceived in me, for I have yet three thousand pounds in the hands of a sufficient friend, and all my debts discharged. I have received here a letter from my wife, directed to Stodge,* wherein she most repentently entreateth my return, with protestation to give me assured trial of her honesty. I cannot tell what to think of it, but I will put it to the test. There is a great strife between beauty and chastity, and that which pleaseth many is never free from temptation. As for jealousy, it makes many cuckolds, many fools, and many bankrupts, it may have abused me, and not my wife's honesty. I'll try it—but first to my secure and doting companion[s] [Exit]

SCENE IV †

Enter MONOPOLY and MISTRESS TENTERHOOK

Mon. I beseech you, Mistress Tenterhook,—

God, I'll be sick, if you will not be merry

Mist. Ten. You are a sweet bangle

Mon. Come, because I kept from town a little,

* *Stodge* See note *, p. 212

† *Scene IV* This scene. A room in the house of Ambush

* *Bucklersbury* See note *, p. 212

—let me not live, if I did not hear the sickness was in town very hot. In troth, thy hair is of an excellent colour since I saw it. O those bright tresses, like to threads of gold!*

Mist Ten Lie and ashes suffer much in the city for that comparison.

Mon Here's an honest gentleman will be here by and by was born at Fulham, his name is Gosling Glowworm.

Mist Ten I know him [not] what is he?

Mon He is a knight. What wiled your husband to be so hasty to arrest me?

Mist Ten Shall I speak truly? shall I speak not like a woman?

Mon Why not like a woman?

Mist Ten Because women's tongues are like to clocks, if they go too fast, they never go true 'twas I that got my husband to arrest thee, I have.

Mon I am beholding to you.

Mist Ten Forsooth, I could not come to the speech of you. I think you may be spoken withal now.

Mon I thank you. I hope you'll bid me, cousin?

Mist Ten And yet why should I speak with you? I protest I love my husband.

Mon Tush, let not any young woman love a man in years too well.

Mist Ten Why?

Mon Because he'll die before he can requite it.

Mist Ten I have acquainted Waffer and Honeysuckle with it, and they allow† my wit for't extremely.

Enter AMBUSIE

O honest sergeant!

Amb Welcome, good Mistress Tenterhook.

Mist Ten Sergeant I must needs have my cousin go a little way out of town with me, and to secure thee, here are two diamonds, they are worth two hundred pound, keep them till I return him.

Amb Well, 'tis good security.

Mist Ten Do not come in my husband's sight in the mean time.

Enter WHIFFLOO, SIR GOSLING GLOWWORM, LINSTOCK, MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE, and MISTRESS WAFER

Amb Welcome, gallants.

Whiff How now! Monopoly arrested!

* O those bright tresses, like to threads of gold! Bonds very like a quotation, but I have searched several poems and plays for it in vain.

† allow: i. e. approve, praise.

Mon O my little Honeysuckle, art come to visit a prisoner?

Mist Honey Yes, faith, as gentlemen visit merchants, to sue well, or as poets young quaint revellers, to laugh at them—Sirrah,* if I were some foolish justice, if I would not beg thy wit, never trust me.

Mist Ten Why, I pray you?

Mist Honey Because it hath been concealed all this while. But, come, shall we to boat? we are furnished for attendants as ladies are, we have our fools and our ushers.

Sir Gos I thank you, madam, I shall meet you wit in the close one day.

Mist Waffer Sirrah, thou knowest my husband keeps a kennel of hounds?

Mist Honey Yes.

Whiff Doth thy husband love venery?

Mist Waffer Venery!

Whiff Ay, hunting and venery are words of one signification.

Mist Waffer Your two husbands† and he have made a match to go find a hare about Busty Causy‡.

Mist Ten They'll keep an excellent house till we come home again.

Mist Honey O, excellent! a Spanish dinner,—a pilcher, and a Dutch supper,—butter and onions.

Lin O, thou art a mad wench!

Mist Ten Sergeant, envy this ell of cambric to Mistress Budlime tell her, but that it is a rough tide and that she fears the water, she should have gone with us.

Sir Gos O, thou hast an excellent wit!

Whiff To boat, hey!

Mist Honey Sir Gosling, I do take it you legs are married.

Sir Gos Why, mistress?

Mist Honey They look so thin upon it.

Sir Gos Ever since I measured with your husband, I have shrunk in the calf.

Mist Honey And yet you have a sweet tooth in your head.

Sir Gos O, well dealt for the calf's head! You may talk what you will of legs, and rising in the small, and swelling beneath the garter, but 'tis certain, when lank thighs brought long stockings out of fashion, the courtier's leg and his slender tilting staff grew both of a bigness—Come, for Brianford! [Exeunt]

* Sirrah! See note *, p. 214.

† *husbands*: The old ed. "*husband*."

‡ *Busty Causy*: Q3 "*Bushy Causy*."

ACT IV

SCENE I *

Enter MISTRESS BIRDLINE and LUCE

Bird Good morrow, Mistress Luce how did you take your rest to night? how doth your good worship like your lodging? what will you have to breakfast?

Luce A pox of the knight that was here last night! he promised to have sent me some wild-fowl he was drunk, I'll be stewed else

Bud Why, do not you think he will send them?

Luce Hang them, 'tis no more in fashion for them to keep their promises, than 'tis for men to pay their debts he will be faster than a dog trots What a filthy knocking was at do or last night! some puny inn o'-court-men, I'll hold my contribution

Bud Yes, in troth, were they, civil gentlemen without bands but to say the truth, I did take exceptions at their knocking, took them aside, and said to them, 'Gentlemen, this is not well, that you should come in thus habited, cloaks and rapiers, boots and spurs I protest to you, those that be your ancestors in the house would have come to my house in their caps and gowns, civilly and modestly I promise you, they might have been taken for citizens, but that they talk more liker fools' [*Knocking within*].—Who knocks there?—Up into your chamber

[*Exit LUCE*]

Enter HONEYBUCKLE

Who are you? some man of credit, that you come in muffled thus?

Honey Who's above?

Bud Let me see your face first O, Master Honeybuckle! Why, the old party, the old party

Honey Phew, I will not go up to her Nobody else!

Bud As I live Will you give me some sack?
—Where's Opportunity?

Enter CHRISTIAN

Honey What dost call her?

Bud Her name is Christian, but Mistress Luce cannot abide that name, and so she calls her Opportunity

Honey Very good, good [*Gives money*]

* Scene I] London A room in the house of Mistress Birdline

Bird Is't a shilling? bring the rest in aquavite [*Exit CHRISTIAN*]

Come, shall's go to noddy?*

Honey Ay, an thou wilt, for half in hour

Bird Here are the cards deal [*They play*]
God send me deuces and aces with a court card, and I shall get by it

Honey That can make thee nothing

Bud Yes, if I have a court card turn up

Honey I show four guines

Bud By my troth, I must show all and little enough too, six guines, play your single game, I shall double with you anon Pray you, lend me some silver to count my guines

Re-enter CHRISTIAN with sack

How now, is it good sack?

Chris There's a gentleman at door would speak with you

Honey God's so, I will not be seen by any means

Bud Into that closet, then

[*Exit HONEYBUCKLE*]

What, another muffler?

Enter TINTERHOOK

Ten How dost thou, Mistress Birdline?

Bud Master Tinterhook! The party is above in the dining chamber

Ten Above!

Bud All alone [*Exit TINTERHOOK*]

Re-enter HONEYBUCKLE

Honey Is he gone up? who was't, I pray thee?

Bud By this sack, I will not tell you say that you were a country gentleman, or a citizen that hath a young wife, or an Inn of Chancery man, should I tell you? pardon me This sack tastes of horse flesh † I warrant you the leg of a dead horse hangs in the butt of sack to keep it quick

* noddy] A game on the cards which appears, from passages in our old writers, to have been played in more ways than one

† This sack tastes of horse flesh, &c.] So Clapham's "This collar spoiles my drinking, or else this sack has horse flesh in it, it rides upon my stomach"

The Hollander 1640 Sig. II 2

The statute 12 Car II c. 25 sect. 41 which forbids the adulteration of wines, mentions among other ingredients used for that purpose, "nor any sort of flesh whatsoever"

Honey I beseech thee, good Mistress Birdlime, tell me who it was

Bud O God, sir, we are sworn to secrecy as well as surgeons. Come, drink to me, and let us to our game

*Enter TENDERHOOK and LUCE, above**

Ten Who am I?

Luce You?—pray you, unblind me.—Captain Whirlpool? no, Master Linstock?—pray, unblind me—you are not Sir Gosling Glowworm, for he wears no rings of his fingers.—Master Freeze-leather?—O, you are George the drawer at the Mitre.—pray you, unblind me.—Captain Puckfoist?—Master Counterspane the lawyer?—What the devil mean you? beshrew your heart, you have a very dry hand.—are you not mine host Dog-bolt of Brunford?—Mistress Birdlime?—Master Honey-suckle?—Master Waffer?

Ten What, the last of all your clients?

Luce O, how dost thou, good cousin?

Ten Ay, you have many cousins

Luce Faith, I can name many that I do not know—and suppose I did know them, what then? I will suffer one to keep me in diet, another in apparel, another in physic, another to pay my house rent. I am just of the nature of alchemy, I will suffer every plodding fool to spend money upon me, many, none but some worthy friend to enjoy my more retired and useful faithfulness

Ten Your love, your love

Luce O, ay, tis the curse that is laid upon our quality, what we glean from others we lavish upon some trothless well-fed younger brother, that loves us only for maintenance

Ten Hast a good term, Luce?

Luce A pox on the term! and now I think on't, says a gentleman last night, let the pox be in the town seven year. Westminster never breeds cobwebs, and yet 'tis as catching as the plague, though not ill so general. There be a thousand bragging Jacks in London, that will protest they can wrest comfort from me, when, I swear, not one of them know whether my palm be moist or not. In troth, I love thee. You promised me seven ells of uncubric. [*Knocking within*] Who's that knocks?

Honey What, more sacks to the mill? I'll to my old retirement [*Exit*

Enter WAFER

Bud How doth your good worship?—[*Aside*]

Passion of my heart, what shift shall I make?—How hath your good worship done a long time?

Waffer Very well, Godamerey

Bud Your good worship, I think, beading out of town

Waffer Yes, believe me, I love to be once a week a horseback, for methinks nothing sets a man out better than a horse

Bud 'Tis certain nothing sets a woman out better than a man

Waffer What, is Mistress Luce above?

Bud Yes, truly

Waffer Not my company with her?

Bud Company! shall I say to your good worship and not lie, she hath had no company,—let me see how long it was since your worship was here, you went to a butcher's feast at Cuckold's-haven* the next day after Saint Luke's day,—not this fortnight, in good truth

Waffer Alas, good soul!

Bud And why was it? go to, go to, I think you know better than I. The wench asketh every day, when will Master Waffer be here? and if knights ask for her, she cries out at starry head, "As you love my life, let 'em not come up. I'll do myself violence, if they enter." Have not you promised her somewhat?

Waffer Faith, I think she loves me

Bud Loves! well, would you knew what I know! then you would say somewhat. In good faith, she's very poor—all her gowns are at pawn, she owes me five pound for her diet besides forty shillings I lent her to redeem two half silk kirtles from the broker's—and do you think she needed be in debt thus, if she thought not of somebody?

Waffer Good, honest wench

Bud Nay, in troth, she's now entering into bond for five pounds more, the scrivener is but new gone up to take her bond

Waffer Come, let her not enter into bond, I'll lend her five pound, I'll pay the rest of her debts—call down the scrivener

Bud I pray you, when he comes down, stand muffled, and I'll tell him you are her brother

Waffer If a man have a good honest wench that lives wholly to his use, let him not see her want

[*Exit MISTRESS BIRDLIME and then enter above*]

Bud O Mistress Luce, Mistress Luce, you are the most unfortunate gentlewoman that ever breathed! Your young wild brother came newly out of the country—he calls me bawd, swears I keep a bawdy house, says his sister is tuned

* above] See note *, p 100

* Cuckhold's haven] See note on *Northward Ho*, act iii sc ii, p 206

where, and that he will kill and slay any man that he finds in her company

Ten What conveyance will you make with me, Mistress Birdlime?

Luce O God, let him not come up! 'tis the swaggeringest wild-oats

Bird I have purified him somewhat, for I told him that you were a scrivener come to take a band* of her now, as you go forth, say, "she might have had so much money if she had pleased," and say, "she is an honest gentlewoman," and all will be well

Ten Enough — Farewell, good Luce

Bird Come, change your voice, and muffle you
[*Leaves, above, BIRDLINE and JUSTINIANO*]

Luce What trick should this be? I have never a brother I'll hold my life, some trick or some tomes is come, that she slides him off so smoothly

Re-enter, below, JUSTINIANO and BIRDLINE

Ten The gentlewoman is an honest gentlewoman as my is in London, and should have had three or much money upon her single bond, for the good report I hear of her

Wafu No, sir, her friends can furnish her with money

Ten By this light, I should know that voice
Wafu Ods foot, are you the gentlewoman's brother?

Wafu Are you turned a scrivener, Tenterhook?

Bird [*aside*] I am spoiled

Wafu Tricks of Mistress Birdlime, by this light

Re-enter MONSIEUR

Honey Hoick, covert! hoick, covert! why, gentlemen, is this your hunting?

Ten A consort! What make you here, Honey-suckle?

Honey Nay, what make you two here?—O excellent Mistress Birdlime! thou hast more tricks in thee than a punk hath uncles, cousins, brothers, sons, or fathers,—an infinite company

Bird If I did it not to make your good worships merry, never believe me I will drink to your worship[s] a glass of sack

Enter JUSTINIANO

Just God save you!

Honey, Wafu Master Justiniano! welcome from Stode!†

* *band* [i.e. bond]

† *Stode* See note *, p. 212

Just Why, gentlemen, I never came there
Ten Never there! where have you been, then?

Just Marry, your daily guest, I thank you

Ten, Honey, Wafu Ours!

Just Ay, yours I was the pedant that learned your wives to write I was the collier that brought you news your child was sick but the truth is, for aught I know, the child is in health, and your wives are gone to make merry at Bramford

Wafu By my troth, good wenches, they little dream where we are now

Just You little dream what gallants are with them

Ten Gallants with them! I'd laugh at that

Just Four gallants, by this light, Master Monopoly is one of them

Ten Monopoly! I'd laugh at that, in faith

Just Would you laugh at that? why, do ye laugh at it, then They are there by this time I cannot stay to give you more particular intelligence I have received a letter from my wife here If you will call me at Putney, I'll bear you company

Ten Ods foot, what a rogue is Sergeant Ambush! I'll undo him, by this light

Just I met Sergeant Ambush, and willed* him come to this house to you presently So, gentlemen, I leave you—Bird, I have nothing to say to you now—Do not think too much in so dangerous a matter, for in women's matters 'tis more dangerous to stand long deliberating than before a battle [*Exit*]

Wafu This fellow's poverty hath made him an ancient knife

Bird Will your worship drink any aqua vitae?

Ten A pox on your aqua vitae!—Monopoly, that my wife urged me to wrest, gone to Bramford!—Here comes the wicket

Enter AMBUSH

Amb I am come, sir, to know your pleasure

Ten What, hath Monopoly paid the money yet?

Amb No, sir, but he sent for money

Ten You have not carried him to the Counter? he is at your house still?

Amb O Lord, ay, sir, as melancholic, &c.†

* *willed* [i.e. desired]

† *as melancholic, &c.* Was the performer to conclude this speech with any simile that he thought proper? Our old dramatists sometimes trusted to the player's powers of extemporizing so Greene,

"Faith Polyxena, the pride of Ilion,

Ten You be like an arrant varlet By this candle, I laugh at the jest

Bud [*aside*] And yet he's ready to cry

Ten He's gone with my wife to Branford an there be any law in England, I'll tickle ye for this

Amb Do your worst, for I have good security, and I care not, besides, it was his cousin your wife's pleasure that he should go along with her

Ten Hoy day, her cousin! Well, sir, your security?

Amb Why, sir, two diamonds here

Ten [*aside*] O my heart! my wife's two diamonds!—Well, you'll go along and justify this?

Amb That I will, sir

Enter Luce, below

Luce Who am I?

Ten What the murrain care I who you are? hold off your fingers, or I'll cut them with these diamond[s]

Luce I'll see 'em, i'faith So, I'll keep these diamonds till I have my silk gown and six ells of cambric

Ten By this light, you shall not

Luce No? what, do you think you have fops in hand? sue me for them

Wefer, Honey As you respect your credit, let's go

Ten Good Luce, as you love me, let me have them, it stands upon my credit thou shalt have any thing, take my purse

Luce I will not be crossed in my humour, sir

Ten You are a damned filthy punk—What an unfortunate rogue was I, that ever I came into this house!

Bud Do not spurn any body in my house, you were best

Ten Well, well

[*Exeunt LUCIFER, WARR, HONESTY, and AMBUSH*]

Bud Excellent Luce! the getting of these two diamonds may chance to save the gentlewomen's credit Thou heardest all?

Luce O, ay, and, by my troth, pity them what a filthy knave was that betrayed them!

*For not Achilles' over-mad dog,
Pyrrhus shall not, &c*

*Souns, Orgilio, why sufferest thou this old trot
to come so nigh me?*

Orlando Furioso, Dram. Works, i 43, ed Dyce
And Heywood,

"Jockie is led to whipping over the stage, speaking
some words, but of no importance

Etienne de la Fontaine, Part Sc, ed 1610, sig Y

Bud One that put me into pitiful fear Master Justiniano here hath layed lurking, like a sheep biter, and, in my knowledge, hath drawn these gentlewomen to this misfortune But I'll down to Quenchhive,* and the watermen, which were wont to carry you to Lambeth Marsh,† shall carry me thither It may be I may come before them I think I shall pray more, what for fear of the water, and for my good success, than I did this twelvemonth [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II ‡

Enter the EARL and three Servingmen

Earl Have you perfum'd this chamber?

Omnes Yes, my lord

Earl The banquet?

Omnes It stands ready

Earl Go, let music

Cham with her excellent voice an awful silence Through all this building, that her spherish soul May, on the wings of air, in thousand forms Invisibly fly, yet be enjoy'd Away!

First Serv Does my lord mean to conjure, that he draws these strange characters?

Sec Serv He does, but we shall see whether the spirit that rises, nor the circle it rises in

Third Serv 'Twould make our han stand up an end, if we should Come, fools, come, meddle not with his matters lords may do any thing [*Exeunt Servingmen*]

Earl This night shall my desires be amply crown'd,

And all those powers that taste of morn in us Shall now aspire that point of happiness, Beyond which sensual eyes ne'er look,—sweet pleasure,

Delicious pleasure, earth's supremest good, The spring of blood, though it dry up our blood Rob me of that,—though to be drunk with pleasure,

As rank excess even in best things is bad, Turns man into a beast,—yet that being gone, A horse, and thus, the goodliest shape, all me We feed, wear rich attires, and strive to cleave The stars with marble towers, fight battles, spend

Our blood to buy us names, and, in iron hold,

* *Quenchhive* i. e. *Quenchhive*

† *Lambeth-Marsh*] A noted haunt of prostitutes and sharpers

‡ *Scene II*] The same A room in the house of the Earl

Will we eat roots, to imprison fugitive gold
But to do thus, what spell can us excite?
This, the strong magic of our appetite,
To feast which richly, life itself undoes
Who'd not die thus? to see, and then to choose
Why, even those that starve in voluntary wants,
Id, to advance the mind, keep the flesh poor,
The world enjoying them, they not the world,
Would they do this, but that they are proud to
suck

A sweetness from such sourness? Let 'em so
The torrent of my appetite shall flow
With happier stream A woman! O, the spirit
And extract of creation! This, this night,
The sun shall envy What cold checks our
blood?

Her body is the chariot of my soul,
Her eyes my body's light, which if I want,
Life wants, or if possess, I undo her,
Turn her into a devil, whom I adore,
By scorching her with the hot steam of lust.
'Tis but a minute's pleasure, and the sin
Scarce acted is repented shun it, than *
O, he that can abstain is more than man!
Tush! Resolv'st thou to do ill, be not precise
Who write of virtue best, are slaves to vice

[Music]

The music sounds alarm to my blood
What's bad I follow, yet I see what's good †

[While the song is heard, the Earl draws a curtain,
and sits forth a banquet. He then exit and re-
enters presently with JUSTINIANO attended by his
wife, masked leads him to the table places him
in a chair, and in dumb signs counsels him till the
song be done]

Fair, be not doubly mask'd with that and
night

Beauty, like gold, being used becomes more bright

Just [taking off his mask] Will it please your
lordship to sit? I shall receive small pleasure,
if I see your lordship stand

Earl Witch! hag! what art thou, proud dam-
nation?

Just A merchant's wife

Earl Fwy, who rais'd thee up? what comest
thou for?

Just For a banquet

Earl I am abus'd, deluded—Speak, what art
thou?

Ud's death, speak, or I'll kill thee In that habit
I look'd to find an angel, but thy face
Shows thou'rt a devil

Just My face is as God made it, my lord I
am no devil, unless women be devils, but men
find 'em not so, for they daily hunt for them

Earl What art thou that dost coven me thus?

Just A merchant's wife, I say, Justiniano's
wife, she whom that long birding piece of yours,
I mean that wicked Mother Birdlime, caught for
your honour Why, my lord, has your lordship
forgot how ye couched me last morning?

Earl The devil, I did!

Just Kissed me last morning

Earl Succubus, not thee

Just Gave me this jewel last morning

Earl Not to thee, harpy

Just To me, upon mine honesty, swore you
would build me a lodging by the Thames side
with a water gate to it, or else take me a lodging
in Cole's harbour *

Earl I swore so?

Just Or keep me in a labyrinth, as Harry kept
Rosamond, where the Minotaur, my husband,
should not enter

Earl I swear so, but, gipsy, not to thee

Just To me, upon my honour hard was the
sage which you laid to the crystal walls of my
chastity, but I held out you know, but because
I cannot be too stony hearted, I yielded, my
lord, by this token, my lord, (which token lies at
my heart like lead,) but by this token, my lord,
that this night you should commit that sin which
we all know with me

Earl Thee!

Just Do I look ugly, that you put "thee" upon
me? did I give you my hand to horn my head,
that's to say my husband, and is it come to
"thee"? is my face a filthier face, now it is yours,
than when it was his? or have I two faces under
one hood? I confess I have had mine eyes in
brine, and that may change the copy but, my
lord, I know what I am

Earl A sorceress thou shalt witch mine ears
no more,

If thou canst pray, do't quickly, for thou diest

Just I can pray, but I will not die,—thou heat
My lord, there drops your lady, and now know,

* [Cole harbour] Or Coal harbour—a corruption of Cold-
harbour, or Coldharbrough was an old building in
Dowgate Ward Stow (Survey, p. 185, ed. 1598,) tells
us, "The first deerstall I kille [of Shrewsbury] took it
down, and in place thereof builded a great number of
small tenements, now letten out for great rents to
people of all sorts"—Debtors and persons not of the
most respectable character used to take refuge there
Middlton calls it "the devil's sanctuary" *A Trick to
catch the old one*,—Works, II 55, ed. Dyce

* than] A form of then, common in old poets

† What's bad, &c.] "video meliora proboque, deterius
sequor" Ovid, Met. vii 20

Thou unseasonable lecher, I am her husband,
Whom thou wouldst make whore Read, she
speaks there thus

[Mistress JUSTINIANO is discovered, lying as if dead*]

Unless I came to her, her hand should free
Her chastity from blemish proud I was
Of her brave mind, I came, and seeing what
slavery,

Poverty, and the frailty of her sex,
Had, and was like to make her subject to,
I begg'd that she would die, my suit was granted,
I poison'd her, thy lust there strikes her dead
Horns ferr'd plague worse than sticking on the
head

Earl O God, thou hast undone thyself and me!
None live to match this piece thou art too
bloody

Yet for her sake, whom I'll embalm with tears,
This act with her I bury, and to quit
Thy loss of such a jewel, thou shalt share
My living with me come, embrace

Just My lord!

Earl Villain, damn'd merciless slave, I'll
torture thee

To every inch of flesh—What, ho! help! who's
there?

Come hither! here's a murderer, bind him!—
How now!

What noise is this?

Re enter the Servingmen

First Serv My lord, there are three citizens
face me down that here's one Master Parenthevis,
a schoolmaster, with your lordship, and desire he
may be forthcoming to 'em

Just That borrow'd name is mine—[*Calling to
those within*] Shift for yourselves,
Away, shift for yourselves, fly, I am taken!

Earl Why should they fly, thou screech-owl?

Just I will tell thee

Those three are partners with me in the murder,
We four commix'd the poison—[*Calling to those
within*] Shift for yourselves!

Earl Stop's mouth, and drag him back en-
treat 'em enter [Exit First Serv]

O, what a conflict feel I in my blood!
(I would I were less great to be more good

*Enter TENTERHOOK, WAFFR and HONEYBUCKLE, with
First Servingman*

Ye're welcome wherefore came you?—Guard
the doors—

* *Mistress Justiniano is discovered, lying as if dead*
This stage-direction is not in the old ed.—Here probably
Justiniano drew back a curtain

When I behold that object, all my senses
Revolt from reason—He that offers flight
Drops down a corse

Ten, Wafer, Honey A corse!

First Serv Ay, a corse do you scorn to be
worms' meat more than she?

Just See, gentlemen, the Italian that does
scorn,

Beneath the moon, no baseness like the hoin,
Has pour'd through all the veins of you chaste
bosom

Strong poison to preserve it from that plague
This fleshly lord, he doted on my wife,
He would have wrought on her and play'd on me
But to pare off these bumps, I cut off her,
And gull'd him with this lie, that you had hands
Dipt in her blood with mine, but this I did,
That his stain'd age and name might not be hid
My act, though vile, the world shall crown as just,
I shall die clear, when he lives soil'd with lust—
But, come, rise, Moll, awake, sweet Moll, thou'st
play'd

The woman rarely, counterfeited well

[Mistress JUSTINIANO rises]

First Serv Sure, sh'as nine lives—

Just See, Lucrece is not slain

Her eyes, which lust call'd suns, have their first
beams,

And all these frightments are but idle dreams
Yet, afore Jove, she had her knife prepar'd
To let her * blood forth ere it should run black
Do not these open cuts now cool your back?
Methinks they should when vice seeds with
broad eyes

Her ugly form, she does herself despise

Earl Mirror of dames, I look upon thee now,
As men long blind having recover'd sight,
Amaz'd, scarce able are to endure the light
Mine own shame strikes me dumb henceforth
the book

I'll read shall be thy mind, and not thy look

Honey I would either we were at Brainford to
see our wives, or our wives here to see this pi-
geant

Ten So would I, I stand upon thorns

Earl The jewels which I gave you, wear, your
fortunes

I'll raise on golden pillars fare you well
Lust in old age, like burnt straw, does even choke
The kindlers, and consumes in stinking smoke

[Exit]

Just You may follow your lord by the smoke,
badgers

* *her* The old ed., "his"

First Serv If fortune had favoured him, we might have followed you by the horns

Just Fortune favours fools, your lord's a wise lord [*Exeunt Servingmen*] So—How now! ha! This is that makes me fit now is't not it, bane to you, gentlemen, as pap was to Nestor? but I know the invisible sins of your wives hang it your eye lids, and that makes you so heavy-headed

Ten If I do take 'em napping, I know what I'll do

Honey I'll nap some of them

Ten That villain Monopoly, and that Sir Gosling, treads 'em all

Wafer Would I might come to that treading!

Just Ha, ha, so would I—Come, Moll the book of the siege of Ostend,* writ by one that dropped in the action, will never sell so well as a report of the siege between this grave, this wicked elder and thyself, an impression of you two would away in a May morning. Was it ever heard that such things were brought away from a lord by any wench but thee, Moll, without paying, unless the wench conveyed him? Go thy ways if all the great Turk's concubines were but like thee, the ten penny infidel† should

never need keep so many geldings to neigh over 'em—Come, shall this western voyage hold, my hearts?

Ten, Wafer, Honey Yes, yes

Just Yes, yes! s'foot, you speak as if you had no hearts, and look as if you were going westward indeed! To see how plain dealing women can pull down men!—Moll, you'll help us to catch smelts† too?

Miss Just If you be pleased

Just Never better since I wore a smock

Honey I fear our oars have given us the bag‡

Wafer Good, I'd laugh at that

Just If they have, would theirs § might give them the bottle! Come, march whilst the women double their files. Married men, see, there's comfort, the moon's up 'fore Don Phœbus, I doubt we shall have a frost this night, her horns are so sharp do you not feel it bite?

Ten I do, I'm sure

Just But we'll sit upon one another's skirts i' the boat, and lie close in straw, like the hoary courtier. Set on

To Brunford now, where if you meet frail wives, Ne'er swear 'gainst horns in vain. Dame Nature strikes

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I ‡

Enter MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, TINSNORE, MISTRESS HONEY, SUCKET, MISTRESS WAFFER, and MISHUS TINSNOROCK, *their hats off*

Mon Why, chamberlain!—Will not these fellows be drawn forth? are they not in tune yet? or are the rogues afraid o' the statute,§ and dare not travel so far without a passport?

Whirl What, chamberlain!

Lun Where's mine host?—What, chamberlain!

Enter CHAMBERLAIN

Cham Anon, sir, here, sir, at hand, sir

Mon Where's this noise?|| What a lousy town's this! Has Brunford no music in't?

* *the siege of Ostend*] See note †, p. 210

† *the ten penny infidel*] So Decker,

"Wilt fight, Turke a tenpence?"

Satromastur, 1602, sig. II 2

‡ *Scen. I*] Brentford. A room in an inn

§ *the statute*] "Statute against vagabonds." MS. note by Malone

|| *noise*] See note §, p. 222

Cham They are but rosin'g, sir, and they'll scrape themselves into your company presently

Mon Plague o' their cat's guts and their scraping! Dost not see women here, and can we, thinkest thou, be without a noise, then?

Cham The truth is, sir, one of the poor instruments caught a sore mischance last night his most base bridge fell down, and belike they are making a gathering for the reparations of that

Whirl When they come, let's have 'em, with a pox

Cham Well, sir, you shall, sir

Mon Stay, chamberlain, where's our knight, Sir Gosling? where's Sir Gosling?

Cham Troth, sir, my master and Sir Gosling are guzzling, they are dabbling together fathom-

* *westward instead*] i. e. to Tyburn

† *to catch smelts*] See note * p. 221

‡ *I fear our oars have given us the bag*] *To give the bag* means to cheat

§ *theirs*] Old ed., "where's"

deep the knight hath drunk so much health to the gentlemen yonder, on his knees,* that he has almost lost the use of his legs

Mist Honey O, for love, let none of 'em enter our room, fie!

Mist Wafer I would not have 'em cast up their accounts here, for more than they mean to be drunk this twelvemonth

Mist Ten Good chamberlain, keep them and their healths out of our company

Cham I warrant you, their healths shall not hurt you [Exit]

Mon Ay, well said! they're none of our giving let 'em keep their own quarters Nay, I told you the men would soak him, if he were ten knights, if he were a knight of gold, they'd fetch him over

Mist Ten Out upon him!

Whirl There's a lieutenant and a captain amongst 'em too

Mon Nay, then, look to have somebody lie on the earth for't its ordinary for your lieutenant to be drunk with your captain, and your captain to cast with your knight

Mist Ten Did you never hear how Sir Fabian Scarecrow (even such another) took me up one night before my husband, being in wine?

Mist Wafer No, indeed how was it?

Mist Ten But I think I took him down with a witless

Mist Honey How, good Tenterhook?

Mist Ten Nay, I'll have all your ears take part of it

Omnes Come, on then

Mist Ten He used to frequent me and my husband divers times, and at last comes he out one morning to my husband, and says, "Master Tenterhook," says he, "I must trouble you to lend me two hundred pounds about a commodity which I am to deal in" and what was that commodity but his knighthood?

Omnes So

Mist Ten "Why, you shall, Master Scarecrow," says my good man so within a little while after, Master Fabian was created knight

Mon Created a knight! that's no good he raldry, you must say dubbed

Mist Ten And why not created, pray?

Omnes, except Mon Ay, well done! put him down at's own weapon

Mist Ten Not created! why, all things have their being by creation

Lon Yes, by my faith, is't

Mist Ten But to return to my tale,—

Whirl Ay, marry, mark now

Mist Ten When he had climbed up this costly ladder of preferment, he disbursts the money brick again very honourably, comes home, and was by my husband invited to supper There supped with us, besides, another gentleman incident to the court, one that had bespoke me of my husband to help me into the banquetting house and see the revelling, a young gentle woman,* and that wag our schoolmaster Master Parenthesis, for I remember he said grace,—methinks I see him yet, how he turned up the white o' the eye, when he came to the last grace, and that he was almost past grace!—

Mist Wafer Nay, he can do't

Mist Ten All supper time my new mounted knight made wine the waggon to his meat, for it ran down his throat so fast, that, before my chamber-maid had taken half up, he was not scarce able to stand

Mon A general fault at citizens' tables

Mist Ten And I, thinking to play upon him, asked him, "Sir Fabian Scarecrow," quoth I, "what pretty gentlewoman will you raise up now to stall her your lady?" But he, like a foul mouthed man, swore, "Zounds, I'll still never a punk in England a lady, there's too many already" "O, fie, Sir Fabian," quoth I, "will you call her that shall be your wife such an odious name?" And then he sets out a throat, and swore again, like a stinking breathed knight as he was, that women were like horses,—

Mist Honey, Mist Wafer O filthy knave!

Mist Ten They'd break over any hedge to change their pasture, though it were worse "Fie, man, fie," says the gentlewoman,—

Mon Very good

Mist Ten And he, bristling up his beard to rail at her too, I cut him over the thumbs thus "Why, Sir Fabian Scarecrow, did I incense my husband to lend you so much money upon your bare word, and do you backbite my friends and me to our faces? I thought you had had more perseverance if you bore a knightly and a de generous mind, you would scorn it you had wont to be more deformable amongst women fie, that you'll be so humoursome! here was nobody so egregious towards you, Sir Fabian"

* the knight hath drunk so much health to the gentleman yonder on his knees] This was a foolish custom of the day, at which the Puritans expressed the highest indignation

* gentlewoman] The old copy "Gentleman", but see what presently follows

and thus, in good sadness, I gave him the best words I could pick out, to make him ashamed of his doings

Whirl And how took he this correction?

Mist Ten Very heavily, for he slept presently upon't, and in the morning was the sorriest knight, and, I warrant, is so to this day, that lives by bread in England

Mon To see what wine and women can do! the one makes a man not to have a word to throw at a dog, the other makes a man to eat his own words, though they were never so filthy

Whirl I see these fiddlers cannot build up their bridge, that some music may come over us

Lin No, faith, they are drunk too what shall's do therefore?

Mon Sit up at cards all night

Mist Wafer That's serving man's fashion

Whirl Drink burnt wine and eggs, then

Mist Honey That's an exercise for your sublimities

Mist Ten No, no, let's set upon our posset, and so march to bed, for I begin to waigh with having my natural sleep pulled out o' mine eyes

Omnes Agreed, be't so, the sack posset and to bed

Mon What, chamberlain!—I must take a pipe of tobacco

Mist Honey, Mist Wafer, Mist Ten Not here, not here, not here

Mist Wafer I'll rather love a man that takes a purse than him that takes tobacco

Mist Ten By my little finger, I'll break all your pipes, and burn the case and the box too, as you draw out your stinking smoke afore me

Mon Prithee, good Mistress Tinterhook,—I'll ha' done in a trice

Mist Ten Do you long to have me swan?

Mon I'll use but half a pipe, in troth

Mist Ten Do you long to see me lie at your feet?

Mon Smell to't, 'tis perfumed

Mist Ten O God O God, you anger me, you stir my blood, you move me, you make me spoil a good face with frowning at you This was ever your fashion, so to smoke my husband when you come home, that I could not abide him in mine eye, he was a mote in it, methought, a month after Pray, spawl in another room fie, fie, fie!

Mon Well, well come, well for once feed her humour

Mist Honey Get two rooms off at least, if you love us

Mist Wafer Three, three, Master Linstock, three

Lin 'Sfoot, we'll dance to Norwich,* and take it there, if you'll stay till we return again Hero's a sin! You'll ill abide a fiery face, that cannot endure a smoky nose

Mon Come, let's satisfy our appetite

Whirl And that will be hard for us, but well do our best

[*Exit* LINSTOCK, WHIRLPOOL, and LINSTOCK

Mist Ten So, are they departed? What string may we three think that these three gillants hup upon, by bringing us to this sinful town of Brimford, ha?

Mist Honey I know what string they would hup upon, if they could put us into the right tune

Mist Wafer I know what one of 'em buzzed in mine ear, till, like a thief in a candle, he made mine ears burn, but I swore to say nothing

Mist Ten I know as vainly they hope, and brag one to another, that this night they'll row westward in our husbands' wherries as we hope to be rowed to London to-morrow morning in a pair of oars But, wenchies, let's be wise, and make rooks of them that, I warrant, are now setting purse-net-† to concatch us

Mist Honey, Mist Wafer Content

Mist Ten They shall know that citizens wives have wit enough to outstrip twenty such gulls though we are merry, let's not be mad, be as wanton as new-married wives, as fantastic and light headed to the eye as feather makers, but as pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongst 'em in Blackfriars‡

Mist Wafer Well, let us drink with 'em

Mist Ten O, yes, let us drink with 'em as hungrily as soldiers, drink as if we were frows,§ talk as freely as jesters but do as little as misers, who, like dry nurses, have great breasts, but give no milk It were better we should laugh at their popinjays than live in fear of their prating

* *Dance to Norwich*] An allusion to a feat of Kempe, the actor of which he published an account called *Kempe's Nine Days Wonder, performed on a dance from London to Norwich, 1600* 4to It has been reprinted by the Camden Society from the unique copy in the Bodleian Library

† *purse-net*] See note *, p. 130

‡ *as fantastic and light headed to the eye as feather makers, but as pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongst 'em in Blackfriars*] Blackfriars was famed for the residence of Puritans, some of whom most inconsistently with their religious opinions followed the trade of feather making

§ *frows*] i. e. frows

tongues Though we lie all night out of the city, they shall not find country wenches of us, but since we ha' brought 'em thus far into a fool's paradise, leve 'em in't the jest shall be a stock to maintain us and our pef fellows in laughing at christenings, cryings out, and upittings this twelve month How say you, wenches? have I set the saddle on the right horse?

Mist Wafe, *Mist Honey* O, 'twill be excellent!

Mist Wafe But how shall we shift 'em off?

Mist Ten Not as ill debtors do their creditors, with good words, but as lawyers do their clients when they're overthrown, by some new knavish trick and thus it shall be, one of us must dissemble to be suddenly very sick.

Mist Honey I'll be she

Mist Ten Nay, though we can all dissemble well, yet I'll be she, for men are so jealous, or rather envious of one another's happiness, especially in these out of town gossipings, that he who shall miss his hen, if he be a right cock indeed, will watch the other from tying

Mist Wafe That's certain, I know that by myself

Mist Ten And, like Esop's dog, unless himself might eat hay, will lie in the manger and starve, but he'll hinder the horse from eating any besides, it will be as good as a Welsh hook for you to keep out the other at the staves end, for you may boldly stand upon this point, that unless every man's heels may be tript up, you scorn to play at football

Mist Honey That's certain — peace! I hear them spitting after their tobacco

Mist Ten A chair, a chair! one of you keep as gentle a coil and calling as if* you ran for a midwife, th'other hold my head, whilst I cut my lace

Mist Wafe Passion of me! Master Monopoly! Master Lunstock! an you be men, help to daw† Mistress Tenterhook! O, quickly, quickly! she's sick and taken with an agony

Re enter, as she cries, MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, and LUNSTOCK

Mon, *Whirl*, *Lin* Sick! How! how now! what's the matter?

Mon Sweet Clare, call up thy spirits

Mist Ten O Master Monopoly, my spirits will not come at my calling! I am terrible and ill Sure, sure, I'm struck with some wicked planet, for it hit my very heart. O, I feel myself worse and worse!

* as if The old copy "and as if"
† daw] I e revive

Mon Some burnt sack for her, good wenches, or posset drink Pox o' this rogue chamberlain! one of you call him How her pulses beat! a draught of cinnamon water now for her were better than two tankards out of the Thames — How now, ha?

Mist Ten Ill, ill, ill, ill, ill

Mon I'm accus'd to spend money in this town of iniquity, there's no good thing ever comes out of it, and it stands upon such musty ground by reason of the river, that I cannot see how a tender woman can do well in't 'Sfoot, sick now, cast down, now 'tis come to the push!

Mist Ten My mind misgives me that all's not sound at London

Whirl Pox on 'em that be not sound! what need that touch you?

Mist Ten I fear you'll never carry me thither

Mon, *Whirl*, *Lin* Pooh, pooh, say not so

Mist Ten Pray, let my clothes be utterly undone, and then lay me in my bed

Lin Walk up and down a little

Mist Ten O Mister Lunstock, 'tis no walking will serve my turn — Have me to bed, good sweet Mistress Honey-suckle — I doubt that old hag, Gillian of Bramford,* has bewitched me

* *Gillian of Bramford*] Gillian, Julian, or Joan of Brentford was a reputed witch of some celebrity

Let of Bramford's testament *Acely compiled*, n.d., consisting of eight leaves, is among the rarest of black letter tracts — it was written by Robert and printed by William Copland In this very low and vulgar production no mention is made of Gillian's being added to witchcraft — as the Hollman copy is now before me, I quote a few lines from it,

"At Brentford on the west of London

Nigh to a place y^e called is Syon

There dwelt a widow of a homely sort

Honest in substance and full of sport

Daily she cowd wth prastim and Jesters

Among her neighbours and her gesses

She kept an lbe of ryght good lodgyng

For all estates that thyder was comyng

The reader who has any curiosity to know what Gillian bequeathed to her friends may gratify it by turning to *Nash's Sammers last will and testament*, 1603, sig. B 2

It appears from *Henslowes's Diary* that she was a character in a play written by Thomas Downton [or Downton] and Samuel Redly [Howley?], produced in February, 1598-9, and mentioned there under the title of "*Trer Fox and gillen of Bramford*"

In the 4to of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1602, when Mistress Page says that Falstaff

"might put on a plowse and a muller,

And so escape"

Mistress Ford answers,

"Thats wel remembered my malds aunt,

Gillian of Bramford, with a gowne about"

p 37, Shakespeare Soc reprint

Mon. Look to her, good wenches

Mist Wafer. Ay, so we will,—[*aside*] and to you too [*Aside to MIST TEN and MIST HONEY*] This was excellent.

[*Exeunt MISTRESS TENTFRIDOOK, MISTRESS HONEY, SICKLE, and MISTRESS WAFER*]

Whirl. This is strange

Lin. Villanous spiteful luck! No matter, th'other two hold bias

Whirl. Peace! mark how he's nipt nothing grieves me so much as that poor Pyramus here must have a wall this night between him and his Thisbe

Mon. No remedy, trusty Troilus and it grieves me as much that you'll want your false Cressida to night, for here's no Sir Pandarus to usher you into your chamber

Lin. I'll summon a pailey to one of the wenches, and see how all goes

Mon. No whispering with the common enemy, by this iron he sees the devil that sees how all goes amongst the women to night. N. y., foot, if I stand piping till you dance, damn me

Lin. Why, you'll let me call to 'em but at the key hole?

Mon. Pooh, good Master Linstock, I'll not stand by whilst you give fire at your key holes. I'll hold no trencher till another feeds, no stirrup till another gets up, be no door keeper I ha' not been so often at court, but I know what the backside of the hangings are made of, I'll trust none under a piece of tipcatry, namely a coverlet

Whirl. What will you say if the wenches do this to gull us?

Mon. No matter, I'll not be doubly gulled, by them and by you go, will you take the lease of the next chamber, and do as I do?

Whirl, Lin. And what's that?

Mon. Any villany in your company, but nothing out on't Will you sit up, or lie by t?

Whirl. Nay, lie, sure, for lying is most in fashion

Mon. Troth, then, I'll have you before me.

Whirl, Lin. It shall be yours

Mon. Yours, i' faith I'll play Junus with two faces, and look asquint both ways for one night

Lin. Well, sir, you shall be our door keeper

Mon. Since we must swim, let's leap into one flood

We'll either be all naught, or else all good

Exeunt

SCENE II *

Enter a Noise of Fiddlers,† following the CHAMBERLAIN

Cham. Come, come, come, follow me, follow me I warrant, you ha' lost more by not falling into a sound ‡ last night, than ever you got at one job since it pleased to make you a noise I can tell you, gold is no money with em Follow me, and fun as you go you shall put something into their ears, whilst I provide to put something into their bellies Follow close, and fun

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III §

Enter SIR GO LOVE GLOWWORM and MISTRESS BURLINGE pulled along by her

Sir Gos. What kin art thou to Long Meg of Westminster? || thou art like her

Burl. Somewhat like, sir, at a blush, nothing akin, sir, siving in hight of mind, and that she was a goodly woman

Sir Gos. May Ambree,* || do not you know me? and not I a sight of this sweet phynomy at Rhenish wine house ha' last day, i' the Stillard, ha' ** Whither art bound, galleyfoist? † † whither art bound? whence comest thou, faine de yeoman o' the guard?

Burl. From London sir

Sir Gos. Dost come to keep the door As apart? † †

Burl. My reputations rather is to speak with the gentlewomen here that drunk with your worship at the Dutch house of meeting

Sir Gos. Drunk with me? you lie, not drunk with me but, faith, what wouldst with the

* *See II* | The same A lobby in the same

† *A Noise of Fiddlers* | See note § p. 232

‡ *note* | I need hardly observe that the Chamberlain is quibbling here—*sound* being the usual form of *soon* when this play was written

§ *Scene III* | The same A room in the same

|| *Long Meg of Westminster* | An Amazon often alluded to by our old writers She was the heroine of a play, named after her and first acted in 1594 as we learn from Henslow's *Dial* She also figured in a ballad entered on the Stationers' books in that year In 1625 appeared a tract entitled *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster concerning the most merry pranks she played in her lifetime &c*

¶ *Mary Ambree* | Was as famous as the Lady Isolt mentioned *The valorous acts performed at Court by the brave boar-huntress Mary Ambree who in revenge of her lovers death led along her part most gallantlike* may be found in *Lucy's Reliques* vol. ii p. 240, ed. 1812

** *the Rhenish wine house* | *the Stillard* | See note *, p. 217

†† *galleyfoist* | A large barge with oars When our old writers talk of 'the galleyfoist,' they mean the Lord Mayor of London's barge The word is formed of *galley*, and *foist*, a light vessel,—*see* *Juste*

‡‡ *As apart* | A renowned grant, whom Sir Bevis of Southampton conquered

women? they are a bed Art not a midwife? one of 'em told me thou wert a nightwoman

[Music within the Fiddlers]

Bud I ha' brought some women a bed in my time, sir

Sir Gos Ay, and some young men too, hast not, Pandora?—How now! where's this noise?

Bud I'll commit your worship—

Sir Gos To the stocks? art a justice? shalt not commit me

Enter Fiddlers

Dance first, faith—Why, scoundrels, appear under the wenches' comical window,* by the Lord! Uds dagers, cannot sin be set ashore once in a reign upon your country quarters, but it must have fiddling? what set of villains are you, you perpetual ragamuffins?

First Fid The town consort,† sin

Sir Gos Consort, with a pox! cannot the shaking of the sheets‡ be danced without your town piping? nay, then, let all hell roar

First Fid I beseech you, sir, put up yours, and well put up ours

Sir Gos Play, you lousy Hungarians § sec, look the Maypole is set up, we'll dance about it—Keep this cue, maquerelle||

Bud I am no mucker, and I'll keep no circles

Sir Gos Play, life of Plincoln, ply the bawd shall teach me a Scotch jig

Bud Bawd! I defy thee and thy jigs, whatso ever thou art were I in place where, I'd make thee prove thy words

Sir Gos I would prove 'em, Mother Best be trust why, do not I know you, grammar? and thit sugar-loaf?¶ h'! do I not, Megera?

Bud I am none of your Mags do not nick name me so, I will not be nicked

* *Why, scoundrels, appear under the wenches' comical window.* If this be right, I cannot explain it if it be wrong, I cannot set it right (In the first ed. of the present work I queried "*the comical wenches' window* ")

† *consort*] See note on "*Westward Ho*, act i. sc. 1, p. 260
‡ *the shaking of the sheets*] The name of an old dance, often mentioned with a double entendre by our early dramatists

§ *Hungarians*] A cant term, alluding either to the Hungarians who once overrun a considerable part of Europe, or to the condition of the persons addressed,—*hungry fellows* See notes of Shakspeare commentators on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. iii

|| *maquerelle*] i. e. bawd pandress. *Maquerelle* has,

'Yet, howsoever this *Maquerelle* trade,

She's tano in court and city for a maid'

The Honest Cheat It. 8, p. 19

And the old pandress in *The Malcontent* (which forms a portion of this collection) is named *Maquerelle*

¶ *sugar loaf*] i. e. high crowned hat

Sir Gos You will not, you will not! how many of my name, of the glowworms, have paid for your furred gowns, thou woman's broker?

Bud No, sir, I scorn to be beholding to any glowworm that lives upon earth for my fur I can keep myself warm without glowworms

Sir Gos Canst sing, woodpecker? come, sing and wake 'em

Bud Would you should well know it, I am no singing woman

Sir Gos How! then 'afoot, sing or how', or I'll break your ostrich egg shell there

Bud My egg hurts not you what do you mean, to flourish so?

Sir Gos Sing, Madge, Madge, sing, owl!

Bud How can I sing with such a sour face? I am haunted with a cough and cannot sing

Sir Gos One of your instruments, mounte bunks—Come, here, clutch, clutch

Bud Alas, sir, I am an old woman, and know not how to clutch an instrument

Sir Gos Look, mark to and fro, as I rub it make a noise, it's no matter, any hunt's-up* to waken vice

Bud I shall never rub it in tune

Sir Gos Will you scrape?

Bud So you will let me go in to the parties, I will saw and make a noise

Sir Gos Do, then sh'it in to the parties, and put 'em, sh'it, my le m lena

Bud If I must needs play the fool in my old days, let me have the biggest instrument, because I can hold that best I shall cough like a broken winded horse, if I gape once to sing once

Sir Gos No matter, cough out thy lungs

Bud No, sir, though I'm old and worm eaten, I'm not so rotten [Coughs]

A Song †

Will your worship be rid of me now?

Sir Gos Fun, as rich men's heirs would be of their gouty dads That's the hot house where your putics are sweating ramble, go, tell the ladies I have sent 'em a mast to their ship

Bud Yes, forsooth, I'll do your errand. [Exit]

Sir Gos Half masty still, by thundering Jove! With what wedge of villany might I cleave out an hour or two?—Fiddlers, come, strike up, march before me the chamberlain shall put a crown for you into his bill of items You shall sing bawdy songs under every window i'tho

* *hunt's up*] Means properly a tune played to rouse sportsmen in the morning

† *A Song*] See note †, p. 45

town up will the clowns start, down come the wenches, we'll set the men a fighting, the women a scolding, the dogs a barking, you shall be on fiddling, and I follow dancing Lantier carry your instruments, play, and away

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *

Enter TERTIUS, HONEYSUCKLE, WAFER, JUSTINIANO and MISTRESS JUSTINIANO, with AMBUSH and Chamberlain

Honey Sergeant Ambush, as thou art an honest fellow, scout in some back room, till the watch would be given for sallying forth

Amb Dun's the mouse,†

[*Exit*]

Ten A little low woman, sayest thou, in a velvet cap, and one of 'em in a beaver?—Brother Honeysuckle, and brother Wafer, hark, they are they

Wafer But art sure then husbands are a bed with 'em?

Cham I think so, sir, I know not. I left 'em together in one room, and what division fall amongst 'em the fates can discover, not I

Ten Leave us, good chamberlain, we are some of their friends, leave us, good chamberlain, be merry a little, leave us, honest chamberlain

[*Exit* Chamberlain]

We are abused, we are bought and sold in Drury-lane market, never did the sickness of one belied nurse-child stick so cold to the hearts of three fathers, never were three innocent citizens so horribly, so abominably wronged under the withers

Honey, Wafer What shall we do? how shall we help ourselves?

Honey How shall we pull this thorn out of our foot, before it rankle?

Ten Yes, yes, yes, well enough, one of us stay here to watch, do you see? to watch, have an eye, have an ear. I, and my brother Wafer, and Master Justiniano, will set the town on an insurrection, bring hither the constable and his bill men, break open upon 'em, take 'em in their wickedness, and put 'em to their purgation

Honey, Wafer Agreed

Just Ha, ha, purgation!

Ten We'll have 'em before some country justice of coram (for we scorn to be bound to the peace), and this justice shall draw his sword in

our defence, if we find 'em to be malefactors, we'll tickle 'em

Honey Agreed, do not say, but do not come

Just Are you mad? do you know what you do? whither will you run?

Ten, Honey, Wafer To set the town in an uproar

Just An uproar! will you make the townsmen think that Londoners never come hither but upon Saint Thomas's night? Say you should rattle up the constable, thrust all the country together, hedge in the house with flint, pike-staves, and pitch forks, take your wives nipping these western smelts nibbling and that, like so many Vulcans, every smith should discover his Venus dancing with Mars in a net,—would this plaster cure the headache?

Ten Ay, it would

Honey, Wafer * Nay, it should

Just *Nego, nego*, no, no, it shall be proved unto you, your heads would ache worse when women are proclaimed to be light, they strive to be more light, for who dare disprove a proclamation?

Ten Ay, but when light wives make heavy husbands, let these husbands play mad Hamlet,† and cry "Revenge!" Come, and we'll do so

Mist Just Pray, stay, be not so heady, at my entreaty

Just My wife entreats you, and I entreat you, to have mercy on yourselves though you have none over the women. I'll tell you a tale. This last Christmas, a citizen and his wife, as it might be one of you, were invited to the revels one night at one of the Inns of Court. The husband, having business, trusts his wife thither to take up a room for him before she did so, but before she went, doubts arising what blocks her husband would stumble at to hinder his entrance, it was consulted upon by what token, by what trick, by what banner or brooch, he should be known to be he when he rapped at the gate.

Ten, Honey, Wafer Very good

Just The crowd, he was told, would be greater, their clamours greater, and able to drown the throats of a shoal of fishwives. He himself, therefore, devises an excellent watchword, and the sign at which he would hang out himself should be a horn, he would wind his horn, and that should give 'em warning that he was come

* Scene IV.] The same. An outer room in the same.
† Dun's the mouse.] See the notes of the commentators on

"Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word" Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc.

* HONEY, WAFER.] The old ed. "All"

† play mad Hamlet, and cry "Revenge!" One of the numerous passages in contemporary writers which attest the popularity of Shakespeare's Hamlet

Ten, Honey, Wafer So

Just The torchmen and whiffiers* had an item to receive him—he comes, rings out his horn with an alarm, enters with a shout, all the house rises, thinking some sow gelder pressed in,† his wife blushed, the company jested, the simple man like a beggar going to the stocks, laughed, as not being sensible of his own disgrace and hereupon the punics set down this decree, that no man shall hereafter come to laugh at their revels, if his wife be entered before him, unless he carry his horn about him

Wafer I'll not trouble them

Just So, if you trumpet abroad and preach at the market-cross your wives shame, 'tis your own shame

Ten, Honey, Wafer What shall we do, then?

Just Take my counsel, I'll ask no fee for't bar out host, banish mine hostess, beat away the chamberlain, let the ostlers walk, enter you the chambers peaceably, lock the doors gingerly, look upon your wives wofully, but upon the evil-doers most wickedly

Ten What shall we reap by this?

Just An excellent harvest, this—you shall hear the poor mouse trapped guilty gentlemen call for mercy, your wives you shall see kneeling at your feet, and weeping, and winking, and blushing, and cursing Brunford, and crying *Pardonnez moi, pardonnez moi, pardonnez moi!* whilst you have the choice to stand either as judges to condemn 'em, bevilles to torment 'em, or confessors to absolve 'em. And what a glory will it be for you three, to kiss your wives like forgetful husbands to exhort and forgive the young men like pitiful fathers, then to call for oars, then to cry "Hoy for London!" then to make a supper,

* *whiffiers* * The term is undoubtedly borrowed from *whistle*, another name for a fife or small flute, for whiffiers were originally those who preceded armies or processions as fifers or pipers. In process of time the term *whiffier* which had always been used in the sense of a *fifer*, came to signify any person who went before in a procession. Minshew in his *Dictionary* 1617, describes him to be a club or staff bearer. Sometimes the whiffiers carried white staves" &c.—Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. 1 p. 507

† *thinking some sow gelder pressed in*

"Have ye any work for the sow of *lady*, ho?"

My horn goes to high, to low, to high to low!"

Song by Higgen, disguised as a sow gelder, in Fletcher's *Heggars Bush*, act iii sc. 1

"And so much credit now attends it [i.e. the horn] daily, That every common crier, petio bully, Swine herds, and brauc sow gelders,* in a pride Doe beare a home low dangling by their side"

Breton's *Cornu copie*, *Pasquill's Night-cap*, &c., p. 108, ed. 1612

then to drown all in sack and sugar, then to go to bed, and then to rise and open shop, where you may ask any man what he lacks, with your cap off, and none shall perceive whether the brains wring you

Ten We'll raise no towns

Honey No, no, let's knock first

Wafer Ay, that's best I'll summon a parley
[Knocks]

Must Ten [within] Who's there? have you stock-fish in hand, that you beat so hard? who are you?

Ten That's my wife let Justiano speak, for all they know our tongues.

Must Ten [within] What a murrain ul these colts, to keep such a kicking!—Monopoly!

Just Yes

Must Ten [within] Is Master Linstock up too, and the captain?

Just Both are in the field will you open your door?

Must Ten [within] O, you are proper gamesters, to bring false dice with you from London to cheat yourselves! Is't possible that three shallow women should gull three such gull-ants?

Ten What means this?

Must Ten [within] Have we defied you upon the walls all night, to open our gates to you! the morning? Our honest husbands, they (silly men) lie prying in their beds now, that the wits under us may not be rough, the tilt that covers us may not be rent, and the straw about our feet may keep our pretty legs warm. I warrant they walk upon Queenhive, as Leander did for Hero, to watch for our landing and should we wrong such kind hearts? would we might ever be troubled with the toothache, then!

Ten This thing that makes fools of us thus, is my wife
[Knocks]

Must Wafer [within] Ay, ay, knock your bellies full we hug one another a bed, and lie laughing till we tickle again, to remember how we sent you a bat fowling

Wafer An almond, parrot * that's my Mabs voice, I know by the sound

* *An almond, parrot* A sort of proverbial expression
In almon now for Parrot, dilycately drest

Skelton's *Spyke, Parrot*—*Works*, ii. 4. ed. Dyce

"*An Almonde for Parrot, a Rope for Parrot*"

Houghton's *Englishmen for my money*, 1616, sig. G 3

"*Here's an almond for parrot*"

Dekker and Middleton's *Honest Whore (Part First)*—

Middleton's *Works*, iii. 112, ed. Dyce

An Almond for a Parrot n.d., attributed to Nash, is a memorable production, and one of the poems of the

Just 'Sfoot, you ha' spoiled half already, and you'll spoil all, if you dam not up your mouths Villany! nothing but villany! I'm afraid they have smelt your breaths at the key-hole, and now they set you to catch flounders, whilst in the meantime the concupiscentious malefactors make 'em ready, and take London napping

Ten, Honey, Wafer I'll not be gulled so

Ten Show yourselves to be men, and break open doors

Just Break open doors, and show yourselves to be beasts! If you break open doors, your wives may lay flat burglary to your charge

Honey Lay a pudding! burglary!

Just Will you, then, turn *Corydons** because you are among clowns? Shall it be said you have no brains, being in Brainford?

Ten, Honey, Wafer Master Parenthesis, we will enter and set upon 'em

Just Well, do so, but enter not so that all the country may cry shame of your doings knock 'em down, burst open Erebus, and bring an old house over your heads, if you do

Wafer No matter, we'll bear it off with head and shoulders [Knocks]

Miss Wafer [within] You cannot enter, indeed, la—[Looks out] God's my pittikin, our three husbands summon a parley let that long old woman either creep under the bed, or else stand upright behind the painted cloth [Disappears]

Wafer Do you hear, you Mabel?

Miss Wafer [looking out] Let's never hide our heads now, for we are discovered

Honey But all this while my Honeysuckle appears not

Just Why, then, two of them have pitched their tents there, and yours lies in ambuscado with your enemy there

Honey Stand upon your guard there, whilst I batter here [Knocks]

Mon [within] Who's there?

Just Hold, I'll speak in a small voice, like one of the women—Here's a friend are you up? rise, rise, stir, stir

Mon [within] Ud's foot, what weasel are you? are you going to catch quails, that you bring your pipes with you? I'll see what troubled ghost it is that cannot sleep [Looks out]

Ten O, Master Monopoly, God save you!

Mon Amen, for the last time I saw you, the devil was at mine elbow in buff What! three merry men, and three merry men, and three merry men* be we too

Hon How does my wife, Master Monopoly?

Mon Who? my overthwart† neighbour—passing well—this is kindly done Sir Gosling is not far from you, well join our armies presently, here be rare fields to walk in—Captain, rise, Captain Linstock, bestir your stumps, for the Philistines are upon us

[Disappears]

Ten This Monopoly is an ardent knave, a coggling knave, for all he's a courtier if Monopoly be suffered to ride up and down with other men's wives, he'll undo both city and country

Enter MISTRESS TENTHROCK, MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE, and MISTRESS WAFER

Just Moll, mask thyself, they shall not know thee.

Miss Ten,
Miss Honey, } How now, sweethearts! what
Miss Wafer } make you here?

Wafer Not that which you make here

Ten Marry, you make bulls of your husbands

Miss Ten Buzzards, do we not? out, you yellow infirmities! do all flowers show in your eyes like columbines?

Wafer Wife, what says the collier? is not thy soul blacker than his coals? how does the child? how does my flesh and blood, wife?

Miss Wafer Your flesh and blood is very well recovered now, mouse

Wafer I know 'tis the collier has a sackful of news to empty

Ten Clare, where be your two rings with diamonds?

Miss Ten At hand, sir, here, with a wet finger

Ten I dreamed you had lost 'em—[Aside] What a profane violet is this shoulder clapper, to lie thus upon my wife and her rings!

Enter MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, and LINSTOCK

Mon,
Whirl, } Save you, gentlemen!
Lin

* three merry men, and three merry men, &c.] A fragment of an old song See my edition of *Puck's Hark* vol. 1 p. 208, sec. ed., and the notes of the commentators on *Shakespeare's Twelfth Night*, act II. sc. 1

† overthwart] Generally used for cross, contrivacious—but here it seems merely to mean opposite as in *The Merry Devil of Belmont*, 1626 Body of Saint George, this is mine overthwart neighbour hath done this" Sig. F 2

indefatigable Wither is called *Amegdala Britannica*, *Almonds for Parrets*, 1647

* *Corydons*] "The name of this unfortunate shepherd of Virgil [*Corydon*] seems to have suggested to our old writers a certain mixture of rusticity and folly"

Gifford's Note on Ben Jonson's *Worke*, vol. 1 p. 40

Ten,
Honey, } And you, and our wives from you!
Waffer }

Mon Your wives have saved themselves, for one

Ten Master Monopoly, though I meet you in High Germany, I hope you can understand broken English, have you discharged your debt?

Mon Yes, sir, with a double change, your harpy that set his ten commandments upon my back, had two diamonds to save him humbles

Ten Of you, sir?

Mon Me, sir, do you think there be no diamond cutters?

Ten Sergeant Ambush, issue forth!

Re-enter Ambush

Monopoly, I'll cut off your convoy—Master Sergeant Ambush, I charge you, as you hope to receive comfort from the smell of mace, speak not like a sergeant, but deal honestly of whom had you the diamonds?

Amb Of your wife, sir, if I'm an honest man

Mist Ten Of me, you pewter-buttoned rascal!

Mon Sirrah, you that live by nothing but the carrion of Poultry,—

Mist Ten Schoolmaster, hark hither

Mon Where are my gems and precious stones, that were my bail?

Amb Forthcoming, sir, though your money is not, your creditor has 'em

Just Excellent! peace!—Why, Master Tenterhook, if the diamonds be of the reported value, I'll pay you money, receive 'em, keep 'em till Master Monopoly be fatter i' the purse,—for, Master Monopoly, I know you will not be long empty, Master Monopoly

Mist Ten Let him have 'em, good Tenterhook where are they?

Ten At home, I locked 'em up

Enter MISTRESS BIRDLING

Bird No, indeed, forsooth, I locked 'em up, and those are they your wife has, and those are they your husband, like a bad liver as he is, would have given to a niece of mine, that lies in my house to take physic, to have committed fleshly treason with her

Ten I at your house! you old —

Bird You, perdy, and that honest bachelor never call me old for the matter

Mist Honey Motherly woman, he's my husband, and no bachelor's buttons are at his doublet

Bird 'Las, I speak innocently and that lean

gentleman set in his staff there But, as I'm a sinner, both I and the young woman had an eye to the main chance, and though they brought more about 'em than Captain Cavendish's voyage* came to, they should not, nor could not, unless I had been a naughty woman, have entered the straits

Mist Ten,
Mist Honey, } Have we smelt you out, foxes?
Mist Waffer }

Mist Ten Do you come after us with hue and cry, when you are the thieves yourselves?

Mist Honey Murder, I see, cannot be hid but if this old sibyl of yours speak oracles, for my part, I'll be like an almanac that threatens nothing but foul weather

Ten That bawd has been damned five hundred times, and is her word to be taken?

Just To be damned once is enough for a y one of her coat

Bud Why, sir, what is my coat, that you sit thus upon my skirts?

Just Thy coat is an ancient coat, one of the seven deadly sins put thy coat first to making but do you hear? you mother of iniquity! you that can lose and find your ears when you list! go, sail with the rest of your bawdy traffickers to the place of sixpenny sinfulness, the suburbs

Bud I scorn the sinfulness of any suburbs in Christendom 'tis well known I have uprisers and down liers within the city, night by night, like a profane fellow as thou art

Just Right, I know thou hast—I'll tell you, gentlefolks, there's more resort to this fortune teller, than of forlorn wives married to old husbands, and of green sickness wenches that can get no husbands, to the house of a wise woman she has tricks to keep a vaulting house under the law's nose

Bud Thou dost the law's nose wrong, to believe me so.

* *Captain Cavendish's voyage*] The name of Thomas Cavendish (—who, sailing from Plymouth in 1586, with three insignificant vessels, plundered the coast of New Spain and Peru, captured, off California, a Spanish admiral of seven hundred tons, and having circumnavigated the globe, returned to England with a very large fortune, in 1598—) is frequently abbreviated by our old writers so Bromo.

"Cavendish and Hawkins Furbisher, all our voyagers, Went short of Mandevile"

The Antipodes, 1640, Sig. C 3

This contraction is scarce yet out of use.

"When Chatsworth tastes no Cavendish bounties,

Let fame forget this costly countess"

Epitaph by Horace Walpole, in his *Letters to Montagu*, p. 207

Just. For either a cunning woman has a chamber in her house, or a physician, or a picture-maker, or an attorney, because all these are good cloaks for the rain. And then, if the female party that's clouted above-stairs be young, she's a squire's daughter of low degree, that lies there for physic, or comes up to be placed with a countess, if of middle age, she's a widow, and has suits at the term or so.

Mist Honey. O, fie upon her! burn the witch out of our company.

Mist Ten. Let's hem her out of Brainford, if she get not the faster to London.

Mist Wafer. O, no, for God's sake! rather hem her out of London, and let her keep in Brainford still.

Bird. No, you cannot hem me out of London.—Had I known this, your rings should ha' been posed ere I would ha' touched 'em. I will take a pair of oars and leave you. *[Exit]*

Just. Let that ruin of intemperance be raked up in dust and ashes. And now tell me, if you had raised the town, had not the tales tumbled upon your heads? for you see your wives are chaste, these gentlemen civil, all as but a merriment, all but a May-game. She has her diamonds, you shall have your money, the child is recovered, the false collier discovered, they came to Brainford to be merry, you were caught in Birdlime and therefore set the hare's head against the goose giblets,* put all instruments in tune, and every husband play music upon the lips of his wife, whilst I begin first.

Ten,
Honey, } Come, wenches, bet so
Wafer }

* *at the hare's head against the goose giblets* } A proverbial expression, signifying to balance things, to set one against another. compare *Fields Amends for Law is*, sig. B 3, ed. 1619, and Middleton's *A Trick to catch the old one*,—*Works*, II 78, ed. Dyce. Sometimes it occurs with a slight variation: "set the Hare Pye against the Goose giblets." *Rowley's Match at Midnight*, 1611, sig. I 2. "Ide set mine olde debts against my new driblets, and the hare's foot against the goose giblets." *Dekker's Shoemakers Holiday*, 1600, sig. C.

Mist. Ten. Mistress Justiniano, is't you were ashamed all this while of showing your face?—Is she your wife, schoolmaster?

Just. Look you, your schoolmaster has been in France, and lost his hair,* no more Parenthesis now, but Justiniano. I will now play the merchant with you. Look not strange at her, nor at me: the story of us both shall be as good as an old wife's tale, to cut off our way to London.

Enter Chamberlain

How now!

Cham. Alas, sir, the knight yonder, Sir Gosling, has almost his throat cut by poulterers and townsmen and rascals, and all the noise that went with him, poor fellows, have their fiddle-cases pulled over their ears.

Omnes. Is Sir Gosling hurt?

Cham. Not much hurt, sir[s], but he bleeds like a pig, for his crown's cracked.

Mist Honey. Then has he been twice cut i' the head since we landed, once with a pottle-pot, and now with old uon.

Just. Gentlemen, hasten to his rescue some, whilst others call for oars.

Omnes. Away, then, to London.

Just. Farewell, Brainford—

Gold that buys health can never be ill spent,
Nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.

SONG

Ours ours, ours, ours!
To London, hey! to London, hey!
Hoist up sails, and let's away,
For the safest way
For us to land is London shore.
Ours ours, ours, ours!
Quickly shall we get to land,
If you, if you, if you
Send us but half a hind
O, lend us half a hind!

[Repeat]

* *Look you your schoolmaster has been in France, and lost his hair* } Here we must suppose Justiniano to pull off the false hair which assisted his disguise. He alludes to the effects of the venereal, or, as it was called, the French disease.

NORTHWARD HO.

Northward Ho Sundry times Acted by the Children of Pauls By Thomas Ducker and John Webster 1674
at London by G. Fild 1607 4to

Concerning the origin of the title of this comedy see the prefatory remarks to the preceding play

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAYBERRY
BELLAMONT
PHILIP
CRENSHIELD
FEATHERSTONE
EVERFOOT
CHARTLEY
HOTNIT
HANS VAN BUREN
ALICE
CAPTAIN JENKINS
JALFRO
SOLIERE
Chamberlain
Prentice
Tailor
FALMOON
Musicians, Sergeants, Keepers, Fiddlers, Tapsters, Servants.

MISTRESS MAYBERRY
KATE
DOIT
BARD
Hostess
Maids

NORTHWARD HO

ACT I

SCENE I *

Enter GREENSHIELD and FEATHERSTONE, booted

Feath Art sure old Mayberry runs here to-night?

Green 'Tis certain the honest knave chamberlain, that hath been my informer, my bawd, ever since I knew Ware, assures me of it, and more, being a Londoner, though altogether unacquainted, I have requested his company at supper

Feath Excellent occasion! how we shall curry ourselves in this business is only to be thought upon

Green Be that my undertaking if I do not take a full revenge of his wife's punitious coyneys!

Feath Suppose it she should be chaste?

Green O, hang her! this art of seeming honest makes many of our young sons and heirs in the city look so like our prentices —Chamberlain!

Enter Chamberlain

Cham Here, sir

Green This honest knave is called Innocence isn't not a good name for a chamberlain? He dwelt at Dunstable not long since, and hath brought me and the two butchers daughters thither to interview twenty times, and not so little, I protest —How chanco you left Dunstable, sirrah?

Cham Faith, sir, the town drooped ever since the peace in Ireland Your captains were wont to take their leaves of their London pole-cats (their wenches I mean, sir,) at Dunstable the next morning, when they had broke their fast together, the wenches brought them to Hockley the-Hole, and so the one for London, the other

for West Chester * Your only road now, sir, is York, York, sir

Green True, but yet it comes scant of the prophecy,—Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be

Cham Yes, sir, 'tis fulfilled, York shall be, that is, it shall be York still surely, it was the meaning of the prophet—Will you have some tiny fish and a spitcheek?

Feath. And a fat trout

Cham You shall, sir —The Londoners you wot of [Exit

Enter MAYBERRY and BILLAMONT

Green Most kindly welcome I beseech you hold our boldness excused, sir

Bill Sir, it is the health of travellers to enjoy good company will you walk?

Feath. Whither travel you, I beseech you?

May To London, sir we came from Sturbridge

Bill I tell you, gentlemen, I have observed very much with being at Sturbridge,† it hath

* *West Chester*] On their way to Ireland "My refuge is Ireland or Virginia, he easily cries out, and I will presently to Westchester" Cook's *Green's Tu Quoque* sig B, ed. 1622 "Hec came into Ireland, where at Dublin hee was stricken lame, but recovering new strength and courage, hee ship'd himselfe for England, land'd at Westchester, whence taking poste towards London, hee lodg'd at Hockley in the Hole, in his way," &c. Taylor the water poet's *Praise of cleane Linnen*,—*Works*, 1630, p. 170 It may perhaps be necessary to add, that the ancient city of Chester is called *West* (Chester, from its relative situation, to distinguish it from several other towns which bear the name of Chester with some addition

† *I have observed very much with being at Sturbridge*] Sturbridge fair, from which our two travellers are just come, is mentioned by old Skelton,

"And syllogisari was drowned at Sturbrydge fayre"

Speke, Parrot,—*Works*, il 9, ed. Dyce.

And it was resorted to both for business and pleasure

* Scene I] Ware A room in an inn

afforded me mirth beyond the length of five Latin comedies. Here should you meet a Norfolk yeoman full butt, with his head able to overturn you, and his pretty wife, that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hardness of her husband's forehead, in the goose-market number of freshmen, stuck here and there with a graduate, like cloves with great heads in a gammon of bacon, here two gentlemen making a marriage between their heirs over a woolpack, there a ministers wife that could speak false Latin very hispingly, here two in one corner of a shop, Londoners, selling their wares, and other gentlemen court ing their wives, where they take up petticoats, you should find scholars and town's men's wives crowding together, while their husbands were in another market busy amongst the oxen,—'twas like a camp, for in other countries so many punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent description of it in a comedy.—But whither are you travelling, gentlemen?

Feath Faith, sir, we purposed a dangerous voyage, but upon better consideration we altered our course.

May May we without offence partake the ground of it?

Green 'Tis altogether trivial, in sooth, but, to pass away the time till supper, I'll deliver it to you, with protestation before hand, I seek not to publish every gentlewoman's dishonour, only by the passage of my discourse to have you censure* the state of our quarrel.

Bell Forth, sir.

Green Frequenting the company of many merchants' wives in the city, my heart by chance leaped into mine eye to affect the fairest, but withal the falsest, creature that over affection stooped to.

May Of what rank was she, I beseech you?

Feath Upon your promise of secrecy?

* *Bell* You shall close it up like treasure of

long after the present play was produced. Ned Ward wrote a piece full of low humour, called *A Step to Star Buck Fair* see the second vol of his works, p. 248, ed 1706. The reader who is desirous of authentic information on such matters will find a long and curious account of Sturbridge fair in Dufosse's *Tour through Britain*, vol. 1 p. 63, sqq., ed 1712. 'it is not only,' says he, 'the greatest in the whole nation, but I think in Europe, nor is the Fair at Lepsack in Saxony, the Mart at Frankfort on the Main or the Fairs at Nuremberg or Augsburg, reputed any way comparable to this at Sturbridge.'

* censure] i.e. judge of, give an opinion on

your own, and yourself shall keep the key of it.*

Green She was, and by report still is, wife to a most grave and well-reputed citizen.

May And entertained your love?

Green As meadows do April. The violence, as it seemed, of her affection—but, alas, it proved her dissembling—would, at my coming and departing, bedew her eyes with love drops. O, she could† the art of woman most feelingly!

Bell Most feelingly!

May I should not have liked that feelingly, had she been my wife—Give us some sack, here!—and, in faith,—we are all friends, and in private,—what was her husband's name?—I'll give you a carouse by and by.

Green O, you shall pardon me his name: it seems you are a citizen, it would be discourse enough for you upon the Exchange this fortnight, should I tell his name.

Bell Your modesty in this wife's commendation!—On, sir.

Green In the passage of our loves, amongst other favours of greater value, she bestowed upon me this ring, which, she protested, was her husband's gift.

May The posy, the posy?—[*Aside*] O my heart! that ring?—Good, in faith.

Green Not many nights coming to her, and being familiar with her,—

May Kissing, and so forth?

Green Ay, sir.

May And talking to her feelingly?

Green Pox on't, I lay with her.

May Good, in faith, you are of a good complexion.

Green Lying with her, as I say, and rising somewhat early from her in the morning, I lost this ring in her bed.

May [*aside*] In my wife's bed!

Feath How do you, sir?

May Nothing—Let's have a fire, chamberlain!—I think my boots have taken water, I have such a shuddering—I'll the bed, you say?

Green Right, sir, in Mistress Mayberry's sheets.

May Was her name Mayberry?

Green Beshrew my tongue for blabbing! I presume upon your secrecy.

* and yourself shall keep the key of it] From Shakespeare,

"'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it."

Hamlet, act 1 sc. 3.

† could] i.e. knew, understood

May O God, sir! but where did you find your loving!

Green Where I found her falseness,—with this gentleman, who, by his own confession, partaking the like enjoyment, found this ring the same morning on her pillow, and shamed not in my sight to wear it

May What, did she talk feelingly to him too? I warrant, her husband was forth o' town all this while, and he, poor man, travelled with hard eggs in's pocket, to save the charge of a bait, whilst she was at home with her plovers, turkey, chickens Do you know that Mayberry?

Feath No more than by name

May He's a wondrous honest man—Let's be merry—Will not your mistress—gentlemen, you are tenants in common, I take it?

Feath, } Yes
Green }

May Will not your mistress make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no such legendem had been acted?

Green Yes, she hath reason for't for in some countries, where men and women have good travelling stomachs, they begin with porridge, then they fall to capon or so forth, but if capon come short of filling their bellies, to their porridge again, 'tis their only course so for our women in England

May This, with taking of long journeys, kindred that comes in o'er the hatch, and suing to Westminster, makes a number of cuckolds

Bell Fie, what an idle quarrel is this! Was this her ring?

Green Her ring, sir

May A pretty idle toy would you would take money for't!

Feath, }
Green } Money, sir!

May The more I look on't, the more I like it

Bell Troth, 'tis of no great value, and considering the loss and finding of this ring made breach into your friendship, gentlemen, with this trifling purchase his love I can tell you he keeps a good table

Green What, my mistress' gift!

Feath Faith, you are a merry old gentleman, I'll give you my part in't

Green Troth, and mine, with your promise to conceal it from her husband

May Doth he know of it yet?

Green No, sir

May He shall never, then, I protest look you, this ring doth fit me passing well

Feath I am glad we have fitted you

May This walking is wholesome I was a cold even now, now I sweat for't

Feath Shall's walk into the garden, Luke!—Gentlemen, we'll down and hasten supper

May Look you, we must be better acquainted, that's all

Green Most willingly—[*Aside to FEATH*] Excellent! he's heat to the proof let's withdraw, and give him leave to rave a little

[*Exit GREYSHIELD and FEATHERSTONE*]

May Chamberlain, give us a clean towel!

[*Re enter Chamberlain with towel*]

Bell How now, man!

May I am foolish old Mayberry, and yet I can be wise Mayberry too I'll to London presently—Be gone, sir [*Exit Chamberlain*]

Bell How, how!

May Nay, nay, God's precious, you do mistake me, Master Bellamont I am not distempered, for to know a man's wife is a whore, is to be resolved of it, and to be resolved of it, is to make no question of it, and when a case is out of question,—what was I saying?

Bell Why, look you, what a distraction are you fallen into!

May If a man be divorced, do you see, divorced *forma juris*, whether may he have an action or no 'gainst those that make horns at him?

Bell O madness! that the frailty of a woman should make a wise man thus idle! Yet, I protest, to my understanding, this report seems as far from truth as you from patience

May Then am I a fool, yet I can be wise, an I list, too what says my wedding ring?

Bell Indeed, that breeds some suspicion for the rest, most gross and open, for two men both to love your wife, both to enjoy her bed, and to meet you as if by miracle, and, not knowing you, upon no occasion in the world, to thrust upon you a discourse of a quarrel, with circumstance so dishonest, that not any gentleman but of the country blushing would have published, ay, and to name you. Do you know them?

May Faith, now I remember, I have seen them walk muffled by my shop

Bell Like enough pray God they do not borrow money of us 'twixt Ware and London! Come, strive to blow over these clouds

May Not a cloud, you shall have clean moonshine They have good smooth looks, the fellows.

Bell As yet they will take up, I warrant you, where they may be trusted Will you be merry?

May Wondrous merry —let's have some sack to drown this cuckold, down with him!—wondrous merry One word and no more, I am but a foolish tradesman, and yet I'll be a wise tradesman. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II *

Enter DOLL, led between LEVERPOOL and CHARTLEY, after them, PHILIP arrested, and Sergeants

Philip Arrest me! at whose suit?—Tom Chartley, Dick Leverpool, stay, I'm arrested

Chart, Lever, Doll Arrested!

First Serg Gentlemen, break not the head of the peace it's to no purpose, for he's in the law's clutches, you see he's fanged

Doll Ud's life, do you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and do nothing with 'em? Put one of 'em into my fingers, I'll tickle the purple nosed valets

Phil. Hold, Doll—Thrust not a weapon upon a mad woman—Officers, step back into the tavern you might ha' ta'en me i' the street, and not i' the tavern entry, you cannibals

Sec Serg We did it for your credit, sir

Chart How much is the debt?—Drawer, some wine!

Enter Drawer with wine

First Serg Fourscore pound—Can you send for bail, sir? or what will you do? we cannot stay

Doll You cannot, you pasty footed rascals! you will stay one day in hell

Phil Fourscore pounds draws deep—Farewell, Doll—Come, sergeants, I'll step to mine uncle not far off, hereby in Pudding lane, and he shall bail me—if not, Chartley, you shall find me playing at span counter†—and so, farewell send me some tobacco

First Serg Have an eye to his hands

Sec Serg Have an eye to his legs

[Exeunt PHILIP and Sergeants]

Doll I'm as melancholy now!

Chart Villanous, spiteful luck! I'll hold my life, some of these saucy drawers betwixt him

Draw We, sir! no, by gad, sir, we scorn to have a Judas in our company

Lever No, no, he was dogged in this is the end of all dicing

Doll This is the end of all whores, to fall into

the hands of knaves—Drawer, tie my shoe, prithee, the new knot, as thou seest this—Philip is a good honest gentleman I love him because he'll spend, but when I saw him on his father's hobby, and a brace of punks following him in a coach, I told him he would run out—Hast done, boy?

Draw Yes, forsooth by my troth, you have a dainty leg

Doll How now, Goodman rogue!

Draw Nay, sweet Mistress Doll

Doll Doll! you reprobate! out, you band for seven years by the custom of the city!

Draw Good Mistress Dorothy, the pox take me, if I touched your leg but to a good intent

Doll Prate you!—The rotten toothed rascal will for sixpence fetch any whore to his master's customers—and is every one that swears in a taffeta gown lettuce for your lips? Ud's life, this is rare, that gentlewomen and drawers must suck at one spiggot Do you laugh, you unseasonable pucker! do you grin?

Chart Away, drawer!—Hold, prithee, good rogue, hold, my sweet Doll a pox o' this swaggering! [Exit Drawer]

Doll Pox o' your guts, your kidneys! now, hang ye, rook!—I'm as melancholy now as Fleet street in a long vacation

Lever Melancholy! come, we'll ha' some mulled sack

Doll When begins the term?

Chart Why, hast any suits to be tried at Westminster?

Doll My suits, you base ruffian, have been tried at Westminster already So soon as ever the term begins, I'll change my lodging, it stands out o' the way I'll be about Charing cross, for if there be any stirrings, there we shall have 'em, or if some Dutchman would come from the States—O, these Flemings pay soundly for what they take

Lever If thou'lt have a lodging westward, Doll, I'll fit thee

Doll At Tyburn, will you not? a lodging of your providing! to be called a lieutenant's or a captain's wench! O, I scorn to be one of your Low country commodities, I! Is this body made to be maintained with provant and dead pay?†

* *pucker* This word, used often by our old writers in the sense of an empty, insignificant fellow, meant originally a sort of fungus "all the sallots are turn'd to Jewes ears, mushrooms, and Pucklers" Heywood and Brum's *Lancashire Witches*, 1634, Sig. E 4

† *provant and dead pay* "Provant" is—proviender, military allowance for "dead pay," see note *, p. 278

* *Scene II* London An outer room in a tavern

† *span-counter* A pun is intended here *span-counter* being a common game among boys, *counter*, the prison, to which if he could procure no bail, Philip was to be consigned

no, the mercer must be paid, and satin gowns must be ta'en up

Charl And gallon pots must be tumbled down

Doll Stry, I have had a plot a-breeding in my brains—Are all the quest houses broken up?^{*}

Lever Yea, long since what then?

Doll What then? murry, then is the wind come about, and so t those poor wenches, that before Christmas fled westward with bag and baggage, come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a northerly wind, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties come now dropping into the freedom by owl-light sneakingly

Charl But, Doll, what's the plot thou spakest of?

Doll Marry, this Gentlemen, and tobacco-stunkers, and such-like, are still buzzing where sweet-meats are, like flies, but they make any flesh stink that they blow upon I will leave those fellows, therefore, in the hands of their laundresses Silver is the king's stamp, mine God's stamp, and a woman is man's stamp, we are not current till we pass from one man to another

Lever, }
Charl } Very good

Doll I will, therefore, take a fair house in the city, no matter though it be a tavern that has blown up his master, it shall be in trade still, for I know divers taverns i' the town that have but a wall between them and a hot-house.† It shall then be given out that I'm a gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, have had such a breeding, and so forth, and of such a carriage,

^{*} Are all the quest houses broken up? About Christmas I believe, the aldermen and citizens of each ward in the city used to hold a quest to inquire concerning misdemeanours and unquietness, brothels &c. *Quest houses* were the houses where the quest was held and which were usually the chief watchhouses. Doll, in her next speech, alludes to the shifts made by the ladies when driven out of the city, and their private return when they no longer feared the quest

From a passage in one of Middleton's plays it appears that gaming was sometimes carried on there "Such a day I lost fifty pound in higger-mugger at dice, at the quest house" *Any thing for a quiet life*,—*Works*, iv 42b, ed Dyce

Quest houses generally adjoined churches "But you may say it is like a farthing candle in a great church I answer, that light will not enlighten the by chapels of the church, nor the quest house, nor the belfry, neither doth the light move the church, though it enlightens it" *Philosophical Letters* by the Duchess of Newcastle, 1664, p 189

† so] The old ed "for"

‡ a hot-house] See note †, p 209

and such qualities, and so forth to set it off the better, old Jack Hornet shall take upon him to be my father

Lever Excellent! with a chain about his neck, and so forth

Doll For that Saint Martin's and we will talk * I know we shall have gudgeons bite presently, if they do, boys, you shall live like knights fellows as occasion serves, you shall wear liveries and wait, but when gulls are my wind-fills, you shall be gentlemen and keep them company Seek out Jack Hornet incontinently

Lever We will—Come, Charitley—We'll play our parts, I warrant

Doll Do so

The world's a stage, from which strange shapes we borrow,

Today we are honest, and rank knaves to-morrow [Lever]

SCENE III †

Enter MAYBERRY, BELLAMONT, and a Pricotie

May Where is your mistress, villain? when went she abroad?

Pren Abroad, sir? why, as soon as she was up, sir

May Up, sir, down, sir? so, sir—Master Bellamont, I will tell you a strange secret in nature, this boy is my wife's bawd

Bell O, he, sir, he! the boy, he does not look like a bawd, he has no double chin ‡

Pren No, sir, nor my breath does not stink, I smell not of garlic or aqua vita I use not to be drunk with sick and sugar, I swear not, "God damn me, if I know where the party is," when 'tis a lie and I do know I was never carted, but in harvest, never whipt, but at school, never had the grincomes, § never sold one maidenhead ten several times, first to an

^{*} with a chain about his neck. For that Saint Martin's and we will talk] So Brithwatt

"By this heo travells to Saint Martin's lane And to the shops he goes to buy a chaine"

The Honest Ghost, &c., 1658 p 167

† Scene III] The same A room in the house of Mayberry

‡ double chin] The characteristic of a bawd, according to many of our old dramatists

"The bawds will be so fat with what they earn, Their chins will hang like udders, by hister ave"

Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Works*, iv 32 ed Dyce

§ grincomes] Or crincomes, a cant term for the venereal disease "Grincomes," says Taylor, the water poet, "is an Utopian word, which is in English a P at Paris" *Works*, 1630, p 111

Englishman, then to a Welshman, then to a Dutchman, then to a pocky Frenchman I hope, sir, I am no bawd, then

May Thou art a baboon, and holdest me with trucks, whilst my wife grafts, grafts Away, trudge, run, search her out by land and by water

Pien Well, sir, the land I'll ferret, and, after that, I'll search her by water, for it may be she's gone to Brainford

May Inquire at one of mine aunts *

Bell One of your aunts! are you mad?

May Yea, as many of the twelve companies are,—troubled, troubled [Exit Prentice]

Bell I'll chide you, go to, I'll chide you soundly

May O Master Bellamont!

Bell O Master Mayberry! before your servant to dance a Lancashire hornpipe! it shows worse to me than dancing does to a dorf man that sees not the fiddles 'sfoot, you talk like a player

May If a player talk like a madman, or a fool, or an ass, and knows not what he talks, then I'm one You are a poet, Master Bellamont, I will bestow a piece of plate upon you to bring my wife upon the stage would not her humour please gentlemen?

Bell I think it would Yours would make gentlemen as fat as fools I would give two pieces of plate to have you stand by me when I were to write a jealous man's part Jealous men are either knaves or coxcombs, be you neither you wear yellow hose without cause

May Without cause, when my mare bears double without cause!

Bell And without wit

May When two virginal-jacks† skip up, as the key of my instrument goes down!

Bell They are two wicked cliders

May When my wife's ring does smoke for't!

Bell Your wife's ring may deceive you

May O Master Bellamont! had it not been my wife had made me a cuckold, it should never have grieved me

Bell You wrong her, upon my soul

May No she wrongs me upon her body

* aunts] Few readers of old plays require to be told that *aunt* was a cant name for a bawd or prostitute

† virginal jacks] A virginal was a kind of spinnet "in a virginal," says Bacon, "as soon as ever the jack falleth, and toucheth the string the sound ceaseth"

And Brithwait,

"For I ke to jacks mov'd in a virginal,
I thought once rising was another fall"

Honest Ghost, 1658, p. 128

Enter a Servingman

Bell Now, blue bottle! * what flutter you for, sea-pie?

Serv Not to catch fish, sir my young master, your son, Master Philip, is taken prisoner

Bell By the Dunkirks?†

Serv Worse, by catchpolls‡ he's encountered

Bell Shall I never see that prodigal come home?

Serv Yea, sir, if you'll fetch him out, you may kill a calf for him

Bell For how much lies he?

Serv The debt is four-score pound marry, he charged me to tell you it was four score and ten, so that he lies only for the odd ten pound

Bell His child's part§ shall now be paid this money shall be his last, and thus vexat on the last of mine—If you had such a son, Master Mayberry!

May To such a wife, 'twere an excellent couple

Bell [giving money to Serv] Release him, and release me of much sorrow I will buy a son no more go, redeem him [Exit Servingman]

Re enter Prentice with MISTRESS MAYBERRY

Pren Here's the party, sir

May Hence, and lock fast the doors now is my prize

Pren [aside] If she beat you not at your own weapon, would her buckler were cleft in two pieces! [Exit]

Bell I will not have you handle her too roughly.

May No, I will, like a justice of peace, grow to the point—Are not you a whore? never start, thou art a cloth worker, and hast turned me—

Must May How, sir! into what, sir, have I turn'd you?

May Into a civil suit, into a sober beast, a land rat, a cuckold thou art a common bed fellow, art not, art not?

* blue bottle] Blue was the colour usually worn by servants of the time

† Dunkirks] i.e. privateers of Dunkirk

‡ by catchpolls he's encountered] So Sir John Harrington, till at the last two catch polls him encounter!

Lyngdon 90, Book n

§ His child's part] Compare Heywood,

"But putst them [monies] to increase, where in short time

They grow a child's part, or a daughter's portion"

The Fair Maid of the Exchange, 1637 Sig. D 9

And *The Famous History of Thomas Stukely* 1605, "Not so sick sir but I hope to have a child's part by your last will and testament." Sig. C 3

Must May Sir, this language
To me is strange, I understand it not
May O, you study the French now
Must May Good sir, lend me patience
May I made a sallad of that herb * dost see
these flesh-hooks? I could tear out those false
eyes, those cat's eyes, that can see in the night,
punk, I could

Bell Hear her answer for herself

Must May Good Master Bellamont,
Let him not do me violence—Dear sir,
Should any but yourself shoot out these names,
I would put off all female modesty,
To be reveng'd on him.

May Know'st thou this ring?
There has been old running at the ring† since I
went.

Must May Yes, sir, this ring is mine—he was
a villain
That stole it from my hand, he was a villain
That put it into yours

May They were no villains
When they stood stoutly for me, took your part,
And, 'stead of colours, fought under my sheets

Must May I know not what you mean

May They lie with thee
I mean plain dealing

Must May With me ' if ever I had thought
unclean,
In detestation of your nuptial pillow,
Let sulphur drop from heaven, and nul my body
Dead to this earth! That slave, that damned Fury,
Whose whips are in your tongue to torture me,
Casting an eye unlawful on my cheek,
Haunted your threshold daily, and threw forth
All tempting baits which lust and credulous
youth

Apply to our frail sex—but those being weak
The second siege he laid was in sweet words

May And then the breach was made

Bell Nay, nay, hear all

Must May At last he takes me sitting at your
door,

Seizes my palm, and, by the charm of oaths
Back to restore it straight, he won my hand
To crown his finger with that hoop of gold
I did demand it, but he, mad with rage
And with desires unbridled, fled, and vow'd
That ring should me undo—and now I like

* a sallad of that herb] *Patience* was the name of an herb you may recover it with a sallad of pursley and the herbe *patience* " A pleasant comestive called *Looke about you*, 1600 Sig C 3

† running at the ring] See note *, p. 60

His spells have wrought on you. But I beseech
you

To dare him to my face, and in mean time
Deny me bed room, drive me from your board,
Disgrace me in the habit of your slave,
Lodge me in some discomfortable vault,
Where neither sun nor moon may touch my
sight,

Till of this slander I my soul acquite

Bell Guiltless, upon my soul!

May Troth, so think I

I now draw in your bow, as I before
Suppos'd they drew in mine—my stream of
jealousy

Ebbs back again, and I, that like a horse
Ran blind fold in a mill, all in one circle,
Yet thought I had gone fore-right, now spy my
error—

Villains, you have abus'd me, and I vow
Sharp vengeance on your heads!—Drive in your
tears

I take your word you're honest, which good
men,

Very good men, will scarce do to their wives
, will bring home these serpents, and allow them
The heat of mine own bosom—wife, I charge you,
Set out your favours towards them in such
colours

As if you had been their whore, I'll have it so
I'll candy o'er my words, and sleek my brow,
I'll treat 'em that they would not point at me,
Nor mock my horns—with this arm I'll embrace
'em,

And with this—go to!

Must May O, we shall have murder!
You kill my heart

May No, I will shed no blood,
But I will be reveng'd—they that do wrong
Teach others way to right—I'll fetch my blow
Fun and a nuff, and, as fencers use,
Though at the foot I strike, the head I'll bruise

Bell I'll join with you—let's walk—O, here's
my son

Enter PHILIP with servingmen

Welcome ashore, sir—from whence come you,
pry?

Phil From the house of prayer and fasting,
the Counter

Bell Art not thou ashamed to be seen come
out of a prison?

Phil No, God's my judge, but I was ashamed
to go into prison

Bell I am told, sir, that you spend your cre-
dit and your coin upon a light woman.

Phil. I ha' seen light gold, sir, pass away amongst nurcers

Bell. And that you have laid thirty or forty pounds upon her back in tiffeta gowns and silk petticoats

Phil. None but tailors will say so I ne'er laid any thing upon her back I confess I took up a petticoat and a raised fore put for her, but who has to do with that?

May. Mary, that has every body, Master Philip

Bell. Leave her company, or leave me, for she's a woman of an ill name

Phil. Her name is Dorothy, sir, I hope that's no ill name

Bell. What is she? what wilt thou do with her?

*May.** 'Sblood, sir, what does he with her?

Bell. Dost mean to marry her? of what birth is she? what are her comings in? what does she live upon?

Phil. Rents, sir, rents,† she lives upon her rents, and I can have her

Bell. You can?

Phil. Nay, father, if destiny dog me, I must have her You have often told me the nine Muses are all women, and you deal with them may not I the better be allowed one than you so many? Look you, sir, the northern man loves white-meats, the southerly man sallads, the Essex man a calf, the Kentish man a wag tail, the Lancashire man an egg pie, the Welshman leeks, and cheese, and your Londoners raw mutton, so, father, God b'w' you, I was born in London

Bell. Stay, look you, sir as he that lives upon sallads without mutton feeds like an ox (for he eats grass, you know), yet rises as hungry as an ass, and as he that makes a dinner of leeks will have lean cheeks so thou, foolish Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, look to live like a fool and a slave, and to die like a beggar and a knave—Come, Master Maybairry—Farewell, boy

Phil. Farewell, Father Snot†—Sir[s], if I have her, I'll spend more 'n mustard and vinegar in a year than both you in beef

Bell.)

May.) More saucy knave thou | *Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I ‡

Enter HORNET, DOLL, LIVERPOOL and CHARLEY the Servants

Hor. Am I like a fiddler's base-viol, new set up, in a good case, boys? is it neat, is it terse? am I handsome, ha?

Omnes. Admirable, excellent?

Doll. An under sheriff cannot cover a knave more cunningly

Liver. 'Sfoot, if he should come before a church warden, he would make him pew-fellow with a lord's steward at least

Hor. If I had but a staff in my hand, fools would think I were one of Simon and Jude's gentlemen ushers, and that my apparel were

lured They say three tailors go to the making up of a man, but I'm sure I had four tailors and a half went to the making of me thus this suit, though it ha' been canvassed well, yet 'tis no law suit, for 'twas despatched sooner than a posset on a wedding night

Doll. Why, I tell thee, Jack Hornet, if the devil and all the brokers in Long-lane had rifled their wardrobe, they would ha' been damned before they had fitted thee thus

Hor. Punk, I shall be a simple father for you. How does my chain show, now I walk?

Doll. If thou wert hung in chains, thou couldst not show better

Charl. But how sit our blue coats on our backs?

* *May*] The old ed. '*Phil.*'

† *Rents, sir, rents, &c.*] The reader who is curious in parallel passages may turn to Muddleton's *Blunt, Master Constable*,—*Works*, i 268, ed Dyce

‡ *Scene I*] London A room in Doll's house (A tavern,—the Shipwreck Tavern,—it would seem she has previously said, p 253, "I will, therefore, take a fair house in the city, no matter though it be a tavern that has blown up his master," &c, and compare her words at the close of the present scene, "So will we four be drunk!" the *Shipwreck Tavern* "

* *look to live*] *Qy* was a couplet intended here?

† *Farewell, Father Snot*] This elegant valediction (after which, in the old copy, is a short break) was, perhaps, a parody on, or a quotation from, some song in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, I find,

"My bush and my pot
Cares not a groate
For such a lob-coate,
Farewell, Simier mot"—*Sig G 3.*

Doll As they do upon bankrupt retainers' backs at Saint George's feast in London but at Westminster it makes 'em scorn the badge of their occupation, there the bagging velure canioned* hobby-horses prance up and down as if some o' the tilters had ridden 'em

Hoi Nay, 'sfoot, if they be bankrupts, 'tis like some have ridden 'em, and thereupon the citizen's proverb rises, when he says, he trusts to a broken staff

Doll Hornet, now you play my father, take heed you be not out of your part, and shame your adopted daughter

Hoi I will look gravely, Doll,—do you see, boys?—like the foreman of a jury, and speak wisely, like a Latin schoolmaster, and be surly and dogged and proud, like the keeper of a prison

Leier You must lie horribly when you talk of your lands

Hoi No shopkeeper shall outlie me, nay, no fence! When I hem, boys, you shall duck, when I cough and spit gobbits, Doll,—

Doll The pox shall be in your lungs, Hornet

Hoi No, Doll, these with their high shoes shall tread me out

Doll All the lessons that I ha' pricked out for 'em is, when the weathercock of my body turns towards them, to stand bare

Hoi And not to be saucy as servingmen use

* *velure canioned*] Velure is velvet

* *Cannons of breeches* & *cannons on les appelles* and *pointes qu'ils sont amplement semblables aux canons d'artillerie*,—because they are like cannons of artillery on cans or pots.—*Monsieur's Guide into the technique* p. 61 ed. 1617

* *Stunt explains cannons* to be 'ornamental tubs or tigs at the ends of the ribbands and laces which were attached to the extremities of the breeches'—*Dress and Habits*, &c., vol. II p. 263

* *Cannon hose decorated at the knees with a quantity of ribbons, were fashionable in the time of Charles the Second*

In a MS. copy of a comely called *The Humorous Journe* by the Duke of Newcastle, among the Harleian MSS., 7367 the following song (not given in the printed copy of the play, 1677,) occurs at the beginning of the 4th act,

"I conjure thee, I conjure thee,
By the Ribands in thy Hatt,
By thy pritty laced Cravat
By the Ribands round thy Bum,
Which is braced much like a Drum,
By thy dangleing Pintloons,
And thy ruffling Port Cannons,
By thy freezeled Ferriwige,
Which does make thee look so bigg,
By thy Sword of Silver gault,
And the Riband at thy Hilt,—
Appear, appear"

Chart Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take us for

Doll If we have but good draughts in my peterboat, fresh salmon, you sweet villuns, shall be no meet with us

Hoi 'Sfoot, nothing moves my choler but that my chum is copper, but 'tis no matter, better men than old Jack Hornet have rode up Holborn with as bad a thing about their necks as this your right whistler*, indeed, hangs himself in Saint Martin's† and not in Cheapside

Doll Perce! somebody rings —Run both, whilst he has the rope in's hand if it be a prize, halo him, if a man o' war, blow him up, or hang him out at the main yard's end

[*Exeunt LIVERPOOL and CHARTIFY*]

Hoi But what ghosts—hold up, my fine girl—what ghosts hunt thy house?

Doll O, why, divers I have a clothier's factor or two, a grocer that would fain pepper me, a Welsh captain that lays hard siege, a Dutch merchant that would spend all that he's able to make i'the Low Countries but to take measure of my Holland sheets when I lie in 'em—I heu ti unpling, 'tis my Flemish boy

Re-enter LIVERPOOL and CHARTIFY, with HANS VAN BELCH

Hans Dat is vor you, and vor you,—ten, twee, drie, vier, and vijf skilling drinks skellum upsie heese, nempt dits u drink gelt

Leier Till our crowns crack again, Master Hans Van Belch

Hans How is't met you, how is't, vro? vrolick?

Doll Ick vare well, God danke you nay, I'm an apt scholar, and can take

Hans Dat is good, dat is good Ick can niet stay long, for Ick heb en ship come now upon de water O mine schonen vro, we sild dance lantara teern, and sing Ick bincks to you, Mynheer Van —Wat man is dat, vro?

Hoi Nay, pray, sir, on

Hans Wit honds foot is dat, Dorothy?

Doll 'Tis my father

Hans Got's sacrament, your vader! why sey ghen you niet so to me!—Mine heut, 'tis mine all great desire to call you mine vader ta, for Ick love dis schonen vro your dochterkin

Hoi Sir, you are welcome in the way of honesty

Hans Ick bedanck you Ick heb so ghe founden vader

* *whistler*] See note *, p. 242

† *Saint Martin's*] See note *, p. 203

Hor What's your name, I pray?

Hans Mun nom bin Hans Van Belch

Hor Hans Van Belch!

Hans Yau, yau, 'tis so, 'tis so, de drouken man is alzeit remember me

Hor Do you play the merchant, son Belch?

Hans Yau, vader Ick heb de skip swim now upon de vater if you endouty, go up in de little skip dat go so, and be pulled up to Wapping Ick sail bear you on my back, and hang you about min neck into min groet skip

Hor He says, Doll, he would have thee to Wapping, and hang thee

Doll No, father, I understand him—But, Master Hans, I would not be seen hanging about any man's neck, to be counted his jewel, for any gold

Hor Is your father living, Master Hans?

Hans Yau, yau, min vader heb schonen husen in Ausburgh, groet mynheer is mine vader's broeder mine vader heb land, and bin full of fee, dat is, beasts, cattle.

Chart He's lousy, belike

Hans Min vader bin de groetst fooker in all Ausburgh!

Doll The greatest what?

Lever Fooker, he says

Doll Out upon him!

Hans Yau, yau, fooker is en groet mynheer, he's en eldeman vane city Got's sacrament, wat is de clock? Ick niet stey

Hor [*aside to Doll*] Call his watch before you, if you can [*A watch**]

Doll Here's a pretty thing do these wheels spin up the hours? what's o'clock?

Hans Acht, yau, 'tis acht

Doll We can hear neither clock nor jack going, we dwell in such a place, that I fear I shall never find the way to church, because the bells hang so far such a watch as this would make me go down with the lambs and be up with the lark

Hans Seghen you so? dor it to

Doll O, fie, I do but jest, for, in truth, I could never abide a watch

Hans Got's sacrament, Ick niet heb it any more

[*Bell rings* *EXEUNT LEVERPOOL and CHARTIFF*]

Doll Another peal! Good father, launch out this Hollander

Hor Come, Master Belch, I will bring you to

the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there I'll leave you.

Hans Ick bedanck you, vader

[*EXEUNT HANS VAN BELCH and HONNET*]

Doll They say whores and bawds go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelve hours so dearly, and then be begged out of 'em so easily! He'll be out at heels shortly sure, for he's out about the clocks already O foolish young man, how dost thou spend thy time!

[*Re enter LEVERPOOL.*]

Lever Your grocer

Doll Nay, 'sfoot, then I'll change my tune.

[*Enter ALLUM with CHARTIFF*]

I may curse* such laden heel'd rascals!—Out of my sight!—A knife, a knife, I say!—O Master Allum, if you love a woman, draw out your knife, and undo me, undo me!

All Sweet Mistress Dorothy, what should you do with a knife? it's ill meddling with edge tools—What's the matter, masters? Knife! God bless us!

Lever [*aside*] 'Sfoot, what tricks at noddyl† are these?

Doll O, I shall burst, if I cut not my lace, I'm so vexed! My father has rid to count one way‡ about a matter of a thousand pound weight and one of his men, like a rogue as he is, is rid another way for rents, I looked to have had him up yesterday, and up to day, and yet he shows not his head, sure, he's run away, or robbed and run thorough And here was a scrivener but even now, to put my father in mind of a bond that will be forfeit this night, if the money be not paid, Master Allum Such cross fortune!

All How much is the bond?

Chart [*aside*] O rue little villain!

Doll My father could take up, upon the bareness of his word, five hundred pound, and live too,—

All What is the debt?

Doll But he seems to be—and I scorn to be—

All Pristhee, sweet Mistress Dorothy, vex not How much is it?

Doll Alas, Master Allum, 'tis but poor fifty pound!

All If that be all, you shall upon your word take up so much with me another time I'll run as far in your books.

Doll Sir, I know not how to repay this kindness, but when my father—

* *curse*] The old ed "cause"

† *tricks at noddyl*] *Leverpool* plays on the double meaning of the word *noddyl*, which signifies both a game at cards (see note *, p 229,) and a fool.

‡ *way*] The old ed "was."

* *A watch*] So the old ed We are left to guess how Doll contrives to make Hans produce his watch

All. Tush, tush, 'tis not worth the talking just fifty pound! when is it to be paid?

Doll. Between one and two

Lever [*aside*] That's we three

All. Let one of your men go along, and I'll send your fifty pound

Doll. You so bind me, sir!—[*To LIVERPOOL*] Go, sirrah—Master Allum, I ha' some quinces brought from our house i'the country to preserve when shall we have any good sugar come over? The wus in Barbary make sugar at such an excessive rate! you pay sweetly now, I warrant, ah, do you not?

All. You shall have a whole chest of sugar, if you please

Doll. Nay, by my faith, four or five loaves will be enough, and I'll pay you at my first child, Master Allum

All. Content, i'faith your man shall bring all under one I'll borrow a kiss of you at parting

Inter CAPTAIN JENKINS

Doll. You shall, sir, I borrow more of you

[*Lieut. ALLUM and LIVERPOOL*]

Chart. Save you, captain

Doll. Welcome, good Captain Jenkins

Capt. Jen. What, is he a bubble surgeon that dressed your lips so?

Doll. A barber! he's my tailor I bid him measure how high he would make the standing-collar of my new taffeta gown before, and he, as tailors will be saucy and hickenish, bid me o'er the lips

Capt. Jen. Ud's blood, I'll lay him 'cross upon his cowcomb next day

Doll. You know 'tis not for a gentlewoman to stand with a knave for a small matter, and so I would not strive with him, only to be rid of him

Capt. Jen. If I take Master Pick louse ramping so high again, by this iron, which is none o' God's angel,* I'll make him know how to kiss your blind cheeks sooner Mistress Dorothy Hornet, I would not have you be a hornet to lick at cowhards, but to sting such shreds of uschity will you sing "A tailor shall have me, my joy"?

Doll. Captain, I'll be led by you in any thing A tailor, foh!

Capt. Jen. Of what stature or size have you a stomach to have your husband now?

Doll. Of the meanest stature, captain, not a size longer than yourself nor shorter

* *which is none o' God's angel*] Compare Dekker, "I mark, by this candle, *which is none of God's Angels*" *Satromastix*, 1602, Sig C

Capt. Jen. By God, 'tis well said, all your best captain in the Low-Countries are as taller as I but why of my pitch, Mistress Doll?

Doll. Because your smallest arrows fly farthest Ah, you little hard favoured villain, but sweet villun, I love thee because thou draw o' my side hang the rogue that will not fight for a woman!

Capt. Jen. Ud's blood, and hang him for worse than a rogue that will slash and cut for an oman, if she be a whore!

Doll. Prithee, good Captain Jenkins teach me to speak some Welsh methinks a Welshman's tongue is the neatest tongue—

Capt. Jen. As my tongue in the uild, unless *Cia ma crees*, that's wise

Doll. How do you say, "I love you with all my heart"?

Capt. Jen. *Mi cara whee en hellon**

Doll. *Mi cara whee en hell hound*

Capt. Jen. Hell hound! *O mon dieu!—Mi cara whee en hellon*

Doll. O, *Mi cara whee en h llon*

Capt. Jen. O, an you went to writing-school twenty score year in Wales, by Se-u, you cannot have better utterance for Welsh

Doll. "Come tit me, come tat me, come throw a kiss at me—how is that?"

Capt. Jen. By gid, I know not what your tit mes and tat mes are, but *mee uatha* 's-blood, I know what kisses be as well as I know a Welsh hook If you will go down with Shropshire carriers, you shall have Welsh enough in your pelles forty weeks

Doll. Say, captain, that I should follow your colours into your country, how should I sue there?

Capt. Jen. Fare! by Se-u, O, there is the most abominable scur† and wider silver pots to drink in, and softer peds to lie upon and do our necessary pusiness, and fairer houses, and parks, and holes for cones, and more money, besides toasted seese and butter milk in North Wales, diggon, besides hups, and Welsh frize, and goats, and cow hells, and metheglin ouh, it may be set in the kennels Will you march thither?

* *Qy Mi gara chies yn nghalon?*

† *abominable scur*] The captain does not use *abominable* in a bad sense, quite the reverse so in Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock* 1612,

"*Abraham* Does she so love me say you?"

Pendant. Yes, yes, out of all question the whore does love you *abominable* Sig F 4

Is it necessary to add that by "*scur*" he means *cheer*, and, a little after, by "*kennels*" *chronicles*?

Doll Not with your Shropshire carriers, captain

Capt Jen Will you go with Captain Jenkin, and see his cousin Madoc ap an Jenkin there? and I'll run headlongs by and by, and batter away money for a new coach to jolt you in

Doll Bestow your coach upon me, and two young white mares, and you shall see how I'll ride

Capt Jen Will you? by all the locks that are worn on Saint Day's day, I will buy not only a coach with four wheels, but also a white mare and a stone-horse too because they shall traw you very lustily, as if the devil were in their noses

As he is going, enter PHILIP

How now! more tulois?

Phil How, all! tulois!

Doll O good captun, 'tis my cousin

Capt Jen Is he?—I will cousin you then, sir, too one day

Phil I hope, sir, then to cozen you too

Capt Jen By gad, I hope so—Farewell, Sidanen * [Exit]

Re enter LIVERPOOL at another door

Lever Here's both money and sugar

Doll O sweet villain! set it up

[I call LIVERPOOL, and he enters presently]

Phil Sfoot, what tame swaggerer was this I met, Doll?

Doll A captain, a captain But last scaped the Dunknks, honest Philip? Philipards are not more welcome did thy father pay the shot?

Phil He pud that shot, and then shot pistolets into my pockets hark, wench,—

Chink, chink,

Makes the punk wanton and the bawd to wink [apers]

Chart O rare music!

Lever Heavenly consort, better than old Moon's!†

Phil But why, why, Doll, go these two like berries in blue, ha?

* *Sidanen* The old copy "*Sidanen* — '*Sidanen*, a f d m (sid in) that is silken or made of silk It is the name of an old tune, also an epithet for a fine woman and has been applied particularly to Queen Elizabeth Owen's *Dictionary of the Welsh Language*

In reference to the latter part of the preceding quotation from Owen, I have to observe, that there was licensed to Richard Jones, the 13th of August, 1773, *A Ballad of British Sidanen, applied by a courtier to the praise of the Queen*, which is printed (from a MS) in the *British Bibliographer*, vol i p 338, and entitled *A Dulce to the tune of Winkle Sydänen, made to the Queen's may* † *Bliss by Lancel Lloyd*

† *Heavenly consort, better than old Moon's* "Sirrah wag this rogue was son and heir to Antony Nowe Now, and Blind Moone and hee must needs be a scurvy

Doll There's a moral in that—Flay off your skins, you precious cannibals—O, that the Welsh captain were here again, and a drum with him! I could march now, ran, tun, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan—

Phil Enough to set up a goldsmith's shop

Doll Canst not borrow some of it? We shall have guests to morrow or next day, and I would serve the hungry ragamuffins in plate, though 'twere none of mine own

Phil I shall hardly borrow it of him, but I could get one of mine runts to beat the bush for me, and she might get the bird

Doll Why, prithee, let me be one of thine aunts,* and do it for me, then as I'm virtuous and a gentlewoman, I'll restore.

Phil Say no more, 'tis done

Doll What manner of man is thy father? 'sfoot, I'd fain see the witty monkey, because thou sayest he's a poet I'll tell thee what I'll do Liverpool or Chartley shall, like my gentleman usher, go to him, and say such a lady sends for him about a sonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurse, or for some device about a mask or so if he comes, you shall stand in a corner, and see in what state I'll bear myself He does not know me nor my lodging'

Phil No, no

Doll Is't a match, sirs? shall's be merry with him and his Muse?

Phil, Lever, Chart Agreed, any scaffold to execute knavery upon

Doll I'll send, then, my vaunt courier presently in the morn tune march after the captun, scoundrels—Come, hold me up

Look, how Sabrina sunk i the river Severn,
So will we four be drunk i the Shipwreck Tavern [Lament]

SCENE II †

Enter BELMONT, MAYBERRY, and MISTRESS MAYBERRY

May Coinc, wife, our two gallants will be here presently I have promised them the best of entertainment, with protestation never to reveal

musical that hath two fillers to his fathers' Wilkins's *Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, Sig A 2, 1607

Anthony Now-Now figures in Chettle's *Knud Horst's Dream*, 1592

When the present play was written, and long after, a set of musicians playing or singing together was called a *consort* the term *consort* is comparatively modern

* *aunts* See note *, p 254

† *Scene II* The same A room in the house of Mayberry

to thee their slander I will have thee bear thyself as if thou madest a fast upon Simon and Jude's day to country gentlewomen that came to see the pageant bid them extremely welcome, though thou wish their throats cut, 'tis in fashion

Must May O God! I shall never endure them

Bell Endure them! you are a fool Make it your case, as it may be many women's of the freedom, that you had a friend in private whom your husband should lay to his bosom, and he in requital should lay his wife to his bosom, what tricks of the toe, salutations by winks, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweet stolen kisses, when your husband's back's turned, would pass between them! Bear yourself to Greenshield as if you did love him for affecting you so entirely, not taking any notice of his journey they'll put more tricks upon you - You told me, Greenshield means to bring his sister to your house, to have her bound here

May Right She's some cracked demi-culverin that hath miscarried in service no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not

Must May Lord, was there ever such a husband!

May Why, wouldst thou have me suffer their tongues to run at large in ordinaries and cockpits? Though the knives do lie, I tell you, Master Bellmont, lies that come from stein looks and stin outsidcs, and gilt rapiers also, will be put up and go for current

Bell Right, sir, 'tis a small spark gives fire to a beautiful woman's discredit

May I will therefore use them like informing knaves in this kind, make up their mouths with silver, and after be revenged upon them I was in doubt I should have grown fit of late as it were not for law suits and fear of our wives, we rich men should grow out of all compass - They come.

Enter GREENSHIELD and FEATHERSTONE

My worthy friends, welcome look, my wife's colour rises already

Green You have not made her acquainted with the discovery?

May O, by no means To see, gentlemen, the affection of an old man I would fain make all whole again - Wife, give entertainment to our new acquaintance your lips, wife, any woman may lend her lips without her husband's privy, 'tis allowable

Must May You are very welcome I think it

be near dinner time, gentlemen I'll wait * the maid to cover, and return presently [*Exit*]

Bell [*aside to May*] God's precious, why doth she leave them?

May [*aside to Bell*] O, I know her stomach she is but retired into another chamber, to ease her heart with crying a little It hath ever been her humour she hath done it five or six times in a day, when courtiers have been here, if any thing hath been out of order, and yet every return, laughed and been as merry! - And how is it, gentlemen? you are well acquainted with this room, are you not?

Green I had a delicate banquet once on that table

May In good time but you are better acquainted with my bed chamber

Bell Were the cloth of gold cushions set forth at your entertainment?

Feath Yes, sir

May And the cloth of tissue vallance?

Feath They are very rich ones

May [*aside*] God refuse me, they are lying rascals! I have no such furniture

Green I protest it was the strangest, and yet withal the happiest fortune, that we should meet you two at Winc, that ever redeemed such dissolute actions I would not wrong you again for a million of London

May No! Do you want my money? or if you be in debt (I am a hundred pound of the subsidy), command me

Feath Alas, good gentleman! Did you ever read of the like patience in any of your meretricious hours?

Bell You see what a sweet fire in a velvet cap can do your citizen's wives are like partridges, the hens are better than the cocks

Feath I believe it, in truth sir, you did observe how the gentlewoman could not contain herself when she saw us enter?

Bell Right

Feath For thus much I must speak in allowance of her modesty, when I had her most private, she would blush extremely

Bell Ay, I warrant you, and ask you if you would have such a great sin lie upon your conscience as to lie with another man's wife?

Feath In truth, she would

Bell And tell you there were maids enough in London, if a man were so viciously given, whose portions would help them to husbands, though gentlemen gave the first onset?

* wait, I demand † dissolute] The old ed "desolute"

Feath You are a merry old gentleman, in faith, sir, much like to this w is her language

Bell And yet clip* you with as voluntary a bosom as if she had fallen in love with you at some Inns o' court revels, and invited you by letter to her lodging!

Feath Your knowledge, sir, is perfect without any information

May I'll go see what my wife is doing, gentlemen when my wife enters, show her this ring, and twill quit all suspicion [Exit]

Feath [aside to *Green*] Dost hear, Luke Green shield? will thy wife be here presently?

Green † [aside to *Feath*] I left my boy to wait upon her. By this light, I think God provides, for if this citizen had not, out of his overplus of kindness, proffered her her diet and lodging under the name of my sister, I could not have told what shift to have made, for the greatest part of my money is revolted. We'll make more use of him. The whoreson rich unkeeper of Doncaster, her father, showed himself a rank ostler, to send her up at this time o' year, and by the carrier too, 'twas but a jade's trick of him.

Feath [aside to *Green*] But have you instructed her to call you brother?

Green [aside to *Feath*] Yes, and she'll do it. I left her at Bosoms Inn ‡ she'll be here presently.

Re enter MAYBERRY

May Master Greenshield, your sister is come, my wife is entertaining her. By the mass, I have been upon her lips already.

Re enter MISTRESS MAYBERRY with KATE

Lively, you are welcome. —Look you, Master Green shield, because your sister is newly come out of the fresh air, and that to be pent up in a narrow lodging here 't' the city may offend her health, she shall lodge at a garden house of mine in Moorfields, where if it please you and my worthy friend here to bear her company, your several lodgings and joint commons, to the poor ability of a citizen, shall be provided.

Feath O God, sir!

May Nay, no compliment, your loves com-

mand it. Shalls to dinner, gentlemen?—Come, Master Bellamont—I'll be the gentleman usher to this fair lady.*

[Exit MAYBERRY and BELLAMONT]

Green Here is your ring, mistress, a thousand times, —† and would have willingly lost my best of maintenance, that I might have found you half so tractable.

Must May Sir, I am still myself. I know not by what means you have grown upon my husband. He is much deceived in you, I take it. Will you go in to dinner?—[Aside] O God, that I might have my will of him! an it were not for my husband, I'd scratch out his eyes presently.

[Enter GREENSHIELD and MISTRESS MAYBERRY]

Feath Welcome to London, bouny Mistress Kate. thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath passed between thee and I, Kate.

Kate No matter, if he did. He ran away from me, like a base slave as he was, out of Yorkshire, and pretended he would go the Island voyage ‡ since I ne'er heard of him till within this fortnight. Can the world condemn me for entertaining a friend, that am used so like an infidel?

Feath I think not. but if your husband knew of this, he'd be divorced.

Kate He were an ass, then. No wise men should deal by their wives as the sale of ordnance passeth in England. if it break the first discharge, the workman is at the loss of it, if the second, the merchant and the workman jointly, if the third, the merchant. so in our case, if a woman prove false the first year, turn her upon her father's neck. if the second, turn her home to her father, but allow her a portion, but if she hold pure metal two year and fly to several pieces in the third, repair the ruins of her honesty at your charges. for the best piece of ordnance may be cracked in the casting, and for women to have cracks and flaws, alas, they are born to them. Now, I have held out four year—Doth my husband do any things about London? doth he swagger?

Feath O, as tame as a fly in Fleet street, when there are nobody to part them.

* clip] i.e. embrace

† *Green*] The old ed. "May"

‡ *Bosoms Inn*] "Antiquities in this Lane [St Lawrence Lane] I find none other than that, among many fur Houses, there is one large Inn for receipt of Travellers, called *Blossoms Lane*, but corruptly *Bosoms Lane*, and hath to sign St Lawrence the Deacon, in a border of Blossoms or Flowers." Stow's *Survey of London*, &c B iii p 40, ed 1720

* I'll be the gentleman usher to this fair lady] In the first edition of this work I transferred these words to Greenshield,—wrongly, I now believe

† ———] This break is found in the old ed., occasioned by some defect in the MS

‡ the *Island Voyage*] Undertaken against Hispaniola, in 1585 the fleet, commanded by Sir Francis Drake, consisted of twenty one ships, carrying above two thousand volunteers. they took possession of St. Domingo

Kate I ever thought so We have notable valiant fellows about Doncaster, they'll give the lie and the stab both in an instant

Feath. You like such kind of manhood best, Kate

Kate Yes, in troth, for I think any woman that loves her friend had rather have him stand by it than lie by it But, I pray thee, tell me why must I be quartered at this citizen's garden house say you?

Feath. The discourse of that will set thy blood on fire to be revenged on thy husband's forehead piece

Re-enter MISTRESS MAYBERRY and BILLAMONT

Mist May Will you go in to dinner, sir?

Kate Will you lead the way, forsooth?

Mist May No, sweet, forsooth, we'll follow you [*Re-enter KATE and FEATHERSTONE*] O Master Billamont, as ever you took pity upon the simplicity of a poor abused gentlewoman, will you tell me one thing?

Bill Any thing, sweet Mistress Mayberry

Mist May Ay, but will you do it faithfully?

Bill As I respect your acquaintance, I shall do it

Mist May Tell me, then, I beseech you, do not you think this mine is some mighty punk whom my husband hath fallen in love with, and

means to keep under my nose at his garden-house?*

Bill No, upon my life, is she not

Mist May O, I cannot believe it I know by her eyes she is not honest Why should my husband proffer them such kindness that have abused him and me so intolerable? and will not suffer me to speak—there's the hell on't—not suffer me to speak?

Bill Fie, fie! he doth that like a usurer that will use a man with all kindness, that he may be careless of paying his money upon his day, and afterwards take the extremity of the forfeiture Your jealousy is idle say this were true, it lies in the bosom of a sweet wife to draw her husband from any loose imperfection, from wenching, from jealousy, from covetousness, from crabbedness (which is the old man's common disease), by her politic yielding She may do it from crabbedness, for example, I have known as tough blades as any are in England broke upon a feather bed Come to dinner

Mist May I'll be ruled by you, sir, for you are very like mine uncle

Bill Suspicion works more mischief, grows more strong, To sever chaste beds, than apparent wrong†

[*Re-enter*

ACT III

SCENE I*

Enter DOLL, CHAMBER, LEVERFOOT, and PHILIP

Phil Come, my little punk, with thy two compositors to this unlawful punting house, thy pounders† my old poetical dad will be here presently Take up thy state in this chair, and bear thyself as if thou wert talking to thy poetical uncle after the receipt of a purgation look scornfully upon him, sometimes be merry, and stand upon thy pantofles‡ like a new elected sewerager

Doll And by and by melancholic, like a tilter that hath broke his staves foul before his mistress

Phil Right, for he takes thee to be a woman of a great count [*Knocking within.*] Hark! upon my life, he's come [*Hides himself*]

* *Scene I* London A room in Doll's house (see note †, p. 256)

† *thy pounders* my old poetical dad, &c. The old ed has *thy pounders* a my old poetical dad, &c. I am doubtful about the right reading

‡ *pantofles* i.e. slippers

Doll See who knocks [*Exit LEVERFOOT.*] Thou shalt see me make a fool of a poet, that hath made five hundred fools

Re-enter LEVERFOOT

Lever Please your new ladyship, he's come

Doll Is he? I should for the more state let him walk some two hours in an outer-room if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of fashion But come, enter him—stay, when we are in private conference, send in my tutor

Enter BILLAMONT, brought in by LEVERFOOT

Lever Look you, my lady's asleep she'll wake presently

* *at his garden house* Garden houses were used for such purposes so in the opening of *Barry's Ram Alley*, 1611,

"what makes he heere,

In the skirts of Holborne, so neere the field,

And at a garden house? a has some punke,

Upon my life

† *wrong*] The old ed "*wrongs*"

Bell I come not to teach a stalling, sir, God b' wi' you!

Leier Nay, in truth, sir, if my lady should but dream you had been here,—

Doll Who's that keeps such a prating?

Leier 'Tis I, madam

Doll I'll have you preferred to be a crier, you have an excellent throat for't—Pox o the poet, is he not come yet?

Leier He's here, madam

Doll Ciy you mercy I ha' cursed my monkey for shrewd turns a hundred times, and yet I love it never the worse, I protest

Bell 'Tis not in fashion, dear lady, to call the breaking out of a gentlewoman's lips scabs, but the heat of the liver

Doll So, su —if you have a sweet breath, and do not smell of sweaty linen, you may draw nearer, nearer

Bell I am no friend to garlic, madam

Doll You write the sweeter verse a great deal, su I have heard much good of your wit, master poet, you do many devices for citizen's wives I care not greatly, because I have a city-laundress already, if I get a city poet too I have such a device for you, and this it is—

Enter Tailor

O, welcome, tailor—Do but wait till I despatch my tailor, and I'll discover my device to you

Bell I'll take my leave of your ladyship

Doll No, I pray thee, stay I must have you sweat for my device, master poet

Phil [*aside*] He sweats already, believe it

Doll A cup of wine, there!—What fashion will make a woman have the best body, tailor?

Tailor A short Dutch waist with a round Catherine wheel farthingale, a close sleeve with a cartoose* collar and a piccadel†

Doll And what meat will make a woman have a fine wit, master poet?

Bell Fowl, madam, is the most light, delicate, and witty feeding

Doll Fowl, sayest thou? I know them that feed of it every meal, and yet are as airy fools as any are in a kingdom, of my credit—Hast thou done, tailor? [*Exit Tailor*] Now to discover my device, sir I'll drink to you, sir

Phil [*aside*] God's precious, we ne'er thought

of her device before, pray God it be any thing tolerable

Doll I'll have you make twelve posies for a dozen of cheese trenchers.*

Phil [*aside*] O horrible!

Bell In Welsh, madam?

Doll Why in Welsh, sir?

Bell Because you will have them served in with your cheese, lady

Doll I will bestow them, indeed, upon a Welsh captain, one that loves cheese better than venison, for if you should but get three or four Cheshire cheeses, and set them a-running down Highgate hill, he would make more haste after them than after the best kennel of hounds in England What think you of my device?

Bell 'Fore God, a very strange device and a cunning one

Phil [*aside*] Now he begins to eye the goblet

Bell You should be akin to the Bellamonts, you give the same names, madam

Doll I aith, I paid sweetly for the cup, as it may be you and some other gentlemen have done for their wives

Bell Ha! the same weight, the same fashion! I had three nest of them† given me by a noble man at the christening of my son Philip

Phil [*Discovering himself*] Your son is come to full age, sir, and hath ta'en possession of the gift of his godfather

Bell Ha! thou wilt not kill me?

Phil No, sir, I'll kill no poet, lest his ghost write satires against me

* *twelve posies for a dozen of cheese trenchers* [the trenchers at the time this play was written used frequently to have posies inscribed on them In Dekker and Middleton's *Honest Whore*, Part I. George quotes six lines "is one of our cheese trenchers says very learnedly Middleton's *Works*, in 1851 Dyce Compare too Middleton's *Do It at, no Illip, like a Woman's* 'L Gold Twelve trenchers upon every one a month' January, February March April—

Pep Ay, and their posies under em

L Gold Pity, what says Mary? she's the spring lily

Pep [*reads*]

Now gallant May, in her array,

Doth make the field pleasant and gay, ' &c

Id v 40

† *three nest of them* So in the opening of Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605, "cogging Colchidanny in rumo away with a nest of goblets" and so in Armin's *Two Maides of Moreclack*, 1609,

'Place your plate, and pile your vitrall bowles
Nest upon nest" *sig II 2*

Mr Crossley, of Manchester, observes to me that the term *nest of goblets* is still in use of in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a near relative of his possesses one of these nests,—a huge goblet containing many smaller ones of gradually diminishing sizes, which fit into each other and fill it up

* *cartoone*] Qy "cartouch"?

† *piccadel*] Is described as an upright collar with stiffened platts here it seems to mean a sort of edging to the collar

Bell What's she? a good commonwealth's woman, she was born—

Phil For her country, and has borne her country

Bell Heart of virtue, what make I here?

Phil This was the party you railed on. I keep no worse company than yourself, father. You were wont to say, vengery is like usury, that it may be allowed though it be not lawful.

Bell Wherefore come I hither?

Doll To make a device for cheese trenchers.

Phil I'll tell you why I sent for you, for no thing but to show you that your gravity may be drawn in, while hans may fall into the company of drabs, as well as red beards into the society of knaves. Would not this woman deceive a whole camp in the Low Countries, and make one commander believe she only kept her cabin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't?

Doll Prithce, poet, what dost thou think of me?

Bell I think thou art a most admirable, brave, beautiful whore.

Doll Nay, sir, I was told you would rail. But what do you think of my device, sir? nay, but you are not to depart yet, master poet. Wilt sup with me? I'll cashier all my young brimblecs and we'll talk over a piece of mutton and a partridge wisely.

Bell Sup with thee, that art a common under taker! thou that dost promise nothing but witchet eyes, bombast* calves, and false pen wigs!

Doll Prithce, comb thy beard with a comb of black lead, it may be I shall affect thee.

Bell O thy unlucky star! I must take my leave of your worship, I cannot fit your device at this instant. I must needs borrow a nest of goblets of you [*Taking them*].—O villany! I would some honest butcher would beg all the queens and knives in the city, and carry them into some other country they'd sell better than beeves and calves. What a virtuous city would this be, then! marry, I think there would be a few people left in't. Uds foot, gulled with cheese trenchers, and yoked in entertainment with a tailor! good, good. [*Exit*]

Phil How dost, Doll?

Doll Scurvy, very scurvy.

Lever Where shall's sup, wench?

Doll I'll sup in my bed. Get you home to your lodging, and come when I send for you. O filthy rogue that I am!

* *bombast*] i. e. *bombasted*,—stuffed

Phil How, how, Mistress Dorothy?

Doll Saint Antony's fire light in your Spanish slops! uds life, I'll make you know a difference between my mirth and melancholy, you panderly rogue.

Omnes We observe your ladyship.

Phil The punk's in her humour, pax*.

Doll I'll humour you, an you pox me.

[*Enter* CHARTREY, LEVERPOOL, and PHILIP

UD's life, have I lien with a Spaniard of late, that I have learnt to mingle such water with my Malaga? O, there's some scurvy thing or other bleeding! How many several loves of players, of vaulters, of heutenants, have I entertained, besides a runner o' the ropes, and now to let blood when the sign is at the heart! Should I send him a letter with some jewel in't, he would requite it as lawyers do, that return a woodcock-pie to their clients, when they send them a bason and a ewer†. I will instantly go and make myself drunk till I have lost my memory. Love! a scoffing poet! [*Exit*]

SCENE II §

[*Enter* LEAFHOG and SQUIREL

Leap Now, Squirrel, wilt thou make us acquainted with the jest thou promised to tell us of?

Squi I will discover it, not as a Derbyshire woman discovers her great teeth, in laughter, but softly, as a gentleman courts a wench behind in an ivy, and thus it is. Young Greenshield, thy master,|| with Greenshield's sister, lie in my master's garden house here in Moorfields.

Leap Right. What of this?

* *pax*] For *pax* it was perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing the word. So Heywood and Brome in *The late Lancashire Witches*, 1634, *Pax*, I think not on't. Sig. E. 3. Brome in the *Jovial Crew* 1652, *Pax* o' your fine thing,"—Sig. L., and Middleton in *Your Five Gallants*, 'Pax on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these things at university,'—*Works*, ii. 35, ed. Dyce.

† Should I send him a letter, &c. a bason and a ewer] I once imagined that 'a woodcock pie' meant here *long bills*; but I now think it is a mere allusion. Woodcocks were reckoned foolish birds when this play was written, *basons* and *ewers* of silver used frequently to be given as presents, "One of Lord Tinnons men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right, I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to night." Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* act iii. sc. 1.

‡ *Love*] The old ed. "*love*."

§ *Scene II*] The lobby in Mayberry's garden house, Moorfields.

|| *thy master*] i. e. Featherstone.

Squir Murry, sir, if the gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits incest, for I'm sure he lies with her every night

Leap All this I know, but to the rest

Squir I will tell thee the most politic trick of a woman that e'er made a man's face look withered and pale, like the tree in Cuckold's haven* in a great snow, and this it is. My mistress makes her husband believe that she walks in her sleep o' nights, and to confirm this belief in him, sundry times she hath risen out of her bed, unlocked all the doors, gone from chamber to chamber, opened her chests, toused among her linen, and when he hath waked and missed her,

* *the tree in Cuckold's haven*] As perhaps this work may be read by some who are unacquainted with the neighbourhood of London and have never sailed down the Thames to eat white bait at Greenwich, it may be necessary to inform them that a little below Rotherhithe is a spot close on the river, called Cuckold's Point which is distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. Tradition says that near this place there lived, in the reign of King John a miller who had a handsome wife, that his mistress had an intrigue with the farthing and gave the husband, as a compensation all the land on that side, which he could see from his house looking down the Thames — which land, however he was to possess only on the condition of walking on that day (the 1st of October) annually to the farthest bounds of his estate with a pair of buck's horns on his head, and that the miller, having cleared his eyesight, saw as far as Charlton, and enjoyed the land on the above mentioned terms (In several books which condescend to notice this story we are told that the miller lived at Charlton and saw as far as Cuckold's Point but the version of it which I have given is what the watermen on the Thames even now repeat.) Horn-fair is still held at Charlton, on the 18th of October, in commemoration of the event

In *A Discovery by Sea*, &c. by Taylor the water poet (Works, folio, p. 21, 1630,) are the following lines —

"And passing further, I at first observ'd
That Cuckold's Haven was but built serv'd,
For there old Time had such confusion wrought,
That of that ancient place remained nought
No monumentall memorable Horne,
Or Tree, or Post, which hath those trophies borne,
Was left whereby posterity may know
Where their forefathers crutes did grow, or show "

"Why then, for shame this worthy port maintain,
Let's have our Tree and Horne set up againe,
That passengers may shew obedience to it,
In putting off their hats, and homage doe it "

"But holla Muse, no longer be offend'd
Th' worthily repair'd and bravely mended
For which great meritorious worke, my pen
Shall give the glory unto Greenwich men
It was their onely cost, they were the actors
Without the helpe of other benefactors,
For which my pen their praises here adorne,
As they have beautifi'd the Hav'n with Horne "

The custom here alluded to, of doing homage to the pole horns, is not yet obsolete among the vulgar

coming to question why she conjured thus at midnight, he hath found her fast asleep marry, it was cat's sleep, for you shall hear what prey she watched for

Leap Good forth

Squir I overheard her last night talking with thy master, and she promised him that as soon as her husband was asleep, she would walk according to her custom, and come to his chamber marry, she would do it so privately, so secretly, I mean, that nobody should hear of it

Leap Is't possible?

Squir Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witness it.

Leap O intolerable wit! what hold can any man take of a woman's honesty?

Squir Hold! no more hold than of a bull mounted with soap, and baited with a shoal of fiddlers in Staffordshire — Stand close, I hear her coming

Enter KATE

Kate What a filthy knife was the shoemaker that made my slippers! what a creaking they keep! O Lord, if there be any power that can make a woman's husband sleep soundly at a pinch, as I have often read in foolish poetry that there is, now, now, as it be thy will, let him dream some fine dream or other, that he's made a knight or a nobleman or somewhat, whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses, from sweet Featherstone!

Squir 'Sfoot, he may well dream he's made a knight, for I'll be hanged if she do not dub him

Enter GREENSHIELD

Green Was there ever any walking spirit like to my wife? what reason should there be in nature for this? I will question some physician. Not here neither! Ud's life, I would laugh if she were in Master Featherstone's chamber. She would fright him — Master Featherstone, Master Featherstone!

Feath [within] H! how now! who calls?

Green Did you leave your door open last night?

Feath [within] I know not, I think my boy did

Green God's light, she's there, then — Will you know the jest? my wife hath her old tricks — I'll hold my life, my wife's in your chamber 1150 out of your bed, and see as you can feel her

Squir [aside to Leap] He will feel her, I warrant you

Green Have you her, sir?

Feath [within] Not yet, sir — she's here, sir

Green So I said even now to myself, before God, la — Take her up in your arms, and bring

her hither softly for fear of waking her—I never knew the like of this, before God, la

Enter FEATHERSTONE with KATE in his arms

Alas, poor Kate!—Look, before God, she's asleep with her eyes open pretty little rogue! I'll wake her, and make her ashamed of it

Feath. O, you'll make her sicker, then

Green. I warrant you—Would all women thought no more hurt than thou dost now, sweet villain!—Kate, Kate!

Kate. I longed for the merrythought of a pleasant

Green. She talks in her sleep

Kate. And the foul gutted tripe wife had got it and eat half of it, and my colour went and came, and my stomach wobbled till I was ready to swoon, but a midwife perceived it, and marked which way my eyes went, and helped me to it but, Lord, how I sucked it! 'twas the sweetest me it, methought

Squir [aside]. O politic mistress!

Green. Why, Kate, Kate!

Kate. Ha, ha, ha! 'ry, beshrew your heart—Lord, where am I?

Green. I pray thee, be not frightened

Kate. O, I am sick, I am sick, I am sick! O, how my flesh trembles! O, some of the ugliest witer! I shall have the mother* presently

Green. Hold down her stomach, good Master Featherstone, while I fetch some [Exit

Feath. Well dissembled, Kate

Kate. Pish, I am like some of your ladies that can be sick when they have no stomach to lie with their husbands

Feath. What mischievous fortune is this! We'll have a journey to Ware, Kate, to redeem this misfortune

Kate. Well, cheaters do not win always that woman that will entertain a friend must as well provide a closet or backdoor for him as a feather bed

Feath. By my troth, I pity thy husband

Kate. Pity him! no man dares call him cuckold, for he wears satin pity him! he that will pull down a man's sign and set up horns, there's law for him

Feath. Be sick again, your husband comes

Re-enter GREENSHIELD with a broken skin

Green. I have the worst luck, I think I get more bumps and shrewd turns i'the dark—How does she, Master Featherstone?

* the mother] i. e. hysterical passion

Feath. Very ill, sir, she's troubled with the mother extremely I held down her belly even now, and I might feel it rise

Kate. O, lay me in my bed, I beseech you!

Green. I will find a remedy for this walking, if all the doctors in town can sell it a thousand pound to a penny she spoil not her face, or break her neck, or catch a cold that she may ne'er claw off again—How dost, wench?

Kate. A little recovered Alas, I have so troubled that gentleman!

Feath. None i'the world, Kate may I do you any farther service?

Kate. An I were where I would be in your bed,—pray, pardon me, was't you, Master Featherstone?—hem, I should be well then

Squir [aside to Leap]. Muk how she wrings him by the fingers

Kate. Good night—Pray you, give the gentleman thanks for patience

Green. Good night, sir

Feath. You have a shrewd blow, you were best have it searched

Green. A scratch, a scratch

[*Exeunt GREENSHIELD and KATE*]

Feath. Let me see, what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth o'town with me? I'll persuade her husband to take physic, and presently have a letter framed from his father-in-law, to be delivered that morning, for his wife to come and receive some small parcel of money in Enfield Chase, at a keeper's that is her uncle then, sir, he, not being in case to travel, will entreat me to accompany his wife well ho at Ware all night, and the next morning to London I'll go strike a tinder, and frame a letter presently [Exit

Squir. And I'll take the pains to discover all this to my master, old Mayberry There hath gone a report a good while my master hath used them kindly, because they have been over familiar with his wife, but I see which way Featherstone looks Sfoot, there's need a gentleman of them all shall gull a citizen, and thim's to go scot free Though your commons shrink for this, be but secret, and my master shall entertain thee, make thee, instead of handling false dice, finger nothing but gold and silver, wag an old servingman turns to a young beggar, whereas a young prentice may turn to an old alderman Will be secret?

Leap. O God, sir, as secret as rushes* in an old lady's chamber [Exit

* rushes] See note †, p. 21

ACT IV

SCENE I *

Enter BELLAMONT in his nightcap, with leaves in his hand, his Servingman after him, with lights, standish, and paper

Bell Sureh, I'll speak with none

Serv Not a player?

Bell No, though a sharer bawl.

I'll speak with none, although it be the month
Of the big company, I'll speak with none away!
[*Exit Servingman*]

Why should not I be an excellent statesman? I
can in the writing of a tragedy make Cæsar speak
better than ever his ambition could, when I
write of Pompey, I have Pompey's soul within
me, and when I personate a worthy poet, I am
then truly myself, a poor unpreferred scholar

Re enter Servingman hastily

Serv Here's a swaggering fellow, sir, that
speaks not like a man of God's making,† swears
he must speak with you, and will speak with
you

Bell Not of God's making! what is he? a
cuckold?

Serv He's a gentleman, sir, by his clothes

Bell Enter him and his clothes [*Exit Servingman*]
clothes sometimes are better gentlemen
than their masters

Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS with Servingman
Is this he?—Seck you me, sir?

[*Exit Servingman*]

Capt Jen I seek, sir, God pless you, for a
gentleman that talks besides to himself when he's
alone, as if he were in Bedlam, and he's a poet

Bell So, sir, it may be you seek me, for I'm
sometimes out o' my wits

Capt Jen You are a poet, sir, are you?

Bell I'm haunted with a fury, sir

Capt Jen Pray, master poet, shoot off this
little pot gun, and I will conjure your fury 'tis
well lay ‡ you, sir My desires are to have some

amiable and amorous sonnet or madrigal composed
by your fury, see you

Bell Are you a lover, sir, of the nine Muses?

Capt Jen Ow, by gad, out o'ry *

Bell You're, then, a scholar, sir?

Capt Jen I ha' picked up my cromes in Sesus
College in Oxford, one day a gad while ago

Bell You're welcome, you're very welcome
I'll borrow your judgment look you, sir, I'm
writing a tragedy, the tragedy of *Young Astyanax*

Capt Jen Styriax' tragedy! is he living can
you tell? was not Styriax a Monmouth man?

Bell O, no, sir, you mistake, he was a Trojan,
great Hector's son

Capt Jen Hector was grannam to Cadwallader
when she was great with child, God ud, o me,
there was one young Styriax of Monmouthshire
was a madder Greek as any is in all England

Bell This was not he, assure ye Look you,
sir, I will have this tragedy presented in the
French court by French gillants

Capt Jen By God, your Frenchmen will do a
tragedy, enterlude poggly well

Bell It shall be, sir, at the marriages of the
Duke of Orleans, and Châtillon the Admiral of
France, the stage—

Capt Jen Ud's blood, does Orleans marry
with the Admiral of France, now?

Bell O, sir, no, they are two several marriages
As I was saying, the stage hang all with black
velvet, and, while 'tis acted, myself will stand
behind the Duke of Byron, or some other chief
union or so, who shall, ay, they shall take some
occasion, about the music of the fourth act, to
step to the French king, and say, *Sire, voila, il*
est votre tres humble serviteur, le plus sage et divin
esprit, Monsieur Bellamont, all in French thus,
pointing it me, or, *You is the learned old English*
gentleman, Master Bellamont, a very worthy man
to be one of your *privy chamber or port laureat*

Capt Jen But are you sure Duke Pepper noon
will give you such good urds behind your back
to your face?

* 'cene I] London A room in the house of Bellamont

† that speaks not like a man of God's making]

‡ *Prim* Doth this man serve God?

Byron Why ask you?

Prim He speaks not like a man of God's making"

Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v sc 2

‡ lay] Qy?

* out o' cry] i e out of measure Malone (note on *As you like it*, act iii sc 2) thinks it alludes to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold I rather believe it is derived from the circumstance of a person being so far distant as to be unable to hear another person crying after him Out of all ho and out of all whooping, seem to have the same meaning

Bell O, ay, ay, ay, man, he's the only counter that I know there. But what do you think that I may come to by this?

Capt Jen God udgo me, all France may hap die in your debt for this.

Bell I am now writing the description of his death.

Capt Jen Did he die in his bed?

Bell You shall hear.

[*Reads*

"Suspicion is the minion of great hearts"—

No, I will not begin there. Imagine a great man were to be executed about the seventh hour in a gloomy morning.

Capt Jen As it might be Samson or so, or great Goliath that was killed by my countryman?

Bell Right, sir, thus I express it in *Young Asyanax*,

[*Reads*

*"Now the wild people, greedy of their griefs,
Longing to see that which their thoughts
abhor'd,*

Prevented day, and rode on their own roofs,"—

Capt Jen Could the little horse that umblel on the top of Paul's* carry all the people? Also how could they ride on the roofs?

Bell O, sir, 'tis a figure in poetry mark how 'tis followed,

[*Reads*

"rode on their own roofs,

Making all neighbouring houses til'd with men"

"Til'd with men,"—is not good?

Capt Jen By Scen, an it were tiled all with naked men, 'twere better.

Bell You shall hear no more, pick your ears, they are foul, sir. What are you, sir, prying?

Capt Jen A captain, sir, and a follower of god Mars.

Bell Mus, Bacchus, and I love Apollo a captain! then I pardon you, sir, and captain, what would you press me for?

Capt Jen For a witty ditty to a sentry-man that I am fallen in withal, over head and ears in affections and natural desires.

Bell An acrostico were good upon her name, methinks.

Capt Jen Cross sticks! I would not be too cross master poet, yet, if it be best to bring her name in question, her name is Mistress Dorothy Hornet.

Bell [*aside*] The very consumption that wastes

my son, and the ay me that hung lately upon me!—Do you love this Mistress Dorothy?

Capt Jen Love her! there is no captain's wife in England can have more love put upon her, and yet, I'm sure, captains' wives have their pellices full of good men's loves.

Bell And does she love you? has there passed any great matter between you?

Capt Jen As great a matter is a whole couch and a horse and his wife are gone to and fro between us.

Bell Is she—I faith, captain, be valiant and tell truth—is she honest?

Capt Jen Honest! God udge me, she's as honest as a punk that cannot abide fornication and lechery.

Bell Look you, captain, I'll show you why I ask. I hope you think my wenching days are past, yet, sir, here's a letter that her fither brought me from her, and enforced me to take, this very day.

Capt Jen 'Tis for some love song to send to me, I hold my life.

Re-enter Servingman, and whispers BELLAMONT

Bell Thus falls out put—My man tells me the party is at my door. Shall she come in, captain?

Capt Jen O, ay, ay, put her in, put her in, I pray now.

[*Exit Servingman*

Bell The letter says here that she's exceeding sick, and entreats me to visit her. Captain, lie you in ambush behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall hear the piece of a comedy she comes, she comes, make yourself away.

Capt Jen [*aside*] Does the poet play Toikin, and cast my Lucrecias water too in hugga muggers? if he do, *Styanax* tragedy was never so horrible bloody muddled as his comedy shall be. *Taw a son,** Captain Jenkins.

[*Hides himself*

Enter Doll

Doll Now, master poet, I sent for you.

Bell And I came once at your ladyship's call.

Doll My ladyship and your lordship lie both in one manor. You have conjured up a sweet spirit in me, have you not, rhymers?

Bell Why, Medea, what spirit? Would I were a young man for thy sake!†

Doll So would I, for then thou couldst do me no hurt, now thou dost.

* *the little horse that umblel on the top of Paul's* I think a famous horse called Morocco (with which learned animal the commentators on our old poets have made their readers so familiar), is said, among other feats, to have mounted to the top of St. Paul's church (See note*, p. 17)

* *Taw a son*] I o hold you tongue

† *Would I were a young man for thy sake*] So Shallow in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* act 1 sc 1, 'Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!'

Bell If I were a younker, it would be no immodesty in me to be seen in thy company, but to have snow in the lap of June, vile, vile! Yet, come, garlic has a white head and a green stalk,* then why should not I? Let's be merry what says the devil to all the world? for I'm sure thou art carnally possessed with him

Doll Thou hast a filthy foot, a very filthy carrier's foot.

Bell A filthy shoe, but a fine foot I stand not upon my foot, I

Capt Jen [*aside*] What stands he upon, then, with a pox, God bless us!

Doll A leg and a calf! I have had better of a butcher forty times for carrying a body,—not worth begging by a barber surgeon

Bell Very good, you draw me and quarter me fates keep me from hanging!

Doll And which most turns up a woman's stomach, thou art an old hoary man, thou hast gone over the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a grave what do I see, then, in that withered face of thine?

* *garlic has a white head and a green stalk* So in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616, "I'm like a leek, though I have a gray head I have a green," &c Sig. G 2 And so in various old plays and poems, Chaucer's *Reeve's Prologue*, &c This piece of wit may be traced to Boccaccio, *E quagli che contro alla nera età parlando rimmo mostrava che conosceano che perche il loro abito il capo bianco che la cosa sia verde* Decamerone,—Introduction to *Scornata quarta*

Having quoted *The Honest Lawyer*, I cannot refrain from pointing out the resemblance between a passage in it, and one in *The Widow*, a joint production of Jonson, Fletcher and Middleton.

"Grasp The stone, the stone, I am pitifully gripp'd with the stone

Valentine Sir, the disease is somewhat dangerous

I must while withdraw to study sir
Now am I puzzled bloud what medicine
Should I devise to do? It must be violent
Give him some aqua fortis that would speed him
Let's see Me thinks, a little gun powder
Should have some strange relation to this fit
I have seen gun powder oft drive out stones
From forts and castle walls' &c

The Honest Lawyer Written by S S 1616 Sig. F 2

"Occulto I warrant you your name's spread, sir, for an empirick

There's an old mason troubled with the stone
Hus sent to you this morning for your counsell,
He would have ease fain

Latrocinio Let me see, he send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder

Occulto Gun powder? what sir, to break the stone?

Latrocinio I, by my faith, sir

It is the likeliest thing I know to do't
I'm sure it breaks stone walls and castles down
I see no reason but't should break the stone

The Widow (first printed in 1652), act iv sc 2, p. 42

Bell Wrinkles, gravity

Doll Wretchedness, grief old fellow, thou hast bewitched me, I can neither eat for thee, nor sleep for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee

Capt Jen [*aside*] Ud's blood, I did never see a white flea before I will cling you

Doll I was born, sure, in the dog days, I'm so unlucky I, in whom neither a flaxen hair, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spanish hose, youth nor personage, rich face nor money, could ever breed a true love to any, ever to any man, in now besotted, dote, am mad, for the carcass of a man, and, as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a Death's head*

Capt Jen [*aside*] Seseu, are men so aisy vary?

Bell Mad for me? why, if the worm of lust were wriggling within me as it does in others, dost think I'd crawl upon thee? would I low after thee, that art a common call bawd?

Doll I confess it

Capt Jen [*aside*] Do you? are you a town cow, and confess you bear calves?

Doll I confess I have been an inn for any guest

Capt Jen [*aside*] A poga o' your stable room? is your inn a bawdy house, now?

Doll I confess, (for I ha' been taught to hide nothing from my surgeon, and thou art he,) I confess that old stinking surgeon like thyself, whom I call father, that Horner, never sweat for me, I'm none of his making

Capt Jen [*aside*] You lie, he makes you a punk,—Horner minor

Doll He's but a cheater, and I the false die he plays withal I pour all my poison out before thee, because hereafter I will be clean Shun me not, loathe me not, mock me not Plagues confound thee! I hate thee to the pit of hell,

* *as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a Death's head* The bawds of those days, probably from an affectation of piety, used to wear rings with Death's heads on them, as several passages from old writers might be adduced to show But the wearing of such rings was not confined to those motherly gentlewomen "the old Countess spying on the finger of Signior Cosimo a Ring with a Death's head engraven circled with the Poë Gressus ad vitam, demanded whether hee adorne the Signet for profit or pleasure Signior Cosimo speaking in truth as his conscience wild him told her that it was a favour which a Gentlewoman had bestowed upon him, and that onely hee wore it for her sake" *Greene's Farewell to Follie*, Sig. B 2, ed. 1617—Underwood the player bequeathed "to his daughter Elizabeth two seal rings of gold, one with a death's head" See his will in Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 216, ed. Boswell

yet if thou goest thither, I'll follow thee run, ay,* do what thou canst, I'll run and ride over the world after thee

Capt Jen [aside] Cockatrice!—[Comes out] You, Mistress Salamanders, that fear no burning, let my mare and my mare's horse, and my coach, come running home again, and run to an hospital and your surgeons, and to knaves and panders, and to the tivel and his tame too

Doll Friend, art thou raised to torment me?

Hell She loves you, captain, honestly

Capt Jen I'll have any man, man, or child, by his ears, that says a common drab can love a gentleman honestly—I will sell my coach for a cat to have you to punk's hall, Pridewell—I charge you in Apollo's name, whom you belong to, see her forthcoming, till I come and tiddle her by and by—'Shlood, I was never cozened with a more rascal piece of mutton, since I came out of the Lower Countries [Exit

Bell My doors are open for thee be gone, woman

Doll This goat's pizzle of thine—

Bell Away! I love no such implements in my house

Doll Dost not? am I but an implement? My all the maidenheads that are lost in London in a year (and that's a great oath), for this trick other manner of women than myself shall come to this house only to laugh at thee, and if thou wouldst labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do with it +

Bell Is this my poetical fury? [Exit

Re enter Servingman

How now, sir?

Serv Master Mayberry and his wife, sir, i'the next room

Bell What are they doing, sir?

Serv Nothing, sir, that I see, but only would speak with you

Bell Enter 'em [Exit Servingman] This house will be too hot for me if this wench cast me into these sweats, I must shift myself for pure necessity Haunted with sprites in my old days!

Enter MAYBERRY booted, and MISTRESS MATHFERRY

May A comedy! a Canterbury tale smells not

* ay] The old ed "aye"

† thou shalt not do withal] I e thou shalt not be able to help it. "It is my infirmity and I cannot doe withall, to die for't." Chapmans *May Day*, 1611, Sig A 4 "Beare witness, my masters, if hce dye of a surfeit, I can not doe withall, it is his owne seeking, not mine" Nash's *Have with you to Saffron walden*, Sig G 4, ed 1596

half so sweet as the comedy I have for thee, old poet thou shalt write upon't, poet

Bell Nay, I will write upon t, if t be a comedy, for I have been at a most villanous female tragely come, the plot, the plot

May Let your man give you the boots presently the plot lies in Ware, my white* poet—Wife, thou and I this night will have mad sport in Ware, mark me well, wife, in Ware

Mist May At your pleasure, sir

May Nay, it shall be at your pleasure, wife—Look you, sir, look you Featherstone's boy, like an honest crack halter, laid open all to one of my prentices, for boys, you know, like women, love to be doing

Bell Very good to the plot

May Featherstone, like a crafty mutton-monger, persuades Greenshield to be run through the body

Bell Strango! through the body!

May Ay, man, to take physic he does so, he's put to his purgation. Then, sir, what does me Featherstone but counterfeits a letter from an inn keeper of Doncaster, to fetch Greenshield (who's needy, you know) to a keeper's lodge in Enfield chase, a certain uncle, where Greenshield should receive money due to him in behalf of his wife?

Bell His wife? is Greenshield married? I have heard him swear he was a bachelor

Mist May So have I, a hundred times

May The knave has more wives than the Turk, he has a wife almost in every shire in England this parcel gentlewoman is that inn-keeper's daughter of Doncaster

Bell Hath she the entertainment of her forefathers? will she keep all comers company?

May She helps to pass away stale capons, sour wine, and musty provender But to the purpose this train was laid by the baggage herself, and Featherstone, who it seems makes her husband a unicorn, and to give fire to't, Green-shield, like an arant wittol, entreats his friend to ride before his wife and fetch the money, because, taking bitter pills, he should prove but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go

* white] Was employed formerly as an epithet to express fondness "white boy," "white son" and "white girl," occur frequently, in our old writers I do not remember to have found it in any author after the time of poor mid Lee, who uses it in a strange passage of the Dedication of his *Rival Queens* to the Earl of Mulgrave (though Mayberry a little after calls Bellamant "my little hoary poet," we are not to conclude that "white" in the present instance means hoary)

Bell And so the poor stag is to be hunted in Enfield chase

May No, sir, master poet, there you miss the plot. Featherstone and my Lady Greenshield are rid to batter away their light commodities in Ware, Enfield chase is too cold for 'em

Bell In Ware?

May In dirty Ware—I forget myself—Wife, on with your riding suit, and cry “Northward ho!” as the boy at Paul’s says * let my prentice get up before thee, and man thee to Ware lodge in the inn I told thee spui, cut, and away!

Must *May* Well, sir [Exit

Bell Stay, stay, what’s the bottom of this riddle? why send you her away?

May For a thing, my little hoary poet Look thee I smelt out my noble stinker Greenshield in his chamber, and as though my heart stings had been cracked, I wept and sighed, and thumped and thumped, and raved and raved and raved, and told him how my wife was now grown as common as bribery,† and that she had hired her tailor to ride with her to Ware, to meet a gentleman of the court

Bell Good, and how took he this drench down?

May Like eggs and muscadine, at a gulp He cries out presently, “Did not I tell you, old man, that she’d win any ‡ game when she came to bearing?” § He ruls upon her, wills me to take her in the act, to put her to her white sheet, to be divorced, and, for all his guts are not fully scoured by his potheecy, he’s pulling on his boots, and will ride along with us Let’s muster as many as we can

Bell It will be excellent sport to see him and his own wife meet in Ware, will’t not? Ay, ay, we’ll have a whole regiment of horse with us

May I stand upon thorns||

Till I shake him by the horns—

* cry “Northward ho!” as the boy at Paul’s says I presume Paul’s Wharf is meant “Paul’s Wharf, or St Bends Paul’s Wharf a noted Stairs for Watermen”

Stow’s Survey of London, &c B iii p 229 ed 1720 and I’ll

Take water at Paul’s wharf and overtake you”

Middleton’s *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—Works, iv 76, ed Dyce

† bribery] The old ed “baubery” (which, supposing it to mean “finery fit to please a babe,” cannot be right)

‡ any] The old ed “my”

§ bearing] Was a term at the games of Irish and backgammon

|| “O, the trial is when she comes to bearing”

Middleton and Dekker’s *Roaring Girl*,—Middleton’s Works, ii 629, ed Dyce

“Bear as fast as you can when you come to bearing, have a care,” &c The Compleat Gamester pp 155 6, ed 1674 || I stand, &c] Qy Is this a quotation?

Come, boots, boy! we must gallop all the way, for the sin, you know, is done with turning up the white of an eye will you join your forces?

Bell Like a Hollander against a Dunkirk *

May March, then—This curse is on all lechers thrown,

They give horns, and at last horns are their own [Exeunt

SCENE II †

Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS and ALLUM

Capt Jen Set the best of your little diminutive legs before, and ride post, I pray

Allum Is it possible that Mistress Doll should be so bad?

Capt Jen Possible! ‘sblood, tis more easy for an oman to be naught than for a soldier to beg, and that’s horrible easy, you know

Allum Ay, but to cony catch us all so grossly!

Capt Jen Your Norfolk tumblers are but zanies to cony catching punks.

Allum She gelded my purse of fifty pounds in ready money

Capt Jen I will geld all the horses in five hundred shires but I will ride over her and her cheaters and her Hornets She made a stark ass of my coach horse and there is a putter box whom she spread thick upon her white bread, and cut him up, I think she has sent the poor fellow to Gelderland but I will marsee privately in and out, and pack again, upon all the Low Countries in Christendom, as Holland and Zealand and Netherland, and Cleveland too, and I will be drunk and cast ‡ with Master Hans Van Belch but I will smell him out

Allum Do so, and we’ll draw all our arrows of revenge up to the head but we’ll hit her for her villany

Capt Jen I will trow as petter and as urso weapons as arrows up to the head, lug you, it shall be warrants to give her the whip deedle

Allum But now she knows she’s discovered, she’ll take her bells § and fly out of our reach

Capt Jen Fly with her pells! ounds, I know a parish that sal tag down all the pells and sell ‘em to Captain Jenkins, to do him good, and if pell[s] will fly, we’ll fly too, unless the pell ropes hang us Will you amble up and down to Master Justice by my side, to have this rascal Hornet in

* a Dunkirk] See note †, p 254

† Scene II] The same A street

‡ cast] i.e. vomit

§ take her bells, &c] i.e. like a falcon

corum, and so to make her hold her whore's pence!

Allum I'll amble or trot with you, captain. You told me she threatened her champions should cut for her if so, we may have the peace of her.

Capt Jen O mon dieu! *Duw gwyn*! * Follow your leader. Jenkins shall cut and slice as wise as they come, I scorn to have any peace of her or of my man,† but open wars. [Exeunt

SCENE III ‡

Enter BELLAMONT, MAYBERRY, GREEN-SHIPPED PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, and CHARTIFF, all boats.

Bell What, will these young gentlemen too help us to catch this fresh salmon, ha? Philip, are they thy friends?

Phil Yes, sir.

Bell We are beholdng to you, gentlemen, that you'll fill our consort. I ha's seen your faces methinks before, and I cannot inform myself where.

Lever,)
Chart,) May be so, sir.

Bell Shall's to horse? here's a tickler || heigh, to horse!

May Come, switch and spurs! let's mount our chevals merry, quoth a!

Bell Gentlemen, shall I shoot a fool's bolt out among you all, because we'll be sure to be merry?

Omnes What isn't?

Bell For mirth on the highway will make us rid ground¶ faster than if thieves were at our tails. What say ye to this? let's all practise jests one against another, and he that has the best jest thrown upon him, and is most galled, between our riding forth and coming in, shall bear the charge of the whole journey.

Omnes Content, I faith.

Bell We shall fit one o'you with a coxcomb at Ware, I believe.

May Peace!

* *Duw gwyn*] I e. white God. the old copy "*u dguin*" [oman] The old ed. "*onam*."

† *Scene III*] Near Bedlam, to which they presently "cross over."

‡ *ha*] The old ed. "*ho*."

|| a tickler] He means his switch.

¶ *rid ground*] I e. got over ground. the expression is now I believe, obsolete, and I was rather surprised to find it used so recently as in a letter from Richardson, the novelist, to Lady Bradshigh, "a regular even pace, stalling away ground, rather than seeming to rid it." *Correspondence*, vol. iv. 291.

Green Is't a bargain!

Omnes And hands clapt upon it.

Bell Stay, yonder's the Dolphin without Bishopsgate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and we are going past it. Come, cross over — and what place is this?

May Bedlam, isn't not?

Bell Where the madmen are. I never was amongst them as you love me, gentlemen, let's see what Greeks are within.

Green We shall stay too long.

Bell Not a whit. Ware will stay for our coming, I warrant you. Come, a spurt and away! let's be mad once in our days. This is the door. [Knocks

Enter FULLMOON.

May Give you, sir! may we see some o' your mad folks? do you keep 'em?

Full Yes.

Bell Pray, bestow your name, sir, upon us.

Full My name is Fullmoon.

Bell You well deserve this office, good Master Fullmoon — and what madcaps have you in your house?

Full Divers.

Enter a MUSICIAN.

May God's so, see, see! what's he walks yonder? is he mad?

Full That's a musician. yes, he's besides himself.

Bell A musician! how fell he mad, for God's sake?

Full For love of an Italian dwarf.

Bell Has he been in Italy, then?

Full Yes, and speaks, they say, all manner of languages.

Enter a BAWD.

Omnes God's so, look, look! what's she?

Bell The dancing bear, a pretty well-favoured little woman.

Full They say, but I know not, that she was a bawd, and was frigated out of her wits by fire.

Bell May we talk with 'em, Master Fullmoon?

Full Yes, an you will. I must look about, for I have unruly tenants. [Exit

Bell What have you in this paper, honest friend?

Green Is this he has all manner of languages, yet speaks none?

Bawd How do you, Sir Andrew? will you send for some aqua vitae for me? I have had no drink never since the last great run that fell.

* *Musican*] The old ed., by a misprint, "*Phusion*."

Bell No! that's a lie.

Bawd Nay, by gad, then, you lie, for all you're Sir Andrew I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage,* not an inch broad at the heel, and yet thus high I scorned, I can tell you, to be drunk with rain water then, sir, in those golden and silver days, I had sweet bits then, Sir Andrew How do you, good brother Timothy?

Bell You have been in much trouble since that voyage?

Bawd Never in Bridewell, I protest, as I'm a virgin, for I could never abide that Bridewell, I protest I was once sick, and I took my water in a basket, and carried it to a doctor's.

Philip In a basket!

Bawd Yes, sir you arrant fool, there was a minal in it

Philip I cry you mercy

Bawd The doctor told me I was with child How many lords, knights, gentlemen, citizens, and others, promised me to be godfathers to that child! 'twas not Gods will the prentices made a riot upon my glass windows, the Shrove Tuesday following,† and I miscarried.

Omnes O, do not weep!

Bawd I ha' cause to weep I trust gentle women their diet sometimes a fortnight, lend gentlemen holland shirts, and they sweat 'em out at tennis, and no restitution, and no restitution But I'll take a new order I will have but six stewed prunes‡ in a dish, and some of Mother Wall's cakes,§ for my best customers are tailors

* *Portingal voyage*] The *Portugal voyage* was the expedition in 1589, consisting of one hundred and eighty vessels, and twenty one thousand men commanded by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris it is generally said to have been undertaken for the purpose of seating Automoon the throne of Portugal, but the brave volunteers who composed it were most probably excited to the enterprise by the wish of revenging themselves on Spain, and by the hopes of gain and glory

† *the prentices made a riot upon my glass windows, the Shrove Tuesday following*] Shrove Tuesday was a holiday for apprentices, during which they used to be exceedingly riotous, and to attempt to demolish houses of bad fame

‡ *It was the day of all dayes in the yeare, Th it unto Bacchus hath his dedication When mad braynd prentices, that no men feare, O rath'rous the dens of bawdie recreation*

Pasquill Palmodia, 1634, Sig D

§ *stewed prunes*] A favourite dainty in brothels, as the commentators on Shakespeare have abundantly shown
¶ *Mother Wall's cakes*] I learn where it is dame reailed from the following passage of Haughton's *English men for my money*, 1616, "I have the scent of London stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch lane of Mother Wall's pasties" Sig G

Omnes Tailors! ha, ha!

Bawd Ay, tailors give me your London prentice, your country gentlemen are grown too politic

Bell But what say you to such young gentlemen as these are?

Bawd Foh! they, as soon as they come to their lands, get up to London, and, like squibs that run upon lines,* they keep a spitting of fire and cracking till they ha' spent all, and when my squib is out, what says his punk? foh, he stinks!

[Sings]

Mithought, this other night I saw a pretty sight,

Which pleased me much,—

A comely country maid, not squeamish nor afraid

To let gentlemen touch

I sold her maidenhead once, and I sold her maidenhead twice,

And I sold it last to an alderman of Lark

And then I had sold it thrice

Mus † You sing scurvily

Bawd Marry, muff,‡ sing thou better, for I'll go sleep my old sleeps [Exit]

Bell What are you a doing, my friend?

Mus Pricking, pricking

Bell What do you mean by pricking?

Mus A gentleman like quality

Bell This fellow is somewhat prouder and sullener than the other

May O, so be most of your musicians

Mus Are my teeth rotten?

Omnes No, sir

Mus Then I am no comfit maker nor vintner I do not get wenches in my drink—Are you a musician?

Bell Yes

Mus We'll be sworn brothers, then, look you, sweet rogne

Green Gods so, now I think upon't, a jest is crept into my head steal away, if you love me

* *Like squibs that run upon lines, &c*] So M. Aston, in his *Puritanaster, or the Fawne*, 1608,

"Page There be squibs, sir which squibs running upon lines, like some of our gawdie gallants sir, keeps a smother sir, with flashing and flashing and in the end, sir, they doe, sir—"

Nymphodora What, sir?

Page Stink sir" Sig B

In *A Rich Cabinet, with Variety of Inventions, &c* 1651 by J. White, are instructions "How to make your fireworks to run upon a line backward and forward" Sig 12

† *Musician*] Before the Bawd's song in the old ed. is a stage-direction, 'Enter the Musition' but it does not appear that he had quitted the scene

‡ *Marry, muff*] A not uncommon expression in our old writers (equivalent, I believe, to—Stuff nonsense) So Middleton, "Wearied, sir! marry, muff" *Blurt, Master Constable*,—*Works*, i 258, ed Dyce

[*Exeunt GREENSHIELD, MAYBERRY, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, and CHARTLEY. Musician sings.**]

Mus Was ever any merchant's band set better? I set it. Walk, I'm a-cold this white satin is too thin unless it be cut, for then the sun enters. Can you speak Italian too? *sapete Italiano?*

Bell Un poco

Mus 'Sblood, if it be in you, I'll poke it out of you *un poco!* Come, march he here with me but till the fall of the leaf, and if you have but *poco Italiano* in you, I'll fill you full of more *poco* march

Bell Come on

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Re-enter GREENSHIELD, MAYBERRY, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, CHARTLEY, and FULLMOON.*]

Green Good Master Mayberry, Philip, if you be kind gentlemen, uphold the jest your whole voyage is paid for

May Follow it, then

Full The old gentleman, say you? why, he talked even now as well in his wits as I do myself, and looked as wisely

Green No matter how he talks, but his perception's perished

Full Where is he, pray?

Philip Marry, with the musician, and is madder by this time

Chart He's an excellent musician himself, you must note that

May And having met one fit for his own tooth, you see he skips from us

Green The troth is, Master Fullmoon, divers trains have been laid to bring him hither without gaping of people, and never any took effect till now

Full How fell he mad?

Green For a woman Look you, sir, here's a crown, to provide his supper He's a gentleman of a very good house you shall be paid well if you convert him To-morrow morning bedding and a gown shall be sent in, and wood and coal

Full Nay, sir, he must ha' no fire

Green No? why, look what straw you buy for him shall return you a whole harvest

Omnes Let his straw be fresh and sweet, we beseech you, sir

Green Get a couple of your sturdiest fellows, and bind him, I pray, whilst we slip out of his sight

Full I'll hamper him, I warrant, gentlemen

[*Exeunt.*]

Omnes Excellent!

* *Musician sings*] See note †, p. 45

May But how will my noble poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus?

Omnes Foh, 'tis but a jest. He comes.

[*Re-enter the Musician and BELLAMONT.*]

Bell *Perdonate mi, si io domando del vostro nome*—O, whither shrunk you? I have had such a mad dialogue here

Omnes We ha' been with the other mad folks

May And what says he and his prick song?

Bell We were up to the ears in Italian, i'faith

Omnes In Italian! O good Master Bellamont, let's hear him

[*Re-enter FULLMOON with two Kneepers they lay hold on BELLAMONT, while MAYBERRY, GREENSHIELD, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL and CHARTLEY 'teal away.*]

Bell How now! 'sdeath, what do you mean? are you mad?

Full Away, sirrah!—Bind him, hold fast—You want a wench, sirrah, do you?

Bell What wench? will you take mine arms from me, being no heralds? let go, you dogs

Full Bind him—Be quiet come, come, dogs! 'e, and a gentleman!

Bell Master Mayberry, Philip, Master Mayberry, ud's foot!

Full I'll bring you a wench are you mad for a wench?

Bell I hold my life, my comrades have put this fool's cap upon thy head, to gull thee* I smell it now why, do you lie, Fullmoon? let me loose, for I'm not mad, I'm not mad, by Jesu

Full Ask the gentlemen that

Bell By the Lord, I'm as well in my wits as any man i' the house, and this is a trick put upon thee by these gallants in pure knavery

Full I'll try that, answer me to this question—loose his arms a little—look you, sir, three geese nine pence, every goose three pence, what's that a goose, roundly, roundly, one with another?

Bell 'Sfoot, do you bring your geese for me to cut up? [*Strikes him soundly, and licks him*]

[*Re-enter MAYBERRY, GREENSHIELD, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, and CHARTLEY.*]

Omnes Hold, hold!—Bind him, Master Fullmoon

Full Bind him you he has paid me all I'll have none of his bonds, not I, unless I could recover them better

Green Have I given it you, master poet? did the lime bush take?

May It was his warrant sent thee to Bedlam,

* *thee*] Old ed. "me" (compare Bellamont's next speech.)

old Jack Bellamont and, Master Full 't the moon, our warrant discharges him—Poet, we'll all ride upon thee to Ware, and back again, I fear, to thy cost

Bell If you do, I must beat you—Thank you, Master Greenshield, I will not die in your debt—Farewell, you mad rascals—To horse, come—'Tis well done, 'twas well done—You may laugh, you shall laugh, gentlemen—If the gudgeon had been swallowed by one of you, it had been vile,

but, by gad, 'tis nothing, for your best poets, indeed, are mad for the most part.—Farewell, goodman Fullmoon

Full Pray, gentlemen, if you come by, call in
[Exit]

Bell Yes, yes, when they are mad—Horse yourselves now, if you be men

May He gallop must that after women rides
(let our wives out of town, they take long stides
[Exit])

ACT V

SCENE I *

Enter MAYNBERY and BELLAMONT

May But why have you brought us to the wrong inn, and withal possessed Greenshield that my wife is not in town? when my project was, that I would have brought him up into the chamber where young Featherstone and his wife lay, and so all his artillery should have recoiled into his own bosom

Bell O, it will fall out far better—you shall see my revenge will have a more neat and unexpected conveyance—He hath been all up and down the town to inquire for a Londoner's wife—none such is to be found, for I have mewed your wife up already—Marry, he hears of a Yorkshire gentle woman at next inn, and that's all the commodity Ware affords at this instant—Now, sir, he very politely imagines that your wife is rode to Puckeridge, five mile further, for, saith he, in such a town, where hosts will be familiar, and tapsters saucy, and chamberlains worse than thieves' intelligencers, they'll never put foot out of stirrup, either at Puckeridge or Wade's Mill, saith he, you shall find them, and because our horses are weary, he's gone to take up post horse—My counsel is only this,—when he comes in, feign yourself very melancholy, swear you will ride no further, and this is your part of the comedy—the sequel of the jest shall come like money borrowed of a courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange and unexpected

May Enough, I hit

Bell He comes

Enter GREENSHIELD

Green. Come, gallants, the post horse is ready, 'tis but a quarter of an hour's riding, we'll ferret them and firk them, in faith

* Scene I.] Ware. A room in an inn.

Bell Are they grown politic? when do you see honesty covet corners, or a gentleman that's no thief lie in the inn of a currier?

May Nothing hath undone my wife but too much riding

Bell She was a pretty piece of a poet indeed, and in her discourse would, as many of your goldsmiths' wives do, draw her simile from precious stones so wittily, as "redder than your ruby," "hinder than your diamond," and so from stone to stone in less time than a man can draw on a strut boot, as if she had been in excellent lipdury

Green Come, will you to horse, sir?

May No, let her go to the devil, an she will I'll not stir a foot further

Green God's precious, is't come to this?—Persuade him, as you are a gentleman there will be ballads made of him, and the burden thereof will be,—

"If you had rode out five mile for ward,
He had found the fatal house of Brentford northward
O hone, hone, hone O none, none"

Bell You are merry, sir

Green Like your citizen, I never think of my debts when I am a horseback

Bell You imagine you are riding from your creditors

Green Good, in faith—Will you to horse?

May I'll ride no further
[Exit]

Green Then I'll discharge the postmaster—Was't not a pretty wit of mine, master poet to have had him rode into Puckeridge with a horn before him? ha, was't not?

Bell Good sooth, excellent—I was dull in

* If you had, &c.] Qy "If he had," &c. or else in the next line "You had found," &c. Compare what Kate sings in p. 279

apprehending it But, come, since we must stay, we'll be merry — Chamberlain, call in the music, bid the tapsters and maids come up and dance! — What! we'll make a night of it

Enter CHAMBERLAIN, Fiddlers, Tapsters, and Maids
Hark you, masters, I have an excellent jest to make old Mayberry merry 'sfoot, we'll have him merry

Green. Let's make him drunk, then a simple catching wit I!

Bill. Go thy ways I know a nobleman would take such a delight in thee

Green. Why, so he would in his fool

Bill. Before God, but he would make a difference, he would keep you in satin But as I was saying, we'll have him merry His wife is gone to Puckeridge 'tis a wench makes him melancholy, 'tis a wench must make him merry we must help him to a wench When your citizen comes into his inn, dropping wet and cold,* either the hostess or one of her maids warms his bed, pulls on his night cap, cuts his corns, puts out the candle, bids him command aught, if he want aught, and so after, master citizen sleeps as quietly as if he lay in his own Low Country of Holland, his own linen, I mean, sir We must have a wench for him

Green. But where's this wench to be found? There are all the moveable petticoats of the house

Bill. At the next inn there lodged to night —

Green. God's precious, a Yorkshire gentlewoman I bet, I'll angle for her presently we'll have him merry

Bill. Procure some chamberlain to pander for you

Green. No, I'll be pander myself, because we'll be merry

Bill. Will you, will you?

Green. But how! be a pander! as I am a gentleman, that were horrible I'll thrust myself into the outside of a falconer in town here, and now I think on't, there are a company of country players, that are come to town here, shall furnish me with hair and beard If I do not bring her! — We'll be wondrous merry

Bill. About it look you, sir, though she be as far aloof, and let her body out of distance, so her mind be coming, 'tis no matter

Green. Get old Mayberry merry That any man should take to heart thus the downfal

* dropping-wet and cold] The old ed. 'wet and cold dropping'

† citizen] The old ed. "citizen"

of a woman! I think when he comes home, poor snail, he'll not dare to peep forth of doors lest his horns usher him [*Exit*]

Bill. Go thy ways There be more in England wear large ears and horns than stags and asses Excellent! he rides post with a halter about his neck

Re-enter MAYBERRY

May. How now! will't take?

Bill. Beyond expectation I have persuaded him the only way to make you merry is to help you to a wench, and the fool is gone to pander his own wife hither

May. Why, he'll know her

Bill. She hath been masked ever since she came into the inn for fear of discovery

May. Then she'll know him

Bill. For that his own unfortunate wit helped in a lazy invention, for he hath disguised himself like a falconer in town here, hoping in that promising shape to do more good upon her than in the outside of a gentleman

May. Young Featherstone will know him

Bill. He's gone into the town, and will not return this half hour

May. Excellent, if she would come

Bill. Nay, upon my life, she'll come When she enters, remember some of your young blood, talk as some of your gallant commoners will, dice, and drink freely, do not call for sack, lest it betray the coldness of your manhood, but fetch a caper now and then, to make the gold chink in your pockets, — ay, so

May. Ha, old post, let's once stand to it for the credit of Milk street! Is my wife acquainted with this?

Bill. She's perfect, and will come out upon her cue, I warrant you

May. Good wenches, in faith — Fills some more sack here

Bill. God's precious, do not call for sack by any means

May. Why, then, give us a whole lordship for life in Rhemish, with the reversion in sign

Bill. Excellent!

May. It were not amiss, if we were dancing

Bill. Out upon't! I shall never do it

Re-enter GREENSHIELD disguised, with KATE masked

Green. Out of mine nostrils, tapster! thou smell'st, like Guildhall two days after Simon and Jude, of drink most horribly, — Off with thy mask, sweet sinner of the north these masks

are foils to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new satin outsides to lousy linings.

Kate O, by no means, sir Your merchant will not open a whole piece to his best customer he that buys a woman must take her as she falls I'll unmask my hand, here's the sample

Green Go to, then, old poet I have t'een her up already as a pinnace bound for the straits she knows her burden yonder

Bell Truly, you are welcome You is the old gentleman, and observe him, he's not one of your fat city chuffs, whose great belly argues that the felicity of his life consists in cypon, sack, and sincere honesty, but a lean, spue, bonntiful gull wit, one that hath an old wife and a young performance, whose reward is not the rate of a captun newly come out of the Low Countries, or a Yorkshire attorney in good contentious practice, some angel—no, the proportion of your wealthy citizen to his wench is her chamber, her diet, her physic, her apparel her painting, her monkey, her pander, her every thing You'll say, your young gentleman is your only service, that lies before you like a cult's head, with his brains some half and from him but, I assure you, they must not only have variety of foolery, but also of wenchery whereas your consernable greybeard of Farrington within will keep himself to the runs of one cast waiting woman an age, and perhaps, when he's past all other good works, to wipe out false weights and twenty i' the hundred, marry her

Green O, well bowled, Tom! * we have precedents for t

Kate But I have a husband, sir

Bell You have? If he knave thy husband be rich, make him poor, that he may borrow money of this merchant, and be lud up in the Counter or Ludgate so it shall be conscience in you [r] old gentleman, when he hath seized all thy goods, to take thee home † and maintain thee

Green O, well bowled, Tom! * we have precedents for t

Kate Well, if you be not a nobleman, you are some great valiant gentlen an by your breath ‡ and the fashion of your beard, and do but thus to make the citizen merry, because you owe him some money

Bell O, you are a wag

May You are very welcome

Green He is ta'en, excellent, excellent! there's one will make him merry Is it any imputation to help one's friend to a wench?

Bell No more than at my lord's entreaty to help my lady to a pretty waiting woman If he had given you a gelding, or the reversion of some monopoly, or a new suit of satin, to have done this, happily* your satin would have smelt of the pander but what's done freely, comes, like a present to an old lady, without any reward, and what is done without any reward, comes, like wounds to a soldier, very honourably notwithstanding

May This is my breeding, gentlewoman and whither travel you?

Kate To London, sir, as the old tale goes, to seek my fortune

May Shall I be your fortune, lady?

Kate O, pardon me, sir, I'll have some young landed hen to be my fortune, for they favour she fools more than citizens

May Are you married?

Kate Yes, but my husband is in captivity in the Low-Countries, is his colonel's bawd, and his captun's jester he sent me word over that he will thrive, for though his apparel be a the Lombard, he keeps his conscience in the muster book

May He may do his country good service lady

Kate Ay, as many of your customs do, that fight, as the geese saved the Capitol, only with prattling Well, well, if I were in some noble man's hands now, may be he would not take a thousand pounds for me

May No?

Kate No, sir, and yet may be at your end would give me a brace of hundred pounds to marry me to his bawd or the solicitor of his law suits.—Whose this, I beseech you?

Enter MISTRESS MYBERRY, her husband with the Hostess

Host I pry you, forsooth, be patient

Bell Passion of my heart, Mistress Myberry! [Leunt Chamberlain, Luddlers, Tiptsters, and Maids]

Green [aside] Now will she put some notable trick upon her cuckoldly husband

May Why, how now, wife! what means this, ha?

Must May Well, I am very well O my unfortunate parents, would you had buried me quick, when you lunked me to this misery!

May O wife, be patient! I have more cause to rail, wife

* Tom] After this word, the old ed. has "()"

† her home] The old ed. 'the house'

‡ breath] The old ed. 'beareth'

* happily] so haply

Mist May You have! prove it, prove it
Where's the courtier you should have ta'en in my
bosom? I'll spit my gull in's face that can tax
me of any dishonour! Have I lost the pleasure
of mine eyes, the sweets of my youth, the
wishes of my blood, and the portion of my
friends, to be thus dishonoured, to be reputed
vile in London, whilst my husband prepares com-
mon defenses for me at Ware? O God, O God!

Bell [aside] Prettily well dissembled

Host As I am true hostess, you are to blame,
and — What are you, mistress? I'll know what
you are afore you depart, mistress. Dost thou
leave thy chamber in an honest inn, to come and
mingle my customers?—An you had sent for
me up, and kissed me, and used me like an
hostess, 'twould never have grieved me, but to
do it to a stranger!

Kate I'll leave you, sir

May Stay — [To *Mist May*] Why, how now,
sweet gentlewoman! cannot I come forth to
breathe myself, but I must be haunted?—[*Aside*
to her] Rail upon old Bellamont, that let my
discover them—You remember Featherstone,
Greenshield?

Mist May I remember them! Ay, they are
two as cogging, dishonourable, damned, forsworn,
base, and gentlemen as are in all London, and
there's a reverend old gentleman, too, your
pardon, in my conscience

Lull Lady, I will not, as the old gods were
wont swear by the infernal Styx, but by all the
muddled wine in the cellar beneath, and the
smoke of tobacco that hath fumed over the
vessels, I did not procure your husband this
banqueting dish of sickness! Look you, behold
the parenthesis

[*Lulls off GREENSHIELDS raise hair and beard*

Host Nay, I'll see your face too

[*Pulls off KATE'S mask*

Kate My dear unkind husband, I protest to
thee I have played this knavish part only to be witty

Green That I might be presently turned into
a matter more solid than horn,—into marble!

Bell Your husband, gentlewoman! why, he
never was a soldier

Kate Ay, but a lady got him pricked for a
captain. I warrant you, he will answer to the
name of captain, though he be none, like a lady
that will not think scorn to answer to the name of
her first husband, though he were a soap-boiler

Green Hang off, thou devil, away!

Kate [sings]

"No, no you fled me t'other day
When I was with child you ran away
But since I have caught out now —

Green A pox of your wit and your singing!

Bell Nay, look you, sir she must sing, because
we'll be merry

"What though* you rode not me in le forwar!
You have found that metal horse at Brentford northward,
O home, home, nanerol!"

Green God refuse me! gentlemen, you may
laugh and be merry, but I am a cuckold, and I
think you know of it—Who lay with the sego with
you to-night, wild duck?

Kate Nobody with me, as I shall be saved,
but Master Featherstone came to meet me as far
as Royston

Green Featherstone!

May See, the hawk that first stooped my
pleasant, is killed by the sparrow that first sang
all of our side, wife

Bell 'Twas a pretty wit of you, sir, to have
had him rode into Puckeridge with a horn before
him, ha, wasn't not!

Green Good

Bell Or, where a citizen keeps his house, you
know, 'tis not as a gentleman keeps his chamber,
for debt, but, as you said even now very wisely,
lest his horns should usher him

Green Very good—Featherstone—he comes

[*Enter FEATHERSTONE*

Feath Luke Greenshield, Master Mayberry, o'd
poet, Moll, and Kite, most happily encountered
ud's life, how came you hither? By my life, the
man looks pale

Green You are a villain, and I'll make't good
upon you. I am no servingman to feed upon
your reversion

Feath Go to the ordinary, then

Bell This is his ordinary, sir, and in this she
is like a London ordinary,—her best getting comes
by the box

Green You are a damned villain

Feath O, by no means

Green No? Ud's life, I'll go instantly take a
puise, be apprehended, and hanged for't, better
than be a cuckold

Feath Best first make your confession, sirrah

* mistress] Here, and in the next line the old ed
"mistress"

* What though, &c.] See p. 278
† God return me] See note 2, p. 7

Green 'Tis this, thou hast not used me like a gentleman

Feath A gentleman! thou a gentleman! thou art a tailor

Bill 'Ware peaching!

Feath No, smith, if you will confess aught, tell how thou hast wronged that virtuous gentle woman how thou layest at her two year together, to make her dishonest, how thou wouldst send me thither with letters, how duly thou wouldst watch the citizens' wives' vocation, which is twice a day, namely the Exchange time, twelve at noon, and six at night, and where she refused thy importunity and vowed to tell her husband, thou wouldst fall down upon thy knees, and entreat her for the love of heaven if not to cure thy violent affection, at least to conceal it,—to which her pity and simple virtue consented, how thou tookest her wedding ring from her, met these two gentlemen at Ware, feigned a quarrel and the rest is apparent. This only remains—what wrong the poor gentle woman hath since received by our intolerable lie, I am most heartily sorry for and to thy bosom will maintain all I have said to be honest

May Victory, wife! thou art quit by proclamation

Bill Sir, you are an honest man. I have known an arrant knave for peaching made an officer—give me your hand, sir

Kate O filthy, abominable husband, did you all this?

May Certainly he is no captain, he blushes

Met May Speak, sir, did you ever know me answer your wishes?

Green You are honest, very virtuously honest

Met May I will, then no longer be a loose woman. I have at my husband's pleasure taken upon me this habit of jealousy. I'm sorry for your virtue glories not in the spoil, but in the victory

Bill How say you by that goodly sentence? Look you, sir, you gallants visit citizens' houses, as the Spaniard first sailed to the Indies you pretend buying of wares or selling of lands, but the end proves 'tis nothing but for discovery and conquest of their wives for better maintenance. Why, look you, was he aware of those broken patients* when you met him at Ware and possessed him of the downfall of his wife? You are a cuckold, you have pandered your own wife to this gentleman, better men have done it, honest

* *patients*] Qy "patients?" but the whole passage is otherwise corrupted.

Tom,* we have precedents for't. Hie you to London. What is more catholic i'the city than for husbands daily for to forgive the nightly sins of their bedfellows? If you like not that course, but do† intend to be rid of her, hie her to a tavern,‡ where you may swallow down some fifty wineacres, sons and hens to old tenements and common gardens, like so many raw yolks with muscadine to bedward

Kate O filthy knave, dost compare a woman of my carriage to a horse!

Bill And no disparagement, for a woman to have a high forehead, a quick ear, a full eye, a wide nostril, a sleek skin, a straight back, a round hip, and so forth, is most comely

Kate But is a great belly comely in a horse, sir?

Bill No, lady

Kate And what think you of it in a woman, I pray you?

Bill Certainly I am put down at my own weapon. I therefore recant the saying. No, there is a new trade come up for cast gentle women, of penwig making. Let your wife set up i'the Strand, and yet I doubt whether she may or no, for they say the women have got it to be a corporation. If you can, you may make good use of it, for you shall have as good a coming in by law (though it be but a falling commodity), and by other foolish things, as any between Saint Clement's and Charing

Feath Now you have run yourself out of breath, hie me. I protest the gentlewoman is honest and since I have wronged her reputation in meeting her thus privately, I'll maintain her.—Wilt thou hang at my purse, Kate, like a pair of Bubby buttons§ to open when 'tis full, and close when 'tis empty?

Kate I'll be divorced, by this Christan element and because thou thinkest thou art a

* *To (see note) p. 27*

† *but do intend*] The old ed. "but to intend"

‡ *hie her at a tavern*] Our old writers used *hie* in the sense of *rough*. So Chapman,—Why, then, thus it shall be, we'll strike up a drumme, set up a tent, call people together, put crowns a piece, let's *hie* for her. *The Blinde Beggar of Alcamal* 1105. Sig. B. 1. And Munsell, in his *catch into the tongue* ed. 1617 c. plums *relating* to be a kind of game, where he that in casting doth throw most on the dice takes up all that is laid down. Dr. Nott therefore is quite wrong when in a note on his reprint of Dekker's *Gull's Horn-book* p. 16, he says that "my *relating*" means "any cheating or pandering"

§ *Bubby buttons*] Moorish buttons, I believe, of gold or silver filigree work

cuckold, lest I should make thee an infidel in causing thee to believe an untruth, I'll make thee a cuckold

Bell Excellent wench!

Feath Come, let's go, sweet, the nag I ride upon bears double well to London

May Do not bite your thumbs, sir.

Kate Bite his thumb! [*Sings*

"I'll make him do a thing worse than this
Come love me whereas I lay"

Feath What, Kate?

Kate [*sings*]

"He shall father a child as none of his,
O, the clean contrary way"

Feath O lusty Kate!

[*Enter FEATHERSTONE and KATE*]

May Methought he said even now you were a tailor

Green You shall hear more of that hereafter. He made Ware and him stink ere he goes. If I be a tailor, the rogue's naked weapon shall not fright me, I'll beat him and my wife both out o' the town with a tailor's yard. [*Exit*

May O what Sir Tristram!—Room there!

Enter PHILIP FEATHERSTONE, a d CHAMBERLAIN

Phil News, father, most strange news out of the Low Countries your good lady and mistress, that set you to work upon a dozen of choice trenchers, is now lighted at the next inn, and the old venerable gentlewoman's * father with her

Bell Let the gates of our inn be locked up closer than a nobleman's gates at dinner time

Omnes Why, sir, why?

Bell If she enter here, the house will be infected the plague is not half so dangerous as a she-hornet—Philip, this is your shuffling o' the ends, to turn up her for the bottom end at Ware

Philip No, as I am virtuous, sir ask the two gentlemen

Laver No, in truth, sir She told us, that, in quining at London for you or your son, your man chucked out her way to Ware

Bell I would Ware might choke em both—Master Mayberry, my horse and I will take our leaves of you I'll to Bedlam gun rather than stay her

May Shall a woman make thee fly thy country? Stay, stand to her, though she were greater than Pope Joan What are thy brains conjuring for, my poetical bay leaf eater?

* *gentlewoman's*] The old ed "*Gentlewoman*."

Bell For 'a spite o' the buttry, that shall make us all drunk with mirth, if I can raise it Stay, the chicken is not fully hatched—Wit,* I beseech thee so, come!—Will you be secret, gentlemen, and assisting?

Omnes With brown bills, if you think good

Bell What will you say if by some trick we put this little hornet into Featherstone's bosom, and marry 'em together?

Omnes Fuh! 'tis impossible

Bell Most possible I'll to my trencher-woman, let me alone for dealing with her. Featherstone, gentlemen, shall be your patient.

Omnes How, how?

Bell Thus I will close with this country pedler, Mistress Dorothy, that travels up and down to exchange pins for conyskins, very lovingly, she shall eat of nothing but sweatmeats in my company, good words, whose taste when she likes, as I know she will, then will I play upon her with this uttillery,—that a very proper man and a great hen, naming Featherstone, spied her from a window, when she lighted at her inn, is extremely fallen in love with her, vows to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, even in Ware, but being, as most of your young gentlemen be, somewhat bashful, and ashamed to venture upon a woman,—

May City and suburbs can justify it so, sir

Bell He sends me, being an old friend, to undermine for him I'll so whet the wench's stomach, and make her so hungry, that she shall have an appetite to him, for it not Green-hood shall have a hand in it too, and, to be revenged of his partner, will, I know, strike with any weapon

Laver But is Featherstone of my name's else you undo him and her

May He has lund between Fulham and London he would have made it over to me—for your charge, poet give you the assault upon her, and send but Featherstone to me, I'll hang him by the gills

Bell He's not yet horsed, sure—Philip go thy ways, give fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently

Phil He's blown up already [*Exit*

Bell Gentlemen, you'll stick to tuo device, and look to your plot?

Omnes Most poetically away to your quarter

Bell I march I will cast my rider, gallants I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage

[*Exit*

* *Wit*] The old ed "*hit*"

May That must be that comes here.

Re-enter PHILIP and FEATHERSTONE

Master Featherstone, O Master Featherstone, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of feathers more than ever they did! leap but into the saddle now that stands empty for you, you are made for ever!

Lever [*aside*] An ass, I'll be sworn

Feather How, for God's sake, how?

May I would you had what I could wish you I love you, and because you shall be sure to know where my love dwells, look you, sir, it hangs out at this sign you shall pray for Ware when Ware is dead and rotten. Look you, sir, there is as pretty a little pinnace stuck out hereby, and come in lately she's my kinswoman, my father's youngest sister, a waid, her portion three thousand, her hopes, if her grannam die without issue, better

Feath Very good, sir

May Her guardian goes about to marry her to a stonecutter, and rather than she'll be subject to such a fellow, she'll die a martyr will you have all out? she's run away, is here at an inn in the town. What parts soever you have played with me, I see good parts in you, and if you now will catch Time's hair that's put into your hand, you shall clap her up presently

Feath Is she young, and a pretty wench?

Lever Few citizens' wives are like her

Phil Young! why, I warrant sixteen hath scarce gone over her

Leath Stoot, where is she? If I like her personage as well as I like that which you say belongs to her personage, I'll stand thrumming of caps no longer, but board your pinnace whilst 'tis hot

May Away, then, with these gentlemen, with a French gallop, and to her! Philip here shall run for a priest, and despatch you

Feath Will you, gallants, go along? We may be married in a chamber for fear of hue and cry after her, and some of the company shall keep the door

May Assure your soul she will be followed away, therefore [*Exeunt FEATHERSTONE, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, and CHARLIFY*] He's in the Curtian gulf,* and swallowed, horse and man. He will have somebody keep the door for him! she'll look to that. I am younger than I was two nights ago for this physic—How now!

* *He's in the Curtian gulf*] Every schoolboy knows the story of M. Curtius

Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS, ALLUM, HANS VAN BELCH, and others, booted

Capt Jen God bless you! is there not an avarant scurvy trab in your company, that is a sentlewoman born, sir, and can tawg Welsh, and Dutch, and any tongue in your head?

May How so? Drabs in my company! do I look like a drab driver?

Capt Jen The trab will drive you, if she put you before her, into a pench hole*

Allum Is not a gentleman here, one Master Bellamont, sir, of your company?

May Yes, yes come you from London? he'll be here presently

Capt Jen Will he? tawson, this oman hunts at his tail, like your little goats in Wales follow their mother. We have warrants here from master justice of this shire, to show no pity nor mercy to her. her name is Doll

May Why, sir, what has she committed? I think such a creature is in the town

Capt Jen What has she committed? ounds, she has committed more than manslaughter, for she has committed herself, God bless us, to everlasting prison. Lug you, sir, she is a punk she shifts her lovers (as captains and Welsh gentlemen and such) as she does her trenchers, when she has well fed upon't, and that there is left nothing but pure bones, she calls for a clean one, and scrapes away the first

Re-enter BELLAMONT with HORNET, DOLL between them, FEATHERSTONE, GREENSHIELD, KATE, PHILIP LEVERPOOL, and CHARLIFY

May Gods so, Master Featherstone, what will you do? here's three come from London to fetch away the gentlewoman with a warrant

Feather All the warrants in Europe shall not fetch her now she's mine sure enough.—What have you to say to her? she's my wife

Capt Jen Ow! 'sblood, do you come so far to fish, and catch frogs? your wife is a tilt bont, any man or oman may go in her for money she's a cony catcher—Where is my moveable goods called a coach, and my two wild peasts? pogs on you would they had trawn you to the gallows!

Allum I must borrow fifty pound of you, mistress bride

Hans Yaw, vro, and you make me de gheck, de groet fool you heb mine gelt too, war is it?

* *pench hole*] He means *bench hole*. So in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 7, "We'll beat 'em into bench holes", where Malone observes that *bench hole* means "the hole in a bench *ad levandum alvum*."

Doll Out, you base scums! come you to disgrace me in my wedding-shoes?

Feath. Is this your three-thousand pound ward? ye told me, sir, she was your kinswoman

May Right, one of mine aunts *

Bell. Who pays for the northern voyage now, ands?

Green. Why do you not ride before my wife to London now? The woodcock's i'the spunge

Kate. O, forgive me, dear husband! I will never love a man that is worse than hanged, as he is

May Now a man may have a course in your park?

Feath. Ho may, sir

Doll Never, I protest I will be as true to thee as Ware and Wade's Mill are one to another

* aunts] See note *, p. 254

Feath. Well, it's but my fate Gentlemen, this is my opinion, it's better to shoot in a bow that has been shot in before, and will never start, than to draw a fair new one, that for every arrow will be warping—Come, wench, we are joined, and all the dogs in France shall not part us—I have some lands those I'll turn into money, to pay you, and you, and any—I'll pay all that I can for thee, for I'm sure thou hast paid me

Omnes God give you joy!

May Come, let's be merry—[*To Greenshield*] Lie you with your own wife, to be sure she shall not walk in her sleep—A noise of musicians,* chamberlain!—

This night let's banquet freely come we'll dare Our wives to combat i'the great bed in Ware

[*Exeunt*]

* A noise of musicians] See note §, p. 222

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD.

A Cure for a Cuckold. A pleasant Comedy, As it hath been several times Acted with great Applause. Written by John Webster and William Rowley. Placere Cupio. London Printed by Tho. Johnson, and are to be sold by Francis Kirkman, at his Shop at the signe of John Fletchers Head, over against the Angel Inne, on the Back side of St. Clements, without Temple Bar. 1661. 4to.

We have no other authority than that of Kirkman for attributing this play to Webster and Rowley. I believe, however, that it is rightly assigned. A great portion of it, which the authors meant for blank verse, Kirkman has printed as prose. In some passages the integrity of the text is very questionable.

William Rowley, Webster's coadjutor in this drama, flourished in the reign of James the first. Meres mentions among the best writers of comedy, "Mister Rowley, once a rare Scholler of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge," (*Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury, Being the Second Part of Wits Commonwealth*, 1598, fol. 283,) but he doubtless alludes to another dramatist of the same name, Samuel Rowley. It appears that William was an actor, as well as an author, and he is said to have been more excellent in comedy than in tragedy. "There was one Will Rowley was Head of the Princes Company of Comedians in 1610 to 1616." See the Office Books of the Lord Stanhope, Treasurer of the Chamber in those years, in Dr. Rich. Rawlinson's Possession. MS. note by Oldys on Langbrine's *Acc. of Eng. Dram. Poets*, in the Brit. Museum. "William Rowley, the author actor, was married to Isabel Tooley at Cripplegate Church, in 1637." — Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. 233.

Of his plays there remain four of which he was the sole author,—(the best of them, *A new Wonder a Woman never yet* was revived with alterations at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1824,)—and twelve which he composed in conjunction with other writers, Davy, Wilkins, Middleton, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Heywood, Dekker, and Webster. His name is associated with Shakespeare's on the title-page of *The Birth of Merlin*, but certainly the bard of Avon at least had no hand in that wretched drama.

THE STATIONER TO THE JUDICIOUS READER.

GENTLEMEN,

It was not long since I was only a bookreader, and not a bookseller, which quality (my former employment somewhat failing, and I being unwilling to be idle,) I have now lately taken on me. It hath been my fancy and delight, e'er since I knew any thing, to converse with books, and the pleasure I have taken in those of this nature, viz plays, hath been so extraordinary, that it hath been much to my cost, for I have been, as we term it, a gatherer of plays for some years, and I am confident I have more of several sorts than any man in England, bookseller or other. I can at any time show seven hundred in number, which is within a small matter all that were ever printed. Many of these I have several times over, and intend, as I sell, to purchase more, all, or any of which, I shall be ready either to sell or lend to you upon reasonable considerations.

In order to the increasing of my store, I have now this term printed and published three, viz this called *A Cure for a Cuckold*, and another called *The Thracian Wonder*, and the third called *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. Two of these three were never printed, the third, viz, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, hath been formerly printed, but it is almost an hundred years since. As for this play, I need not speak any thing in its commendation, the authors' names, Webster and Rowley, are (to knowing men) sufficient to declare its worth. Several persons remember the acting of it, and say that it then pleased generally well, and let me tell you, in my judgment it is an excellent old play. The expedient of curing a cuckold, after the manner set down in this play, hath been tried to my knowledge, and therefore I may say *probatum est*. I should I doubt, be too tedious, or else I would say somewhat in defence of this, and in commendation of plays in general, but I question not but you have read what abler pens than mine have writ in their vindication. Gentlemen, I hope you will so encourage me in my beginnings, that I may be induced to proceed to do you service, and that I may frequently have occasion, in this nature, to subscribe myself

Your servant,

FRANCIS KIRKMAN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

♦

WOODROFF a justice of the peace father to Annabel
 FRANKFORD a merchant brother in law to Woodroff
 LESINGHAM a gentleman in love with Clara
 BONVILLE a gentleman, the bridegroom and husband to Annabel
 RAYMOND }
 FUSTAGE } all into invited to the wedding
 LIONEL }
 GROVER }
 ROCHFELD a young gentleman and a friend
 COMPASS a seaman
 PERRIBO }
 DOOLEY } two attorneys
 A Counsellor
 Two Clerks
 Two Boys
 A Sailor

 LUCY wife to Frankford, and sister to Woodroff
 ANNABEL, the bride and wife to Bonvil
 CLARA Lesingham's mistress
 URSULA wife to Compass
 Nurse
 A Waitingwoman

* *a young gentleman and a thief*] I must observe, that it is Kirkman who so characterises Rochfield I give
 the Dram Per from the old ed

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD.

ACT I

SCENE I *

Enter LESBINGHAM and CLARE

Less This is a place of feasting and of joy,
And, as in triumphs and ovations, here
Nothing save state and pleasure

Clare 'Tis confess'd

Less A day of mirth and solemn jubilee,——

Clare For such is can be merry

Less A happy nuptial,
Since a like pair of fortunes suitable,
Equality in birth, purity in years,
And in affliction no way different,
Are this day sweetly coupled

Clare 'Tis a marriage

Less True, lady, and a noble precedent
Methinks for us to follow. Why should these
Out-trip us in our loves, that have not yet
Outgone us in our time? If we thus lose
Our best and not to be recovered hours
Unprofitably spent, we shall be held
Much truant in love's school

Clare That's a study
In which I never shall ambition have
To become graduate

Less Lady, you are sad
This joyful meeting puts me in a spirit
To be made such. We two are guests invited,
And meet by purpose, not by accident
Where's, then, a place more opportunely fit,
In which we may solicit our own loves,
Than before this example?

Clare In a word,
I purpose not to marry

Less By your favour,
For as I ever to this present hour
Have studied your observance, so from henceforth

* *Scene I*] The garden belonging to Woodroff's house

I now will study plainness —I have lov'd you
Beyond myself, mis-spended for your sake
Many a fair hour which might have been employ'd
To pleasure or to profit, have neglected
Duty to them from whom my being came,
My parents, but my hopeful studies most
I have stol'n time from all my choice delights
And robb'd myself, thinking to enrich you
Matches I have had offer'd, some have told me
As fair, as rich,—I never thought 'e n so
And lost all these in hope to find out you
Resolve me, then, for Christian charity,
Think you in answer of that frozen nature
Is a sufficient satisfaction for
So many more than needful services?

Clare I have said, sir

Less Whence might this distaste arise?
Be at least so kind to perfect me in that
Is it of some dislike lately conceiv'd
Of this my person, which perhaps may grow
From calumny and scandal? if not that,
Some late received melancholy in you?
If neither, your perverse and peevish will,—
To which I most imply it?

Clare Be it what it can or may be, thus it is,
And with this answer pray rest satisfied
In all these travels, windings, and indentings,
Paths, and by paths, which in my have sought out,
There's but one only road, and that alone,
To my fruition which whose finds out,
'Tis like he may enjoy me, but that failing,
I ever am mine own

Less O, name it, sweet!
I am already in a labyrinth,
Until you guide me out

Clare I'll to my chamber
May you be pleas'd unto your mis spent time

To add but some few minutes, by my maid
You shall hear further from me

Less I'll attend you [Exit CLARE

What more can I desire than be resolv'd
Of such a long suspense? Here's now the period
Of much expectation

Enter RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, and GROVER

Ray What, you alone retir'd to privacy
Of such a goodly confluence, all prepar'd
To grace the present nuptials?

Less I have heard some say,
Men are ne'er less alone than when alone,
Such power hath meditation

Eust O these choice beauties
That are this day assembled! but of all
Fair Mistress Clare, the bride excepted still,
She bears away the prize

Lion And worthily,
For, setting off her present melancholy,
She is without fixation *

Grov I conceive
The cause of her so sudden discontent

Ray 'Tis far out of my way

Grov I'll speak it, then
In all estates, professions, or degrees,
In arts or sciences, there is a kind
Of emulation, likewise so in this
There's a maid this day married, a choice beauty
Now, Mistress Clare, a virgin of like age
And fortunes correspondent, apprehending
Time lost in her that's in another gain'd,
May upon this—for who knows women's
thoughts?—

Grow into this deep sadness

Ray Like enough

Less You are pleasant, gentlemen, or else
perhaps,
Though I know many have pursu'd her love——

Grov And you amongst the rest, with pardon,
sir,

Yet she might cast some more peculiar eye
On some that not respects her

Less That's my fear,
Which you now make your sport

Enter Waitingwoman.

Wait A letter, sir

Less From whom?

Wait My mistress [Gives letter

Less [aside] She has kept her promise,
And I will read it, though I in the same
Know my own death included

* without taxation] i. e. irreproachable

Wait. Fare you well, sir

[Exit

Less [reads] "Prove all thy friends, find out the
best and nearest,

Kill for my sake that friend that loves thee dearest"

Her servant, nay, her hand and character,

All meeting in my ruin!—Read again

"Prove all thy friends, find out the best and
nearest,

Kill for my sake that friend that loves thee dearest"

And what might that one be? 'tis a strange
difficulty,

And it will ask much counsel.

[Exit

Ray Lessingham

Hath left us on the sudden

Eust Sure, the occasion

Was of that letter sent him

Lion It may be

It was some challenge

Grov Challenge! never dream it

Are such things sent by women?

Ray 'Twere in herself

To conceive but such a thought

Lion Tush, all the diffidence

Begot this day must be at night decided

Between the bride and bridegroom—Here both
come

Enter WOODROFF, ANNAH, BONNIE, FRANK, and NISSE

Wood What did you call the gentleman we met
But now in some distraction?

Bon. Lessingham,

A most approv'd and noble friend of mine,

And one of our prime guests

Wood He seem'd to me

Somewhat in mind distemper'd What concern

Those private humours our so public mirth,

In such a time of revels? Mistress Clare,

I miss her too why, gallants, have you suffer'd
her

Thus to be lost amongst you?

Anna Dinner done,

Unknown to any, she retir'd herself

Wood Sick of the maid perhaps, because she
sees

You, mistress bride, her school and playfellow,

So suddenly turn'd wife

Frank 'Twas shrewdly guess'd

Wood Go find her out—Fie, gentlemen, within

The music plays unto the silent walls,

And no man there to grace it when I was young,

At such a meeting I have so bestir'd me

Till I have made the pale green sickness girls

Blush like the ruby, and drop pearls apace

Down from their ivory foreheads, in those days
I have cut capers thus high Nay, in, gentlemen,
And single out the ladies.

Ray Well advis'd —

Nay, mistress bride, you shall along with us,
For without you all's nothing

Anna Willingly,
With master bridegroom's leave.

Hon O my best joy,
This day I am your servant

Wood True, this day,
She has, her whole life after,—so it should be,
Only this day a groom to do her service,
For which, the full remainder of his age,
He may write master I have done it yet,
And so, I hope, still shall do — Sister Luce,
May I presume my brother Franckford can
Say as much and truly?

Luce Sir, he may,
I freely give him leave

Wood Observe that, brother,
She freely gives you leave but who gives leave,
The master or the servant?

Franck You are pleasant,
And it becomes you well, but this day most,
That having but one daughter, have bestow'd her
To your great hope and comfort

Wood I have one
Would you could say so, sister! but your
barrenness

Has given your husband freedom, if he please,
To seek his pasture elsewhere

Luce Well, well, brother,
Though you may taunt me, that have never yet
Been bless'd with issue, spare my husband, pray,
For he may have a by blow or an heir
That you never heard of

Franck O, fie, wife! make not
My fault too public

Luce Yet himself keep within compass

Franck If you love me, sweet,—

Luce Nay, I have done

Wood But if
He have not, wench, I would he had the hurt
I wish you both Prithee thine ear a little

Nurse [to FRANCKFORD] Your boy grows up,
and 'tis a chopping lad,
A man even in the cradle

Franck Softly, nurse

Nurse One of the forward'st infants! how it
will crow,
And churrup like a sparrow! I fear shortly
It will breed teeth you must provide him
therefore

A coral with a whistle and a chain

Franck He shall have any thing

Nurse He's now quite out of blankets

Franck There's a piece, [Gives money
Provide him what he wants only, good nurse,
Prithee, at this time be silent.

Nurse A charm to bind
Any nurse's tongue that's living.

Wood Come, we are miss'd
Among the younger fry gravity oft-times
Becomes the sports of youth, especially
At such solemnities, and it were sin
Not in our age to show what we have bin

[Exeunt

SCENE II *

Enter FRANKFORD, *sad, with a letter in his hand*

*Less Amicidii nihil dedit Natura magis nec
varius*

So saith my author † If, then, powerful Nature,
In all her bounties shower'd upon mankind,
Found none more rare and precious than this one
We call Friendship, O, to what a monster
Would this trans shape me,—to be made that he
To violate such goodness! To kill my,
Had been a sad injunction, but a friend!
Nay, of all friends the most approv'd! a task
Hell, till this day, could never parallel
And yet this woman has a power of me
Beyond all virtue,—virtue! almost grace
What might her hidden purpose be in this,
Unless she apprehend some fantasy,
That no such thing is being, and as kindred,
And claims to crowns, are worn out of the world,
So the name friend? 't may be 'twas her conceit
I have tried those that have professed much
For coin, nay, sometimes, slighter courtesies,
Yet found 'em cold enough so, perhaps, she,
Which makes her thus opinion'd. If in the
former,

And therefore better days, 'twas held so rare,
Who knows but in these last and wouser times
It may be now with Justice banish'd th' earth?
I'm full of thoughts, and this my troubled breast
Distemper'd with a thousand fantasies.
Something I must resolve I'll first make proof
If such a thing there be, which having found,
'Twixt love and friendship 'twill be a brave fight,
To prove in man which claims the greatest right.

* Scene II] A room in the same house

† So saith my author] A passage somewhat resembling
this occurs in *Cicero*

Enter RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, and GROVER

Ray What, Master Lessingham?
You that were wont to be compos'd of muth,
All spirit and fire, alacritie itself,
Like the lustric of a late bright shining sun,
Now wrapt in clouds and dukness!

Lion Prithoe be merry,
Thy dulness sads the half part of the house,
And deads that spirit which thou wast wont to
quicken,
And half spent to give life to

Less Gentlemen,
Such as live cause for sport, I shall wish ever
To make of it the present benefit,
While it exists, content is still short breath'd
When it was mine I did so, if now yours,
I pray make your best use on't

Lion Riddles and janeloxes
Come, come some crochets come into thy pate,
And I will know the cause on't

Grov So will I
Or, I protest, never leave thee

Less 'Tis a business*
Proper to myself, one that concerns
No second person

Grov How's that? not a friend?

Less Why is there any such?

Grov Do you question that? what do you take
me for?

Eust Ay, sir, or me? His many months ago
Since we betwixt us interchang'd that name,
And of my part neer broken

Lion Troth nor mine

Ray If you make question of a friend, I pray
Number not me the last in your account,
That would be crown'd in your opinion first

Less You all speak nobly, but amongst you all
Can such a one be found?

Ray Not one amongst us
But would be proud to wear the character
Of noble friendship in the name of which,
And of all us here present, I entreat,
Expose to us the grief that troubles you

Less I shall, and briefly If ever gentleman
Sunk beneath scandal, or his reputation,
Never to be recover'd, suffer'd, and
For want of one whom I may call a friend,
Then mine is now in danger

Ray I'll redeem't,
Though with my life's dear hazard.

Eust I pray, sir,
Be to us open breasted

* 'Tis a business, &c.] The old ed gives this speech to
Eustace

Less Then 'tis thus

There is to be perform'd a monomachy,
Combat, or duel,—time, place, and weapon,
Agreed betwixt us Had it touch'd myself
And myself only, I had then been happy,
But I by composition am engag'd
To bring with me my second, and he too,
Not as the law of combat is, to stand
Aloof and see far play, bring off his friend,
But to engage his person both must fight,
And either of them dangerous

Lust Of all things
I do not like this fighting

Less Now, gentlemen,
Of this so great a courtesy I am
At this instant merely* destitute

Ray The time?

Less By eight o'clock to-morrow

Ray How unhappily
Things may fall out! I am just at that hour,
Upon some late conceived discontents,
To atone† me to my father, otherwise
Of all the rest you had commanded me
Your second and your servant

Lion Pray, the place?

Less Calus sands!‡

Lion It once was fitful to a friend of mine
And a new kinsman, for which I vow'd then,
And deeply too, never to see that ground
But if it had been elsewhere, one of them
Had before mine been worms'-meat

Grov What's the weapon?

Less Single sword

Grov Of all that you could name,
A thing I never practis'd had it been
Rapier, or that ind' pomm'd, where men use
Rather slight than force, I had been then your
man

Being young, I strain'd the sinews of my arm,
Since then to me 'twas never serviceable

Eust In troth, sir, had it been a money matter,
I could have stood your friend, but as for fighting,
I was ever out at that

Less Well, farewell, gentlemen

[*Lacant* RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, and GROVER
But where's the friend in all this? Tush, she's
wise,

* merely] i.e. utterly

† atone] i.e. reconcile

‡ Calus sands] As duelling was punishable by the
English law, it was customary for gallants, who had
affairs of honour to settle, to betake themselves to Calus-
sands.

§ mine] The old ed "mine"

And knows there's no such thing beneath the moon
I now applaud her judgment

Enter BONVILLE.

Bon. Why, how now, friend! This discontent,
which now

Is so unseason'd, makes me question what
I ne'er durst doubt before, your love to me
Doth it proceed from envy of my bliss,
Which this day crowns me with? or have you

been
A secret rival in my happiness,
And grieve to see me owner of those joys
Which you could wish your own?

Less. Banish such thoughts,
Or you shall wrong the truest faithful friendship
Which e'er could boast of. O, mine honour, sir!
'Tis that which makes me wear this brow of

sorrow
Were that free from the power of chimney, —
But pardon me, that being now a dym, —
Which is so near to man, if put we cannot
With pleasant looks

Bon. Do but speak the burden,
And I protest to take it off from you,
And lay it on myself

Less. 'Twere a request,
Impudence without blushing could not ask,
It bears with it such injury

Bon. Yet must I know't

Less. Receive it, then — but I entreat you, sir,
Not to imagine that I apprehend
A thought to further my intent by you,
From you 'tis least suspected — 'twas my fortune
To entertain a quarrel with a gentleman,
The field betwixt us challeng'd, place and time
And these to be perform'd not without seconds
I have relied on in my seeming friends,
But cannot bless my memory with one
Dares venture in my quarrel

Bon. Is this all?

Less. It is enough to make all temperance
Convert to fury. Sir, my reputation,
The life and soul of honour, is at stake,
In danger to be lost, the word of coward
Still printed in the name of Lessingham

Bon. Not while there is a Bonville. My I live
poor,

And die despis'd, not having one sad friend
To wait upon my hearse, if I survive
The ruin of that honour! Sir, the time?

Less. Above all spare me [that], for that once
known,

You'll cancel this your promise, and un-ay
Your friendly profit, neither can I blame you
Had you confirm'd it with a thousand oaths,
The heavens would look with mercy, not with
justice,

On your offence, should you infringe 'em all
Soon after sun rise, upon Calais sands,
To-morrow we should meet — now to defer
Time one half hour. I should but forfeit all
But, sir, of all men living, thus, this,
Concerns you least, for shall I be the man
To rob you of this night's felicity,
And make your bride a widow, her soft bed
No witness of those joys this night expects!

Bon. I still prefer my friend before my pleasure,
Which is not lost for ever, but adjourn'd
For more mature employment

Less. Will you go, then?

Bon. I am resolv'd I will

Less. And instantly?

Bon. With all the speed convenient I will make

Less. You do not weigh those inconveniences
This action meets with — your deputing hence
Will breed a strange distraction in your friends,
Distrust of love in your fair virtuous bride,
Whose eyes perhaps may never more be bless'd
With your dear sight, since you may meet a grave,
And that not 'mongst your noble ancestors,
But amongst strangers, almost enemies

Bon. This were enough to shake a weak resolve,
It moves not me. Take horse — is secretly
As you will may — my groom shall make mine ready
With all speed possible, unknown to my

Less. But, sir, the bride

Enter ANNA.

Anna. Did you not see the key that's to unlock
My chamber? and my jewels' now in troth,
I am afraid tis lost

Bon. No, sweet, I hav't,
I found it lie at random in your chamber,
And knowing you would miss it, laid it by
'Tis safe, I warrant you

Anna. Then my jewels past
But till you gave it back, my neck and arms
Are still your prisoners

Bon. But you shall find
They have a gentle grioler

Anna. So I hope
Within you're much inquis'd of

Bon. Sweet, I follow [Exit ANNA BELL] Dover

Less. Yes, that's the place

* carcanet] i.e. necklace

Bon If you be there before me, hire a bullock
I shall not fail to meet you [Exit]

Less Was ever known
A man so miserably blessed as I?
I have no sooner found the greatest good
Man in this pilgrimage of life can meet,

But I must make the womb where 'twas conceived

The tomb to bury it, and the first hour it lives
The last it must breathe Yet there is a fate
That sways and governs above woman's hate

[Exit]

ACT II

SCENE I *

Enter ROCHESTER

Rock A younger brother 'tis a poor calling,
Though not unlawful, very hard to live on
The elder fool inherits all the lands,
And we that follow legacies of wit,
And get em when we can too Why should law,
If we be lawful and legitimate,
Leave us without an equal dividend?
Or why compels it not our fathers else
To censure from getting, when they want to give?
No, sure, our mothers will ne'er agree to that,
They love to groan, although the gallows echo
And grow together for us from the first
We travel forth, to others our journey's end
I must forward To beg is out of my way,
And borrowing is out of date The old road,
The old high way, 't must be, and I am met
The place will serve for a young beginner,
For this is the first day I set open shop
Success, then, sweet Lavinia! I have heard
That thieves adore thee for a duty
I would not purchase by thee but to eat
And 'tis too churlish to deny me meat—
Soft! here may be a booty

Enter ANNA and a Servant

Anna Horsa'd, says't thou?

Serv Yes mistress, with Lessingham

Anna Alack I know not what to doubt or fear!
I know not well whether to be well or ill,
But, sure, it is no custom for the groom
To leave his bride upon the nuptial day
I am so young and ignorant a scholar—
Yes, and it proves so, I talk away perhaps
That might be yet recover'd Prithce, run
The fore path may advantage thee to meet 'em,
Or the ferry, which is not two miles before,
May trouble 'em until thou com'st in ken,
And if thou dost, prithce, enforce thy voice'

* Scene I] A highway, near Woodroff's house

To overtake thine eyes, cry out, and crave
For me but one word 'fore his departure,
I will not stay him, say, beyond his pleasure,
Nor rudely ask the cause, if he be willing
To keep it from me Charge him by all the love—
But I stay thee too long run, run

Serv If I had wings, I would spread 'em now,*
mistress [Exit]

Anna I'll make the best speed after that I can,
Yet I'm not well acquainted with the path
My fears, I fear me, will misguide me too. [Exit]

Rock There's good movables,
I perceive, whatever the ready com be
Whoever owns her, she's mine now, the next
ground

His is most pregnant hollow for the purpose

[Exit]

SCENE II †

Enter Servant, who runs over, and exit then enter ANNA and, after her, ROCHESTER

Anna I'm at a doubt already where I am

Rock I'll help you, mistress well overtaken

Anna Defend me, goodness!—What are you?

Rock A man

Anna An honest man, I hope

Rock In some degrees hot, not altogether cold,
So far as rank poison, yet dangerous,
As I may be dress'd I am an honest thief

Anna Honest and thief hold small affinity,
I never heard they were akin before
Pry heaven I find it now!

Rock I tell you my name

Anna Then, honest thief, since you have taught
me so,

For I'll inquire no other, use me honestly

Rock Thus, then, I'll use you First, then, ‡
to prove me honest,

* I would spread 'em now] Qy "I now would spread 'em"

† Scene II] Another part of the same

‡ then] Repeated, it would seem, by mistake.

I will not violate your chastity
(That's no part yet of my profession),
Be you wife or virgin

Anna I am both, sir

Rock This, then, it seems should be your
wedding-day,

And these the hours of interim to keep you
In that double state come, then, I'll be brief,
For I'll not hinder your desired hymen
You have about you some superfluous toys,
Which my lank hungry pockets would contain *
With much more profit and more privacy,
You have an idle chain which keeps your neck
A prisoner, a manacle, I take it,
About your wrist too If these prove emblems
Of the combinèd hemp to halter mine,
The Fates take then pleasure! these are set
down

To be your ransom, and there the thief is prov'd

Anna I will confess both, and the last forget
You shall be only honest in this deed
Pry you, take it, I entreat you to it,
And then you steal 'em not

Rock You may deliver 'em

Anna Indeed, I cannot If you observe, sir,
They are both lock'd about me, and the key
I have not happily † you are furnish'd
With some instrument that may unloose 'em

Rock No, in troth, lady, I am but a freshman,
I never read further than this book you see,
And this very day is my beginning too
These picking laws I am to study yet

Anna O, do not show me that, sir, 'tis too
frightful

Good, hurt me not, for I do yield 'em freely
Use but your hands, perhaps then strength will
serve

To tear 'em from me without much detriment
Somewhat I will endure

Rock Well, sweet lady,

You're the best patient for a young physician,
That I think e'er was practis'd on I'll use you
As gently as I can, as I'm an honest thief
No! will't not do? Do I hurt you, lady?

Anna Not much, sir

Rock I'd be loth at all I cannot do't

Anna Nay, then, you shall not, sir You a thief,
[She draws her sword]

And guard yourself no better? no further read?
Yet out in your own book? a bad clerk, are you
not?

* contain] The old ed "contrive"
† happily] i.e. happily

Rock Ay, by Saint Nicholas *—lady, sweet
lady,—

Anna Sir, I have now a masculine vigour,
And will redeem myself with purchase † too
What money have you?

Rock Not a cross, ‡ by this foolish hand of
mine

Anna No money? 'twere pity, then, to take
this from thee,

I know thou'lt use me ne'er the worse for this,
Take it again, I know not how to use it
A frown had taken't from me, which thou hadst
not

And now hear and believe me,—on my knees
I make the protestation, forbear
To take what violence and danger must
Dissolve, if I forgo 'em now I do assure
You would not strike my head off for my chain,
Nor my hand for this how to deliver 'em
Otherwise, I know not Accompany
Me back unto my house, 'tis not far off
By all the vows which this day I have tied
Unto my wedded husband, the honour
Yet equal with my cradle purity,
(If you will tax me,) to the hoped joys,
The blessings of the bed, posterity,
Or what aught else by woman may be pledg'd,
I will deliver you in ready coin

The full and dear'st esteem § of what you crave

Rock It's ready money is the prize I look for
It walks without suspicion any where,
When chains and jewels may be stay'd and call'd
Before the constable but—

Anna But I can you doubt?
You saw I gave you my advantage up
Did you e'er think a woman to be true?

Rock Thought's free I have heard of some
few, lady,
Very few indeed

Anna Will you add one more to your belief?

Rock They were fewer than the articles of my
belief

Therefore I have room for you, and will believe
you

Stay, you'll ransom your jewels with ready coin,
So may you do, and then discover me

Anna Shall I reiterate the vows I made
To this injunction, or new ones coin?

Rock Neither, I'll trust you if you do destroy

* a bad clerk, are you not? Ay, by Saint Nicholas] A cant
name for thieves was St. Nicholas clerks
† purchase] i.e. booty
‡ a cross] See note †, p. 196
§ esteem] i.e. value

A thief that never yet did robbery,
Then farewell I, and mercy fall upon me !
I knew one once fifteen years courtier old,
And he was buried ere he took a bribe
It may be my case in the worse way
Come, you know your path back

Anna Yes, I shall guide you.

Roch Your run I'll lead with greater dread
than will,
Nor do you fear, though in thief's handling still
(*Exeunt*)

SCENE III *

Enter Two Boys, one with a Child in his arms

First Boy I say 'twas fun play

Sec Boy To snitch upstrokes ! I say you should
not say so, if the child were out of mine arms

First Boy Ay, then thou'dst lay about like a
man but the child will not be out of thine arms
this five years, and then thou hast a prettiness
to serve to a boy afterwards

Sec Boy So, say you know you have the
advantage of me

First Boy I'm sure you have the odds of me,
you are two to one — But, soft, Jack ! who comes
here ? if a point will make us friends, we'll not
fall out.

Sec Boy O, the pity ! 'tis gaffer Compass
they said he was dead three years ago

First Boy Did not he dance the hobby horse
in Hackney-morris once ?

Sec Boy Yes, yes, at Green goose fair, as honest
and as poor a man

Enter COMPASS

Comp Blackwall, sweet Blackwall, do I see thy
white cheeks again ? I have brought some brine
from sea for thee, tears that might be tied in a
true love knot, for they're fresh salt indeed O
beautiful Blackwall ! If Ursc, my wife, be living
to this day, though she die to-morrow, sweet Fites !

Sec Boy Alas, let's put him out of his dumps,
for pity sake — Welcome home, gaffer Compass

First Boy Welcome home, gaffer

Comp My pretty youths, I thank you — Honest
Jack, what a little man art thou grown since I
saw thee ! Thou hast got a child since, methinks.

Sec Boy I am fain to keep it, you see, whose
ever got it, gaffer it may be another man's case
as well as mine

Comp Sayest true, Jack and whose pretty
knave is it !

Sec Boy One that I mean to make a younger
brother, if he live to't, gaffer But I can tell you
news you have a brave boy of your own wife's,
O, 'tis a shot to this pig !

Comp Have I, Jack ? I'll owe thee a dozen of
points* for this news

Sec Boy O, 'tis a chopping boy ! it cannot
choose, you know, gaffer, it was so long a breeding

Comp How long, Jack ?

Sec Boy You know 'tis four years ago since you
went to sea, and your child is but a quarter old
yet

Comp What plaguy boys are bred now-a-days !

First Boy Pray, gaffer, how long may a child
be breeding before 'tis born ?

Comp That is as things are and prove, child,
the soil has a great hand in't too, the humour,
and the climate these things you'll understand
when you go to sea In some parts of London
hard by you shall have a bride married to day,
and brought to bed within a month after, some
times within three weeks, a fortnight

First Boy O horrible !

Comp True, as I tell you, kids In another
place you shall have a couple of drones, do what
they can, shift lodgings, beds, bedfellows, yet not
a child in ten years

Sec Boy O pitiful !

Comp Now it varies again by that time you
come at Wapping, Ratchiff, Lambhouse, and here
with us at Blackwall, our children come un-
certainly, as the wind serves Sometimes here
we are supposed to be away three or four years
together 'tis nothing so, we are at home and
gone again, when nobody knows on't If you'll
believe me, I have been at Surat, as this day, I
have taken the long boat, (a fair gale with me,)
been here a bed with my wife by twelve o'clock
at night, up and gone again in the morning, and
no man the wiser, if you'll believe me

Sec Boy Yes, yes, gaffer, I have thought so
many times, — that you or somebody else have been
at home I lie at next wall, and I have heard a
noise in your chamber all night long

Comp Right why, that was I, yet thou never
sawest me

Sec Boy No, indeed, gaffer

Comp No, I warrant thee, I was a thousand
leagues off ere thou wert up But, Jack, I have

* points] i.e. the tagged laces which fastened the
breeches to the doublet.

been loth to ask all this while, for discomfoting myself, how does my wife? is she living?

Sec Boy O, never better, gaffer, never so lusty and truly she wears better clothes than she was wont in your days, especially on holidays,—fur gowns, brave petticoats, and fine smocks, they say that have seen 'em, and some of the neighbours report that they were taken up at London

Comp Like enough they must be paid for, Jack

Sec Boy And good reason, gaffer

Comp Well, Jack, thou shalt have the honour on't go tell my wife the joyful tidings of my return

Sec Boy That I will, for she heard you were dead long ago

[*Exit*]

First Boy Nay, sir, I'll be as forward as you, by your leave

[*Exit*]

Comp Well, wife, if I be one of the lively, I thank thee The horners are a great company, there may be an Alderman amongst us one day 'tis but changing our copy, and then we are no more to be called by our old brother hood

Enter Urse

Urse O my sweet Compass, ut thou come again?

Comp O Urse, give me leave to shed the fountains* of love will have then course though I cannot sing at first sight, yet I can cry before I see I am new come into the world, and children cry before they laugh a few while

Urse And so thou ut, sweet Compass, new born indeed,

For rumour laid thee out for dead long since I never thought to see this face again I heard thou wert div'd to the bottom of the sea, And taken up a lodging in the sands, Never to come to Blackwall again

Comp I was going, indeed, wife, but I turned back I heard an ill report of my neighbour — shruks and sword fishes, and the like, whose companies I did not like Come kiss my tears, now, sweet Urse sorrow begins to ebb

Urse A thousand times welcome home, sweet Compass

Comp An ocean of thanks, and that will hold 'em And, Urse, how goes all at home? or can not all go yet? lank still? will it never be full see at our wharf?

Urse Alas, husband!

Comp A lass or a lad, wench? I should be glad

of both I did look for a pair of Compasses before this day

Urse And you from home?

Comp I from home? why, though I be from home, and other of our neighbours from home, it is not fit all should be from home, so the town might be left desolate, and our neighbours of Bow might come further from the Itacus,* and inhabit here

Urse I'm glad you're merry, sweet husband

Comp Merry? nay, I'll be merrier yet why should I be sorry? I hope my boy's well, is he not? I looked for another by this time

Urse What boy, husband?

Comp What boy? why, the boy I got when I came home in the cock boat one night about a year ago you have not forgotten't, I hope I think I left behind for a boy, and a boy I must be answered I'm sure I was not drunk, it could be no girl

Urse Nay, then, I do perceive my fault is known

Dear man, your pardon!

Comp Pardon? why, thou hast not made away my boy, hast thou? I'll hang thee, if there were ne'er a whore in London more, if thou hast hurt but his little toe

Urse Your long absence, with rumour of your death,—

After long bitterness I was surpris'd

Comp Surprised? I cannot blame thee Blackwall, if it were double black walled, can't hold out always, no more than Limehouse, or Shadwell, or the strongest suburbs about London, and when it comes to that, woe be to the city too!

Urse Pursu'd by gifts and promises, I yielded Consider, husband, I am a woman, Neither the first nor last of such offenders 'Tis true I have a child

Comp Ha you? and what shall I have, then, I pray? Will not you labour for me, as I shall do for you? Because I was out o' the way when 'twas gotten, shall I lose my share? There's better law amongst the players yet, for a fellow shall have his share, though he do not play that day If you look for any part of my four years' wages, I will have half the boy

Urse If you can forgive me, I shall be joy'd at it

Comp Forgive thee? for what? for doing me a pleasure? And what is he that would seem to father my child?

* *fountains*] The old ed "fountain"

* *Itacus*] Seems to be a misprint.

Urse A man, sir, whom in better courtesies
We have been beholding to, the merchant
Master Franckford

Comp I'll acknowledge no other courtesies
for this I am beholding to him, and I would
requite it, if his wife were young enough. Though
he be one of our merchants at sea, he shall give
me leave to be owner at home And where's my
boy? shall I see him?

Urse He's nurs'd at Bednal Green * 'tis now
too late,

To-morrow I'll bring you to it, if you please

Comp I would thou couldst bring me another
by to-morrow Come, we'll eat, and to bed, and
if a fair gale come, we'll hoist sheets, and set
forwards

Let fainting fools lie sick upon their scorns,
I'll teach a cuckold how to hide his horns

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV †

Enter WOODROFF, FRANCKFORD, RAYMOND, EUSTACE,
GROVER, LIONEL, CLARE, and LUCI

Wood This wants a precedent, that a bride-
groom

Should so discreet and decently observe
His forms, postures, all customary rites
Belonging to the table, and then hide himself
From his expected wages in the bed

Franck Let this be forgotten too, that it
remain ‡ not

A first example

Ray Keep it amongst us,
Lest it beget too much unfruitful sorrow
Most likely 'tis, that love to Lessingham
Hath fasten'd on him, we all denied

Eust 'Tis more certain than likely I know
'tis so

Grov Conceal, then, the event may be well
enough.

Wood The bride, my daughter, she is hidden
too,

This last hour she hath not been seen with us

Ray Perhaps they are together

Eust And then we make too strict an inqui-
sition

Under correction of fair modesty,
Should they be stol'n away to bed together,
What would you say to that?

* *Bednal Green*] i.e. Bethnal Green

† *Scene IV*] A room in the house of Woodroff.

‡ *remain*] The old ed. "remains"

Wood I would say, speed 'em well,
And if no worse news comes, I'll never weep
for't

Enter Nurse

How now! hast thou any tidings?

Nurse Yes, forsooth, I have tidings

Wood Of any one that's lost?

Nurse Of one that's found again, forsooth

Wood O, he was lost, it seems, then

Franck This tidings comes to me, I guess, sir

Nurse Yes, truly, does it, sir

Ray Ay, have old lads work for young nurses?

Eust Yes, when they groan towards their se-
cond infancy

Clare [*aside*] I fear myself most guilty for the
absence

Of the bridegroom What our wills will do
With over rash and headlong peevishness
To bring our calm discretions to repentance!
Lessingham's mistaken, quite out o' the way
Of my purpose too

Franck Return'd!

Nurse And all discover'd

Franck A fool rid him further off! Let him not
Come near the child

Nurse Nor see't, if it be your charge

Franck It is, and strictly

Nurse To-morrow morning, as I hear, he pur-
poseth

To come to Bednal Green, his wife with him

Franck He shall be met there yet if he fore-
stall

My coming, keep the child safe

Nurse If he be

The earlier up, he shall arrive at the proverb *

[*Exit*]

Wood So, so,
There's some good luck yet, the bride's in sight
again

Enter ANNABEL and ROCHFILD

Anna Father, and gentlemen all, beseech you
Entreat this gentleman with all courtesy
He is a loving kinsman of my Bonvile's,
That kindly came to gratulate our wedding,
But as the day falls out, you see alone
I personate both groom and bride, only
Your help to make this welcome better

Wood Most dearly

* *the proverb*] "Early up and never the nearer"

Ray's Proverbs, p. 101, ed. 1768

"You say true, Master Subtle, I have been early up,
but, as God helps me, I was never the nearer"

Field's Amends for Ladies, sig. F 3, ed. 1639

Ray To all, assure you, sir
Wood But where's the bridegroom, girl?
 We are all at a nonplus, here, at a stand,
 Quite out, the music ceas'd, and dancing sur-
 bat'd,*

Not a light heel amongst us, my cousin Clare too
 As cloudy here as on a washing day

Clare It is because you will not dance with me,
 I should then shake it off

Anna 'Tis I have cause
 To be the sad one now, if any be
 But I have question'd with my meditations,
 And they have render'd well and comfortably
 To the worst fear I found Suppose this day
 He had long since appointed to his foe
 To meet, and fetch a reputation from him,
 Which is the dearest jewel unto man
 Say he do fight, I know his goodness such,
 That all those powers that love it are his guard,
 And ill cannot betide him

Wood Prithce, peace,
 Thou'lt make us all cowards to hear a woman
 Instruct so valiantly—Come, the music!
 I'll dance myself rather than thus put down
 What! I am ripe + a little yet

Anna Only this gentleman
 Pray you be free in welcome to I tell you
 I was in a fear when first I saw him

Roch [*aside*] Ha! she'll tell

Anna I had quite lost my way in
 My first amazement, but he so fairly came
 To my recovery, in his kind conduct
 Gave me such loving comforts to my fears,
 'Twas he instructed me in what I spake,
 And in my better than I have told you yet.
 You shall hear more anon

Roch [*aside*] So, she will out with't

Anna I must, I see, supply both places still—
 Come, when I have seen you back to your pleasure,
 I will return to you, sir we must discourse
 More of my Bonville yet

Omnes A noble bride, faith

Clare You have your wishes, and you may be
 merry
 Mine have over gone me

[*Exeunt all except ROCHFELD*]

Roch It is the trembling trade to be a thief!
 He'd need have all the world bound to the peace,
 Besides the bushes and the vanes of houses
 Every thing that moves, he goes in fear of's life on,
 A fur gown'd cat, an meet her in the night,

* *the dancing surbated*] Equivalent to—the dancers fati-
 gued. To *surbate* is to batter or weary with treading
 + *ripe*] Seems to be used here in the sense of—active

She stares with a constable's eye upon him,
 And every dog a watchman, a black cow,
 And a calf with a white face after her,
 Shows like a surly justice and his clerk;
 And if the baby go but to the bag,
 'Tis ink and paper for a mittimus
 Sure, I shall never thrive on't, and it may be
 I shall need take no care,—I may be now
 At my journey's end, or but the goal's distance,
 And so to the t'other place I trust a woman
 With a secret worth a hanging, is that well?
 I could find in my heart to run away yet
 And that were wise too, to run from a woman
 I can lay claim to nothing but her vows,
 And they shall strengthen me

Re enter ANNABEL

Anna See, sir, my promise
 [*Giving money*] There's twenty pieces, the full
 value, I vow,
 Of what they cost

Roch Lady, do not trap me
 Take a sumpter horse, and then spur gall me
 Till I break my wind If the constable
 Be at the door, let his fair staff appear
 Perhaps I may corrupt him with this gold

Anna Nay, then, if you mistrust me,—Father,
 gentlemen,
 Master Raymond, Eustaco!

*Re enter WOODROFF, FRANKFORD, RAYMOND, EUSTACE,
 GLOVER, LIONEL, CLARE, and LUCE, with a bailor*

Wood How now! what's the matter, girl?

Anna For shame, will you bid your kinsman
 welcome?

No one but I will lay a hand on him
 Leave him alone, and all a-reveling!

Wood O, is that it?—Welcome, welcome
 heartily!—

I thought the bridegroom had been return'd—But
 I have news, Annabel, this fellow brought it—

Welcome, sir! why, you tremble methinks, sir
Anna Some agony of anger 'tis, believe it,
 His entertainment is so cold and feeble

Ray Pray, be cheer'd, sir

Roch I'm wondrous well, sir, 'twas the gentle
 man's mistake

Wood 'Twas my hand shook belike, then, you
 must pardon

Age, I was stiffer once But as I was saying,
 I should by promise see the sea to-morrow
 ('Tis meant for physic) as low as Loe or Margate *

* *Margate*] Here, and in Act III sc 3, the old ed has
 "Margets", but in Act V sc 1, it has "Margot"

I have a vessel riding forth, gentlemen,
'Tis call'd the God speed too,
Though I say't, a brave one, well and richly
fraughted,

And I can tell you she carries a letter of merit
In her mouth too, and twenty roaring boys
On both sides on her, starboard and larboard
What say you now, to make you all adventurers?
You shall have fair dealing, that I'll promise you

Ray A very good motion, sir I begin,
[*Giving money*] There's my ten pieces
Eust [*Giving money*] I second 'em with these
Grov [*Giving money*] My ten in the third place
Rock [*Giving money*] And, sir, if you refuse not
a proffer'd love,

Take my ten pieces with you too
Wood Yours above all the rest, sir
Anna Then make 'em above, venture ten more
Rock Alas, lady, 'tis a younger brother's
portion,

And all in one bottom!
Anna At my encouragement sir
Your credit, if you want, sir, shall not sit down
Under that sum return'd

Rock With all my heart, lady — [*Giving money*]
There, sir —
[*Aside*] So, she has fish'd for her gold back, and
caught it,

I am no thief now
Wood I shall make here a pretty assurance
Rock Sir, I shall have a suit to you
Wood You are likely to obtain it, then, sir
Rock That I may keep you company to sea,
And attend you back I am a little travell'd
Wood And heartily thank you too, sir
Anna Why, that's well said —

Pray you be merry though your kinsman be ab-
sent,
I am here, the worst part of him, yet that shall
serve

To give you welcome to morrow may show you
What this night will not, and be full assur'd,
Unless your twenty pieces be all lent,
Nothing shall give you cause of discontent
[*Giving money*] There's ten more, sir

Rock [*aside*] Why should I fear? Foulie on t'
I will be merry now, spite of the hangman
[*Count*]

ACT III

SCENE I *

Enter LESSINGHAM and BONVILLE

Bon We are first in the field I think your enemy
Is stay'd at Dover or some other port,
We hear not of his landing

Less I am confident
He is come over

Bon You look, methinks, fresh colour'd
Less Like a red morning, friend, that still fore-
tells

A stormy day to follow but, methinks,
Now I observe your face, that you look pale,
There's death in't already

Bon I could chide your error
Do you take me for a coward? A coward I
Is not his own friend, much less can he be
Another man's Know, sir, I am come hither
To instruct you, by my generous example,
To kill your enemy, whose name as yet
I never question'd

Less Nor dare I name him yet
For disheartening you.

Bon I do begin to doubt
The goodness of your quarrel
Less Now you have it,
For I protest that I must fight with one
From whom, in the whole course of our ac-
quaintance,

I never did receive the least injury
Bon It may be the forgetful * wine begot
Some sudden blow, and then upon this challenge
Howe'er you are engag'd, and, for my part,
I will not take your course, my unlucky friend,
To say your conscience grows pale and heartless,
Maintaining a bad cause Fight as lawyers plead,
Who gain the best of reputation
When they can fetch a bad cause smoothly off
You are in, and must through

Less O my friend,
The noblest ever man had! When my fate
Threw me upon this business, I made trial

* *forgetful*] So Milton
"If the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still," &c
Par. Lost, ii 73

† *this*] The old ed. "'tis."

* Scene I] Calais-sands.

Of divers had profess'd to me much love,
And found their friendship, like the effects that
kept

Our company together, wine and riot
Giddy and sinking I had found 'em oft,
Brave seconds at pluralities of healths,
But when it came to the proof, my gentlemen
Appear'd to me as promising and fuling
As cozening lotteries. But then I found
This jewel worth a thousand counterfeits
I did but name my engagement, and you flow
Unto my succour with that cheerfulness
As a great general hastes to a battle,
When that the chief of the adverse part
Is a man glorious and * of ample fame,
You left your bridal bed to find your death bed,
And herein you most nobly express'd
That the affection 'tween two loyal friends
Is far beyond the love of man to woman,
And is more near allied to eternity
What better friend's part could be show'd i'the
world!

It transcends all my father gave me life,
But you stand by my honour when 'tis falling,
And nobly underprop† it with your sword
But now you have done me all this service,
How, how, shall I requite this? how return
My grateful recompense for all this love?
For it am I come hither with full purpose
To kill you

Bon Ha!

Less Yes, I have no opposite i'the world but
Yourself [*Giving letter*] there, read the warrant
for your death

Bon 'Tis a woman's hand

Less And 'tis a bad hand too

The most of 'em speak fair, write foul, mean worse

Bon Kill me! Away, you jest

Less Such jest as your shipwitted gallants use
To utter, and lose their friends. Read there how I
Am fetter'd in a woman's proud command

I do love madly, and must do madly
Deadliest hellbores or vomit of a toad
Is qualified poison to the malice of a woman

Bon And kill that friend? strange!

Less You may see, sir,

Although the tenure by which land was held
In villinage be quite extinct in England,
Yet you have women there at this day living
Make a number of slaves

Bon And kill that friend!

She mocks you, upon my life, she does advocate

Her meaning is, you cherish in your breast
Either self love, or pride, as your best friend,
And she wishes you'd kill that

Less Sure, her command

Is more bloody, for she loathes me, and has put,
As she imagines, this impossible task,
For ever to be quit and free from me
But such is the violence of my affection,
That I must undergo it. Draw your sword,
And guard yourself though I fight in fury,
I shall kill you in cold blood, for I protest
'Tis done in heart sorrow

Bon I'll not fight with you,
For I have much advantage the truth is,
I wear a privy coat

Less Pristhee, put it off, then,

If thou* beest manly

Bon The default I mean is the justice of my
cause,

That would guard me, and fly to thy destruction
What confidence thou wast in a bad cause!

I am likely to kill thee, if I fight,
And then you'ld to effect your mistress' bidding,
Or to enjoy the fruit of it I have ever
Wished thy happiness, and now I now

So much affect it, in compassion
Of my friend's sorrow make thy way to it†

Less That were a cruel murder

Pon Believe it, 'tis never intended otherwise,
When 'tis a woman's bidding

Less O the necessity of my fate!

Bon You shed tears

Less And yet must on in my cruel purpose
A judge, methinks, looks loveliest when he weeps
Pronouncing of death's sentence. How I stagger
In my resolve! Guard thee, for I come hither
To do and not to suffer. Wilt not yet
Be persuaded to defend thee? turn the point,
Advance it from the ground above thy head,
And let it underprop thee otherwise

In a bold resistance

Bon Stay. Thy injunction was
Thou shouldst kill thy friend

Less It was

Bon Observe me

He wrongs me most ought to offend me least,
And they that study man say of a friend,
There's nothing in the world that's harder found,
Nor sooner lost. Thou canst to kill thy friend,
And thou mayst brag thou hast done't, for here
for ever

* thou] The old ed. "then"

† make thy way to it] Something seems to have dropt
out here.

* and] The old ed. "but"

† underprop] The old ed. "under-prop"

All friendship dies between us, and my heart,
For bringing forth any effects of love,
Shall be as barren to thee as this sand
We tread on, cruel and inconstant as
The sea that beats upon this beach. We now
Are sever'd thus hast thou slain thy friend,
And satisfied what the witch, thy mistress, bade
thee

Go, and report that thou hast slain thy friend

Less I am serv'd right

Bon And now that I do cease to be thy friend,
I will fight with thee as thine enemy
I came not over idly to do nothing

Less O friend!

Bon Friend!

The naming of that word shall be the quarrel
What do I know but that thou lov'st my wife,
And feign'dst this plot to divide me from her bed,
And that this letter here is counterfeit?
Will you advance, sir?

Less Not a blow

'Twould appear ill in either of us to fight,
In you unmanly, for believe it, sir,
You have disarm'd me already, done away
All power of resistance in me. It would show
Beastly to do wrong to the dead to me you say
You are dead for ever, lost on Calus sands
By the cruelty of a woman. Yet remember
You had a noble friend, whose love to you
Shall continue after death. Shall I go over
In the same bark with you?

Bon Not for you town
Of Calais you know 'tis dangerous living
At sea with a dead body

Less O, you mock me

May you enjoy all your noble wishes!

Bon And may you find a better friend than I,
And better keep him! [Exit

SCENE II *

Enter Nurse, COMPASS, and URSE

Nurse. Indeed, you must pardon me, Goodman
Compass, I have no authority to deliver, no, not
to let you see the child to tell you true, I have
command unto the contrary

Comp. Command! from whom?

Nurse. By the father of it.

Comp. The father! who am I?

Nurse. Not the father, sure the civil law has
found it otherwise

Comp. The civil law! why, then, the uncivil law
shall make it mine again. I'll be as dreadful as a
Shrove-Tuesday* to thee. I will tear thy cottage,
but I will see my child

Nurse. Speak but half so much again, I'll call
the constable, and lay burglary to thy charge

Urse. My good husband, be patient—And, pri-
vies, nurse, let him see the child

Nurse. Indeed, I durst not
The father first deliver'd me the child
He pays me well and weekly for my pains,
And to his use I keep it

Comp. Why, thou white bastard breeder, is not
this the mother?

Nurse. Yes, I grant you that

Comp. Dost thou? and I grant it too and is not
the child mine own, then, by the wife's copyhold?

Nurse. The law must try that

Comp. Law! dost think I'll be but a fither in
law? All the law betwixt Blackwall and Tuthill
street (and there's a pretty deal) shall not keep
it from me, mine own flesh and blood who does
use to get my children but myself?

Nurse. Nay, you must look to that. I never
knew you get any.

Comp. Never? Put on a clean smock and try
me, if thou durst, three to one I get a bastard on
thee to-morrow morning between one and three

Nurse. I'll see thee hanged first

Comp. So thou shalt too

Enter FRANCHFORD and LUCE.

Nurse. O, here's the father now, pray, talk
with him

Franch. Good morrow, neighbour morrow to
you both

Comp. Both! Morrow to you and your wife
too

Franch. I would speak calmly with you

Comp. I know what belongs to a calm and a
storm too. A cold word with you you have tied
your mare in my ground

Franch. No, 'twas my nag

Comp. I will cut off your nag's tail, and make
his rump make hair buttons, if e'er I take him
there again

Franch. Well, sir but to the main

Comp. Mane! yes, and I'll clip his mane too,
and crop his ears too, do you mark? and backgall
him, and spurgall him, do you note? and slit his
nose, do you smell me now, sir? unbreech his
barrel, and discharge his bullets, I'll gird him
till he stinks you smell me now I'm sure

* Scene II.] Bethnal-Green

* Shrove-Tuesday] See note †, p. 274.

Franck You are too rough, neighbour To maintain—

Comp Maintain! you shall not maintain no child of mine my wife does not bestow her labour to that purpose

Franck You are too speedy I will not maintain—

Comp No, marry, shall you not.

Franck The deed to be lawful
I have repented it, and to the law
Given satisfaction, my purse has paid for't

Comp Your purse! 'twas my wife's purse you brought in the coin indeed, but it was found base and counterfeit

Franck I would treat colder with you, if you be pleased

Comp Pleased! yes, I am pleased well enough serve me so still I am going again to sea one of these days you know where I dwell Yet you'll but lose your labour get as many children as you can, you shall keep none of them

Franck You are mad

Comp If I be horn mad, what's that to you!

Franck I leave off milder phrase, and then tell you plain, you are a——

Comp A what! what am I?

Franck A coxcomb

Comp A coxcomb! I knew 'twould begin with a C

Franck The child is mine, I am the father of it

As it is past the deed, 'tis past the shame,
I do acknowledge and will enjoy it

Comp Yes, when you can get it again Is it not my wife's labour? I'm sure she's the mother you may be as far off the father as I am, for my wife's acquainted with more whoremasters besides yourself, and crafty merchants too

Urse No, indeed, husband, to make my offence Both least and most, I knew no other man He's the begetter, but the child is mine,
I bred and bore it, and I will not lose it

Luce The child's my husband's, dame, and he must have it

I do allow my sufferance to the deed,
In lieu I never yet was fruitful to him,
And in my barrenness excuse my wrong

Comp Let him dung his own ground better at home, then if he plant his radish-roots in my garden, I'll eat 'em with bread and salt, though I get no mutton to 'em What though your husband lent my wife your distaff, shall not the yarn be mine? I'll have the head, let him carry the spindle home again

Franck Forbear more words, then, let the law try it.—

Meantime, nurse, keep the child, and to keep it better,

Here take more pay beforehand, the child's money for thee

Comp There's money for me too keep it for me, nurse Give him both thy dugs at once I pay for thy right dug

Nurse I have two hands you see gentlemen, this does but show how the law will hamper you even thus you must be used

Franck The law shall show which is the worthier gender

A schoolboy can do't

Comp I'll whip that schoolboy what declines the child from my wife and her heirs do not I know my wife's case, the gentivo case, and that's *hujus*, as great a case as can be?

Franck Well, fare you well we shall meet in another place—

Come, Luce [*Exeunt FRANCKFORD and LUCE*]

Comp Meet her in the same place again, if you dare, and do your worst Must we go to law for our children now a days? No marvel if the lawyers grow rich but ere the law shall have a limb, a leg, a joint, a nail,

I will spend more than a whole child in getting Some win by play, and others by by betting

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *

Enter RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LEONEL, GROVER, ANNABEL, and CLARE.

Leon Whence was that letter sent?

Anna From Dover, sir

Leon And does that satisfy you what was the cause

Of his going over?

Anna It does yet had he

Only sent this, it had been sufficient

Ray Why, what's that?

Anna His will, wherein

He has estated me in all his land

Eust He's gone to fight.

Leon Lessingham's second, certain

Anna And I am lost, lost in't for ever

Clare [*aside*] O fool Lessingham,
Thou hast mistook my injunction utterly,
Utterly mistook it! and I am mad, stark mad
With my own thoughts, not knowing what event

* Scene III] The garden belonging to Woodroff's house.

Their going o'er will come to 'Tis too late
Now for my tongue to cry my heart meicy
Would I could be senseless till I hear
Of their return ! I fear me both are lost

Ray Who should it be Lessingham's gone to
fight with ?

Eust Faith, I cannot possibly conjecture

Anna Miserable creature ! a maid, a wife,
And widow in the compass of two days !

Ray Are you sad too ?

Clare I am not very well, sir

Ray I must put life in you

Clare Let me go, sir

Ray I do love you in spite of your heart

Clare Believe it,

There was never a fitter time to express it,
For my heart has a great deal of spite in't

Ray I will discourse to you fine fancies

Clare Fine fooleries, will you not ?

Ray By this hand, I love you and will court you

Clare Fie !

You can command your tongue, and I my ears
To hear you no further

Ray [aside] On my reputation,
She's off o' the hinges strangely

Enter WOODPOFF, ROCKFIELD, and a Sailor

Wood Daughter, good news

Anna What, is my husband heard of ?

Wood That's not the business but you have
here a cousin

You may be mainly proud of, and I am sorry
'Tis by your husband's kindred, not your own,
That we might boast to have so brave a man
In our alliance

Anna What, so soon return'd ?

You have made but a short voyage howsoever
You are to me most welcome

Rock Lady, thanks

'Tis you have made me your own creature,
Of all my being, fortunes, and poor fame,
(If I have purchas'd any, and of which
I no way boast,) next the high providence,
You have been the sole creatress

Anna O dear cousin,
You are grateful above merit—What occasion
Drew you so soon from sea ?

Wood Such an occasion,
As I may bless heaven for, you thank their bounty,
And all of us be joyful

Anna Tell us how

Wood Nay, daughter, the discourse will best
appear

In his relation where he fails, I'll help.

Rock Not to molest your patience with recital
Of every vain and needless circumstance,
'Twas briefly thus Scarce having reach'd to
Margate,*

Bound on our voyage, suddenly in view
Appear'd to us three Spanish men-of-war
These, having spied the English cross advance,
Salute us with a piece to have us strike
Ours, better spirited, and no way daunted
At their unequal odds, though but one bottom,
Return'd 'em fire for fire The fight begins,
And dreadful on the sudden still they proffer'd
To board us, still we bravely beat 'em off

Wood But, daughter, mark the event

Rock Sea room we got our ship being swift
of sail,

It help'd us much Yet two unfortunate shot,
One struck the captain's head off, and the other,
With an unlucky splinter, laid the master
Dead on the hatchles all our spirits then fail'd us

Wood Not all you shall hear further, daughter

Rock For none was left to manage nothing now
Was talk'd of but to yield up ship and goods,
And meditate for our peace

Wood Nay, coz, proceed

Rock Excuse me, I entreat you, for what's more
Hath already pass'd my memory

Wood But mine it never can—Then he stood
up,

And with his oratory made us again
To recollect our spirits, so late dejected

Rock Pray, sir,—

Wood I'll speak 't out—By unite consent
Then the command was his, and 'twas his place
Now to bestir him Down he went below,
And put the muzzles in the gunners' hands,
They ply their ordnance bravely then again
Up to the decks, courage is there renew'd,
Fear now not found amongst us Within less
Than four hours' fight two of their ships were
sunk,

Both founder'd, and soon swallow'd Not long
after,

The third† begins to wallow, lies on the lee
To stop her leaks then boldly we come on,
Boarded, and took her, and she's now our prize.

Sailor Of this we were eye witness

Wood And many more brave boys of us
besides,

Myself for one Never was, gentlemen,
A sea-fight better manag'd

Rock Thanks to heaven

* *Margate*] The old ed "Margots" See note ", p 299

† *third*] The old ed "three"

We have sav'd our own, damag'd the enemy,
And to our nation's glory we bring home
Honour and profit.

Wood In which, cousin Rochfield,
You, as a venturer, have a double share,
Besides the name of captain, and in that
A second benefit, but, most of all,
Way to more great employment

Roch. [to ANNABEL.] Thus your bounty
Hath been to me a blessing

Ray Sir, we are all
Indebted to your valour this beginning
May make us of small venturers to become
Hereafter wealthy merchants

Wood Daughter, and gentlemen,
This is the man was born to make us all
Come, enter, enter we will in and feast
He's in the bridegroom's absence my chief guest.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I *

*Enter COMPASS, URSE, LIONEL, PETTIFOG the Attorney,
and First Boy*

Comp Three Tuns do you call this tavern?
It has a good neighbour of Guildhall, Master
Pettifog—Show a room, boy

First Boy Welcome, gentlemen.

Comp What, art thou here, Hodge?

First Boy I am glad you are in health, sir

Comp This was the honest crack rop—first gave
me tidings of my wife's fruitfulness—Art bound
prentice?

First Boy Yes, sir

Comp Mayst thou long jumble bastard† most
artificially, to the profit of thy master and plea-
sure of thy mistresses!

First Boy What wine drink ye, gentlemen?

Lion What wine relishes your palate, good
Master Pettifog?

Pett Nay, ask the woman

Comp Elegant‡ for her I know her diet

Pett Believe me, I can her thank for't§ I am
of her side

* Scene I] The Three Tuns Tavern (But the audience
was not to suppose that the present party were within
the house till the Boy had said "Welcome, gentlemen.")

† *bastard*] The commentators on Shakespeare's first
Part of *Henry IVth*, act II. sc. 4, quote various passages
from old writers where *bastard* is mentioned

That it was a sweetish wine, there can be no doubt,
and that it came from some of the countries which
border the Mediterranean, appears equally certain
There were two sorts, white and brown.—Henderson's
Hist. of Wines, p. 250

‡ *Elegant*] A quibble is intended here *Alligant* or
Alligant (for our old poets write it both ways) is wine of
Allicant, or perhaps the following lines may illustrate
Comp's meaning,

"In dreadful darknesses *Alligant* lies drown'd,

Which married men invoke for procreation"

Pasquil's Palinodia, 1634, Sig. C 3

§ *I can her thank for't*] Annotators and dictionary-

Comp Marry, and reason, sir we have enter-
tain'd you for our attorney

First Boy A cup of neat Allegant?

Comp Yes, but do not make it speak Welsh,
boy

First Boy How mean you?

Comp Put no metheglin in't, ye rogue

First Boy Not a drop, as I am true Briton [*Exit*
[*They sit down* PETTIFOG pulls out papers

*Enter, to another table, FRANKFORD ELSTAFF, LUCE,
MASTER DODGE a lawyer, and a Drawer*

Frank Show a private room, drawer

Drawer Welcome, gentlemen *

Eust As far as you can from noise, boy

Drawer Further thus way, then, sir, for in the
next room there are three or four fishwives
taking up a babbling business

Frank Let's not sit near them by any means.

Dodge Fill canary, sirrah

[*Drawer fills their glasses, and then exit*

Frank And what do you think of my cause,
Master Dodge?

Dodge O, we shall carry it most indubitably
You have money to go through with the business,
and ne'er fear it but well trounce 'em you are
the true father

Luce The mother will confess as much

Dodge Yes, mistress, we have taken her
affidavit—Look you, sir, here's the answer to
his declaration

makers have given various examples from Elizabethan
writers of the use of the expression "to con thanks,"
which answers to the French *se faire grâces*.—"con" signi-
fying *know* it occurs in our old ballads,

"Therefore I can the more thank,
Thou wste come at thy day"

A Lytill gende of Robyn Hode

(*Ritson's Robin Hood*, vol. 1 p. 4⁴)

* *Drawer* *Welcome gentlemen*] See first note in this page

Franck You may think strange, sir, that I am at charge

To call a charge upon me, but 'tis truth
I made a purchase lately, and in that
I did estate the child, 'bout which I'm su'd,
Joint-purchaser in all the land I bought
Now that's one reason that I should have care,
Besides the tie of blood, to keep the child
Under my wing, and see it carefully
Instructed in those fair abilities
May make it worthy hereafter to be mine,
And enjoy the land I have provided for't

Luce Right and I counsel'd you to make that purchase,

And therefore I'll not have the child brought up
By such a coxcomb as now sues for him
He'd bring him up only to be a swabber
He was born a merchant and a gentleman,
And he shall live and die so

Dodge Worthy mistress, I drink to you you are a good woman, and but few of so noble a patience.

Re enter First Boy

First Boy Score a quart of Allegant to the Woodcock

Enter Second Boy like a musician

Sec Boy Will you have any music, gentlemen?

Comp Music amongst lawyers! here's nothing but discord—What, Ralph?—Here's another of my young cuckoos I heard last April, before I heard the nightingale †—No music, good Ralph here, boy, your father was a tailor, and methinks by your learning eye you should take after him a good boy, make a leg handsomely, scrape yourself out of our company [*Exit Second Boy*] And what do you think of my suit, sir?

Pett Why, look you, sir the defendant was arrested first by *Latitat* in an action of trespass.

Comp And a lawyer told me it should have been an action of the case—should it not, wife?

* *Ralph* In act iii sc 3, one of these boys is *Jack*, the other not being nam'd—but here *COMPASS* calls one of them *Ralph*, and at the commencement of this scene addresses the other as *Hodge*

† *Here's another of my young cuckoos I heard last April, before I heard the nightingale* He who happened to hear the cuckoo sing before the nightingale was supposed not to prosper in his love affairs

"Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Foretend success in love O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh "

Milton's Sonnet to the Nightingale

Urac I have no skill in law, sir, but you heard a lawyer say so

Pett Ay, but your action of the case is in that point too ticklish

Comp But what do you think? shall I overthrow my adversary?

Pett Sans question The child is none of yours what of that? I marry a widow is possessed of a ward shall not I have the tuition of that ward? Now, sir, you lie at a stronger ward, for *partus sequitur ventrem*, says the civil law, and if you were within compass of the four seas, as the common law goes, the child shall be yours certain

Comp There's some comfort in that yet. O, your attorneys in Guildhall have a fine time on't!

Luce You are in effect both judge and jury yourselves.

Comp And how you will laugh at your clients, when you sit in a tavern, and call them coxcombs, and whip up a cause, as a barber turns his customers on a Christmas eve, a snip, a wipe, and away!

Pett That's ordinary, sir you shall have the like at a *mas prius*

Enter First Client.

O, you are welcome, sir

First Client Sir, you'll be mindful of my suit?

Pett As I am religious I'll drink to you

First Client I thank you—By your favour, mistress—I have much business, and cannot stay, but there's money for a quart of wine

Comp By no means

First Client I have said, sir [*Exit*]

Pett Hes my client, sir, and he must pay This is my tribute custom is not more truly paid in the Sound of Denmark

Enter Second Client.

Sec Client Good sir, be careful of my business

Pett Your declaration's drawn, sir I'll drink to you.

Sec Client I cannot drink this morning, but there's money for a pottle of wine

Pett O good sir!

Sec Client I have done, sir—Morrow, gentlemen [*Exit*]

Comp We shall drink good cheap, Master Pettifog

Pett An we sat here long, you'd say so I have sat here in this tavern but one half hour, drunk but three pints of wine, and what with the offering of my clients in that short time, I

have got nine shillings clear, and paid all the reckoning

Lion Almost a counsellor's fee

Pett And a great one, as the world goes in Guildhall, for now our young clerks share with 'em, to help 'em to clients

Comp I don't think but that the cucking stool is an enemy to a number of biabbles that would else be determined by law

Pett 'Tis so, indeed, sir My client that came in now sues his neighbour for kicking his dog, and using the defamatory speeches, "Come out, cuckold's cur!"

Lion And what shall you recover upon this speech?

Pett In Guildhall,* I assure you the other that came in was an informer, a precious knave

Comp Will not the ballad of Flood,† that was pressed, make them leave their knavery?

Pett I'll tell you how he was served this informer comes into Turnbull-street to a victualling-house,‡ and there falls in league with a wench,—

Comp A tweak or bronstrops I learned that name in a play §

Pett Had, belike, some private dealings with her, and there got a goose ||

Comp I would he had got two I cannot away with ¶ an informer

Pett Now, sir, this fellow, in revenge of this,

* In Guildhall] Something seems wanting here

† the ballad of Flood] This ballad, I believe, has not come down to us nor do I remember to have seen any other allusion to it Several gentlemen very conversant with ballad literature had never heard of it till I mentioned it to them, and the Rev J. Lodge most obligingly sought for it in the Pepysian Collection, at Cambridge, without success

‡ into Turnbull street to a victualling house] Turnbull-street (more properly called Turnamill street) was a noted haunt of harlots, between Clerkenwell Green and Cowcross: brothels were often kept under pretence of their being victualling houses or taverns

§ A tweak, or bronstrops I learned that name in a play] *Tweak* and *bronstrops* were cant terms for a prostitute employed by the Roovers of the time, as we learn from several passages of Middleton and Rowley's *Fair Quarrel*, the play to which, in all probability, our text alludes but in the following passage of that curious drama a distinction is made between the signification of the two words, *tweak* being used for harlot, and *bronstrops* for bawd, "Now for thee, little focus, mayst thou first serve out thy time as a *tweak* and then become a *bronstrops*, as she is!"—Middleton's Works, iii. 511, ed. Dyce. The first ed. of the *Fair Quarrel* 1617, does not contain the passage just quoted

|| a goose] i.e. a Winchester goose (—see Pettifog's next speech—) which means a venereal swelling the public stewards were under the control of the Bishop of Winchester

¶ away with] i.e. endure

informs against the bawd that kept the house that she used cars in her house but the cunning jade comes me into the court, and there disposes that she gave him true Winchester measure

Comp Mury, I thank her with all my heart for t.

Re enter Drawer

Drawer Here's a gentleman, one Justice Woodroff, inquires for Master Frickford

Franch O, my brother, and the other com promiser, come to take up the business

Enter Counsellor and Woodroff

Wood We have conferred and labour'd for your peace,

Unless your stubbornness prohibit it,

And be assur'd, as we can determine it,

The law will end, for we have sought the cases

Comp If the child fall to my share, I am content to end upon any conditions the law shall run on head long else

Franch Your purse must run by like a foot man, then

Comp My purse shall run open mouthed at thee

Coun My friend, be calm you shall hear the reasons

I have stood up for you, pleaded your cause,

But am overthrown, yet no further yielded

Than your own pleasure you may go on in law, If you refuse our counsel *

Comp I will yield to nothing but my child

Coun 'Tis, then, as vain in us to seek your piece

Yet take the reasons with you This gentleman

First speaks, a justice, to me, and observe it,

A child that's base and illegitimate born,

The father found, who (if the need require it)

Secures the charge and damage of the parish

But the father? who charg'd with education

But the father? then, by clear consequence,

He ought, for what he pays for, to enjoy

Come to the strength of reason, upon which

The law is grounded the earth brings forth,

This ground or that, her crop of wheat or rye

Whether shall the seedsmen enjoy the sheaf,

Or leave it to the earth that brought it forth?

The summer tree brings forth her natural fruit,

Spreads her large arms who but the lord of it

Shall pluck [the] apples, or command the lops?

Or shall they sink into the root again?

'Tis still most clear upon the father's part.

Comp All this law I deny, and will be mine own lawyer Is not the earth our mother? and

* counsel] i.e. judgment, opinion

shall not the earth have all her children again? I would see that law durst keep any of us back, she'll have lawyers and all first, though they be none of her best children my wife is the mother and so much for the civil law Now I come again, and you're gone at the common law Suppose this is my ground I keep a sow upon it, as it might be my wife, you keep a boar, as it might be my adversary here, your boar comes foaming into my ground, jumbles with my sow, and wallows in her mire, my sow cries 'Woke,' as if she had pigs in her belly—who shall keep these pigs? he the boar, or she the sow?

Wood Past other alteration, I am chang'd,
The law is on the mother's part

Comp For me, I am strong in your opinion
I never knew my judgment err so far,
I was confirm'd upon the other part,
And now am flat against it

Wood Sir, you must yield,
Believe it, there's no law can relieve you

Frank I found it in myself—Well, sir
The child's your wife's, I'll strive no further in it,
And being so near unto agreement,
Let us go quite through to't forgive my fault,
And I forgive my charges, nor will I
Take back the inheritance I made unto it

Comp Nay, there you shall find me kind too
I have a bottle of claret and a capon to supper
for you, but no more mutton for you, not a bit
Ray Yes, a shoulder, and we'll be there too,
or a leg opened with venison sauce

Comp No legs opened, by your leave, nor no such sauce

Wood Well, brother and neighbour, I am glad
you are friends

Omnes All, all joy at it

[*Exit WOODROFF, FRANKFORD, LUCE, and Lawyers*]

Comp Urse, come kiss, Urse, all friends

Ray * Stay, sir, one thing I would advise you,
'tis counsel worth a fee, though I be no lawyer,
'tis physic indeed, and cures cuckoldry, to keep
that spiteful brand out of your forehead, that
it shall not dare to meet or look out at any
window to you, 'tis better than an onion to a
green wound i' the left hand made by fire, it takes
out scar and all

Comp This were a rare receipt, I'll content
you for your skill

Ray Make here a flat divorce between your-
selves,

Be you no husband, nor let her be no wife

Within two hours you may salute again,
Woo, and wed a-fresh, and then the cuckold's
blotted

This medicine is approv'd!

Comp Excellent, and I thank you—Urse, I
renounce thee, and I renounce myself from thee,
thou art a widow, Urse I will go hang myself
two hours, and so long thou shalt drown thyself
then will we meet again in the pease field by
Bishop's-Hall,* and, as the swads and the cods
shall instruct us, we'll talk of a new matter

Urse I will be ruled fare you well, sir

Comp Farewell, widow, remember time and
place change your clothes too, do ye hear,
widow? [*Exit Urse*] Sir, I am beholding to
your good counsel

Ray But you'll not follow your own so far, I
hope, you said you'd hang yourself

Comp No, I have devised a better way, I will
go drink myself dead for an hour then when I
wake again, I am a fresh new man, and so I go
a wooing

Ray That's handsome, and I'll lend thee a
dagger

Comp For the long weapon let me alone, then
[*Exit*]

SCENE II †

[*Enter IRVINGHAM and CLARE*]

Clare O sir, do you return'd? I do expect
To hear strange news now

Less I have none to tell you,
I am only to relate I have done ill
At a woman's bidding, that's, I hope, no news
Yet wherefore do I call that ill, begets
My absolute happiness? You now are mine,
I must enjoy you solely

Clare By what warrant?

Less By your own condition I have been at
Cilus,
Perform'd your will, drawn my revengeful sword,
And slain my nearest and best friend i' the world
I had for your sake

Clare Slain your friend for my sake?

Less A most sad truth

Clare And your best friend?

Less My chiefest

Clare Then of all men you are most miserable

* the pease field by Bishop's Hall] "Bishop's Hall, about
a quarter of a mile to the east of Bethnal Green, (lately
taken down,) is said to have been the palace of Bishop
Donner Hence *Bonner's Fields* adjoining"—Cunning-
ham's *Handbook of London*, sub "*Bethnal-Green*"

† *Scene II*] A room in Woodroff's house

* This speech reads like blank verse corrupted

Nor have you aught further'd your suit in this,
Though I enjoin'd you to't, for I had thought
That I had been the best esteem'd friend
You had i'the world

Less Ye did not wish, I hope,
That I should have murder'd you?

Clare You shall perceive more
Of that hereafter but I pray, sir, tell me,—
For I do freeze with expectation of it,
It chills my heart with horror till I know
What friend's blood you have sacrific'd to your
fury

And to my fatal sport,—this bloody riddle,
Who is it you have slain?

Less Bonvile, the bridegroom

Clare Say? O, you have struck him dead
thorough my heart?

In being true to me you have prov'd in this
The falsest traitor O, I am lost for ever!
Yet, wherefore am I lost? rather recover'd
From a deadly witchcraft, and upon his grave
I will not gather rue but violets
To bless my wedding straws Good sir, tell me
Are you certain he is dead?

Less Never, never
To be recover'd

Clare Why, now, sir, I do love you
With an entire heart. I could dance methinks
Never did wine or music stir in woman
A sweeter touch of mirth I will marry you,
Instantly marry you

Less [*aside*] This woman has strange changes
—You are ta'en
Strangely with his death

Clare I'll give the reason
I have to be thus ecstasied with joy
Know, sir, that you have slain my dearest friend
And fatalest enemy

Less Most strange!

Clare 'Tis true
You have ta'en a mass of lead from off my heart
For ever would have sunk it in despair
When you beheld me yesterday, I stood
As if a merchant walking on the downs
Should see some goodly vessel of his own
Sunk 'fore his face i'the harbour, and my heart
Retain'd no more heat than a man that toils
And vainly labours to put out the flames
That burn his house to the bottom I will tell
you

A strange concealment, sir, and till this minute
Never reveal'd, and I will tell it now
Smiling, and not blushing I did love that Bon
vile,

Not as I ought, but as a woman might,—
That's beyond reason I did dote upon him,
Though he ne'er knew of it, and beholding him
Before my face wedded unto another,
And all my interest in him forfeited,
I fell into despair, and at that instant
You urging your suit to me, and I thinking
That I had been your only friend i'the world,
I heartily did wish you would have kill'd
That friend yourself, to have ended all my sorrow,
And had prepar'd it, that unwittingly
You should have done it by poison

Less Strange amazement!

Clare The effects of a strange love

Less 'Tis a dream, sure

Clare No, 'tis real, sir, believe it

Less Would it were not!

Clare What, sir? you have done bravely 'tis
your mistress

That tells you you have done so

Less But my conscience

Is of counsel gainst you, and pleads otherwise
Virtue in her past actions glories still,
But vice throws loath'd looks on former ill
But did you love this Bonvile?

Clare Strangely, sir,
Almost to a degree of madness

Less [*aside*] Trust a woman!
Never, henceforward I will rather trust
The winds which Lapland witches sell to men
All that they have is feign'd, then truth, their
hur,

Then blushes, nay, their conscience too is feign'd
Let 'em punt, lord themselves with cloth of
tissue,

They cannot yet hide woman, that will appear
And disgrace all The necessity of my fate!
Certain this woman has bewitch'd me here,
For I cannot choose but love her O, how fatal
This might have prov'd! I would it had for me!
It would not grieve me though my sword had
split

His heart in sunder, I had then destroy'd
One that my prove my rival O, but then
What had my horror been, my guilt of conscience!
I know some do ill at women's bidding
If the dog dyes, and repent all the winter after
No, I account it tieble happiness
That Bonvile lives, but 'tis my chiefest glory
That our friendship is divided

Clare Noble friend,

Why do you talk to yourself?

Less Should you do so,
You'd talk to an ill woman Fare you well,

For ever fare you well—[*Aside*] I will do somewhat

To make as fatal breach and difference
In Bonville's love as mine I am fix'd m't
My melancholy and the devil shall fashion t

Clare You will not leave me thus?

Less Leave you for ever

And may my friends' blood, whom you lov'd so dearly,

For ever be imposthum'd in your breast,
And the end choke you! Woman's cruelty
This black and fatal thread hath ever spun,

It must undo, or else it is undone [Exit

Clare I am every way lost, and no means to raise me

But bless'd repentance What two unvalued jewels

Am I at once depriv'd of! Now I suffer
Deserv'dly There's no prosperity settled

Fortune plays even with our good or ill,
Like cross and pile,* and turns up which she will

Faint Bonville

Bon Friend!

Clare O, you are the welcom'st under heaven!
Lessingham did but fright me yet I fear
That you are hurt to danger

Bon Not a scratch

Clare Indeed, you look exceeding well, methinks

Bon I have been sea-sick lately, and we count
That excellent physic How does my Annibel?

Clare As well, sir, as the fear of such a loss
As your esteem'd self will suffer her

Bon Have you seen Lessingham since he returned?

Clare He departed hence but now, and left with me

A report had almost kill'd me

Bon What was that?

Clare That he had kill'd you

Bon So he has

Clare You mock me

Bon He has kill'd me for a friend, for ever silent

All amity between us You may now
Go and embrace him, for he has fulfill'd

The purpose of that letter [Gives letter

Clare O, I know t

* cross and pile.] The same as *Heal or tail*, is a game still practised by the vulgar, who play it by tossing up a halfpenny. Our *Lilward the Second* was partial to it. There can be no doubt it is derived from the *Ostrichunda* of the Grecian boys. See *Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, p. 296, ed. 1810

And had you known this, which I meant to have sent you [She gives him another

An hour 'fore you were married to your wife,
The riddle had been constru'd

Bon Strange! this expresses

That you did love me

Clare With a violent affection

Bon Violent, indeed, for it seems it was your purpose

To have ended it in violence on your friend
The unfortunate Lessingham unwittingly
Should have been the executioner

Clare 'Tis true

Bon And do you love me still?

Clare I may easily

Confess it, since my extremity is such
That I must needs speak or die

Bon And you would enjoy me,
Though I am married?

Clare No, indeed, not I, sir

You are to sleep with a sweet bed fellow
Would knit the brow at that

Bon Come, come, a woman's telling truth
Makes amends for her playing false you would enjoy me?

Clare If you were a bachelor or widower,
Afore all the great ones living

Bon But 'tis impossible

To give you present satisfaction, for
My wife is young and healthful, and I like
The summer and the harvest of our love,
Which yet I have not tasted of, so well

That, as you'll credit me, for me her days
Shall never be shorten'd Let your reason, therefore,

Turn you another way, and call to mind,
With best observance, the accomplish'd graces
Of that brave gentleman whom late you sent
To his destruction, a man so every way
Deserving, no one action of his
In all his life time e'er degraded him
From the honour he was born to Think how
observant

He'll prove to you in nobler request that so
Obey'd you in a bad one, and remember
That afore you engag'd him to an act
Of horror, to the killing of his friend,
He bore his steerage true in every part,
Led by the compass of a noble heart

Clare Why do you praise him thus? You said but now

He was utterly lost to you, now't appears
You are friends, else you'd not deliver of him
Such a worthy commendation

Bon You mistake,
Utterly mistake that I am friends with him
In speaking this good of him To what purpose
Do I praise him? only to this fatal end,
That you might fall in love and league with him
And what worse office can I do i' the world
Unto my enemy than to endeavour
By all means possible to marry him
Unto a whore? and there, I think, she stands

Clare Is whore a name to be beloved? it not,
What reason have I over to love that man
Puts it upon me falsely? You have wrought
A strange alteration in me were I a man,
I would drive you with my sword into the field,
And there put my wrong to silence Go, you're
not worthy

To be a woman's friend in the least part
That concerns honourable reputation,
For you are a liar

Bon I will love you now
With a noble observance, if you will continue
This hate unto me gather all those graces,
From whence you have fallen, yonder, where you
have left 'em

In Lessingham, he that must be your husband,
And though henceforth I cease to be his friend,
I will appear his noblest enemy,
And work reconciliation 'twixt you

Clare No, you shall not,
You shall not marry him to a strumpet for that
word

I shall ever hate you

Bon And for that one deed
I shall ever love you Come, convert your
thoughts

To him that best deserves 'em, Lessingham
It is most certain you have done him wrong,
But your repentance and compassion now
May make amends disperse this melancholy,
And on that turn of Fortune's wheel depend,
When all calamities will mend or end [*Reunt*]

SCENE III *

Enter COMPAS, RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, and GROVER

Comp Gentlemen, as you have been witness to
our divorce, you shall now be evidence to our
next meeting, which I look for every minute, if
you please, gentlemen

Ray We came for the same purpose, man

Comp I do think you'll see me come off with

as smooth a forehead, make my wife as honest a
woman once more as a man sometimes would
desire, I mean of her rank, and a teeming woman
as she has been Nay, surely I do think to make
the child as lawful a child too as a couple of un-
married people can beget, and let it be begotten
when the father is beyond sea, as this was do
but note

Eust 'Tis that we wait for

Comp You have wasted the good hour see,
she comes A little room, I beseech you, silence
and observation

Ray All your own, sir

Enter URSE

Comp Good morrow, fair maid

Urse Mistaken in both, sir, neither fair nor maid

Comp No? a married woman?

Urse That's it I was, sir, a poor widow now

Comp A widow? Nay, then I must make a
little bold with you 'tis akin to mine own case,
I am a wifeless husband too How long have
you been a widow, pray? nay, do not weep

Urse I cannot choose, to think the loss I had

Comp He was an honest man to thee it seems

Urse Honest, quoth 's, O!

Comp By my luck, and those are great losses
An honest man is not to be found in every hole
nor every street if I took a whole parish in
sometimes,

I might say true,

For stinking iniquity may be cured for new

Ray Somewhat sententious

Eust O, silence was an article enjoined

Comp And how long is it since you lost your
honest husband?

Urse O, the memory is too fresh, and your
sight makes my sorrow double

Comp My sight! why, was he like me?

Urse Your left hand to your right is not more
like

Comp Nay, then I cannot blame thee to weep
an honest man, I warrant him, and thou hadst a
great loss of him Such a proportion, so limbed,
so coloured, so fed?

Ray Yes, faith, and so taught too

Eust Nay, will you break the law?

Urse Twins were never liker

Comp Well, I love him the better, whatsoever
is become of him And how many children did
he leave thee at his departure?

Urse Only one, sir

Comp A boy or a girl?

Urse A boy, sir

Comp Just mine own case still my wife, rest her soul! left me a boy too A chopping boy, I warrant?

Uise Yes, if you call 'em so

Comp Ay, mine is a chopping boy I mean to make either a cook or a butcher of him, for those are your chopping boys And what profession was your husband of?

Urse He went to sea, sir, and there got his living

Comp Mine own faculty too And you can like a man of that profession well?

Urse For his sweet sake whom I so dearly lov'd,
More dearly lost, I must think well of it

Comp Must you? I do think, then, thou must venture to sea once again, if thou it be ruled by me

Urse O, sir, but there's one thing more burdensome
To us than most of others' wives, which moves me

A little to distaste it long time we endure
The absence of our husbands, sometimes many years,

And then if any slip in woman be,—
As long vacations may make lawyers hungry,
And tradesmen cheaper pennyworths afford,
Than otherwise they would, for ready coin,—
Scandals fly out, and we poor souls [are] branded
With wanton living and incontinency,
When, alas! consider, can we do withal?*

Comp They are fools, and not sailors, that do not consider that I'm sure your husband was not of that mind, if he were like me

Urse No, indeed, he would bear kind and honestly

Comp He was the wiser Alack, your land and fresh water men never understand what wonders are done at sea yet they may observe ashore that a hen, having tasted the cock, kill him, and she shall lay eggs afterwards

Urse That's very true, indeed

Comp And so may women, why not? may not a man get two or three children at once? one must be born before another, you know

Urse Even this discretion my sweet husband had

You more and more resemble him

Comp Then, if they knew what things are done at sea, where the winds themselves do copulate and bring forth issue, as thus—in the old world there

were but four in all, as nor', east, sou', and west these dwelt far from one another, yet by meeting they have engendered nor' east, sou' east, sou' west, nor' west,—then they were eight, of them were begotten nor'-nor'-east, nor' nor' west, sou' sou' east, sou' sou'-west, and those two sou's were sou' east' and sou' west' daughters, and indeed, there is a family now of thirty two of 'em, that they have filled every corner of the world and yet for all this, you see these bawdy bellows menders, when they come ashore, will be offering to take up women's coats in the street

Urse Still my husband's discretion

Comp So I say, if your landmen did understand that we send winds from sea, to do our commendations to our wives, they would not blame you as they do

Urse We cannot help it

Comp But you shall help it Can you love me, widow?

Urse If I durst confess what I do think, sir, I know what I would say

Comp Durst confess! Why, whom do you fear? here's none but honest gentlemen, my friends let them hear, and never blush for it

Urse I shall be thought too weak, to yield at first

Ray Tush, that's niceness come, we heard all the rest

The first true stroke of love sinks the deepest,
If you love him, say so

Comp I have a boy of mine own, I tell you that aforehand you shall not need to fear me that way

Urse Then I do love him

Comp So, here will be man and wife to morrow, then what though we meet strangers, we may love one another ne'er the worse for that.—Gentlemen, I invite you all to my wedding

Omnes We'll all attend it

Comp Did not I tell you I would fetch it off fair? Let any man lay a cuckold to my charge, if he dares, now

Ray 'Tis slander, whoever does it

Comp Nay, it will come to petty lassyery* at least, and without compass of the general pardon too, or I'll bring him to a foul sheet, if he has ne'er a clean one or let me hear him that will say I am not father to the child I begot

Eust None will adventure any of those.

* petty lassyery] So in *The Fleire* by Sharpham, "you cannot be hanged for t, 'tis but petty lassyery at most." Sig D 3 ed. 1615

Comp Or that my wife that shall be is not as honest a woman as some other men's wives are

Ray No question of that

Comp How fine and sleek my brows are now !

Eust Ay, when you are married they'll come to themselves again.

Comp You may call me bridegroom, if you please, now, for the guests are bidden

Omnes Good master bridegroom !

Comp Come, widow, then ere the next ebb and tide,

If I be bridegroom, thou shalt be the bride

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I *

Enter ROCHFELD and ANNABEL.

Roch. Believe me, I was never more ambitious, Or covetous, if I may call it so, Of any fortune greater than this one, But to behold his face

Anna. And now's the time, For from a much-fear'd danger, as I heard, He's late come over

Roch And not seen you yet ! 'Tis some unkindness.

Anna. You may think it so, But for my part, sir, I account it none What know I but some business of import And weighty consequence, more near to him Than any formal compliment to me, May for a time detain him ? I presume No jealousy can be aspers'd on him For which he cannot well apology

Roch You are a creature every way complete, As good a wife as woman, for whose sake, As I in duty am endeared to you, So shall I owe him service

Enter LESSINGHAM

Less [*aside*] The ways to love and crown lie both through blood, For in 'em both all lets must be remov'd It could be sty'd no true ambition else I am grown big with project —project, said I ! Rather with sudden mischief, which, without A speedy birth, fills me with painful throes, And I am now in labour —Thanks, occasion, That giv'st me a fit ground to work upon ! It should be Rochfield, one since our departure It seems engrafted in this family Indeed, the house's minion, since, from the lord To the lowest groom, all with unite consent Speak him so largely, nor, as it appears

By this their private conference, is he grown Least in the bride's opinion,—a foundation On which I will erect a brave revenge

Anna. Sir, what kind offices lie in your way To do for him, I shall be thankful for, And reckon them mine own

Roch. In acknowledgement, I kiss your hand so, with a gratitude Never to be forgot, I take my leave

Anna. I mine of you, with hourly expectation Of a long look'd for husband

Roch May it thrive According to your wishes ! [*Exit* ANNABEL.

Less [*aside*] Now's my turn — Without offence, sir, may I beg your name ?

Roch 'Tis that I never yet denied to any, Nor will to you that seem a gentleman, 'Tis Rochfield

Less Rochfield ! You are, then, the man Whose nobleness, virtue, valour, and good parts Have voic'd you loud Dover, and Sandwich, Margate,

And all the coast is full of you But more, as an eye witness of all these, And with most truth, the master of this house Hath given them large expressions

Roch. Therein his love Exceeded much my merit

Less That's your modesty Now I, as one that goodness love in all men, And honouring that which is but found in few, Desire to know you better

Roch Pray, your name ?

Less. Lessingham

Roch. A friend to Master Bonville ?

Less. In the number

Of those which he esteems most dear to him He reckons me not last.

Roch. So I have heard

Less Sir, you have cause to bless the lucky planet

* Scene I] A hall in Woodroff's house

Beneath which you were born, 'twas a bright star
And thou shin'd clear upon you for as you
Are every way well-parted, so I hold you
In all designs mark'd to be fortunate

Roch Pray, do not stretch your love to flattery,
'T may call it, then, in question grow, I pray you,
To some particulars

Less I have observ'd
But late your parting with the virgin bride,
And therein some affection

Roch How!

Less With pardon, —
In this I still applaud your happiness,
And praise the blessed influence of your stars
For how can it be possible that she,
Unkindly left upon the bridal day,*
And disappointed of those nuptial sweets
That night expected, but should take the occasion
So fairly offer'd? nay, and stand excus'd,
As well in detestation of a scorn
Scence in a husband heard of, as selecting
A gentleman in all things so complete
To do her those neglected offices
Her youth and beauty justly challengeth?

Roch [*aside*] Some plot to wrong the bride, and
I now

Will marry craft with cunning if he'll bite,
I'll give him line to play on — Were't your case,
You being young as I am, would you intermit
So fair and sweet occasion?
Yet,† misconceive me not, I do entreat you,
To think I can be of that easy wit
Or of that malice to defame a lady,
Were she so kind as to expose herself,
Nor is she such a creature

Less [*aside*] On this foundation
I can build higher still — Sir, I believe't
I hear you two call cousins comes your kindred
By the Woodroffs or the Bonviles?

Roch From neither, 'tis a word of courtesy
Late interchang'd betwixt us, otherwise
We are foreign as two strangers

Less [*aside*] Better still.

Roch I would not have you grow too inward‡
with me

Upon so small a knowledge yet to satisfy you,
And in some kind too to delight myself,
Those bracelets and the carcanet § she wears
She gave me once

Less They were the first and special tokens
pass'd

Betwixt her and her husband.

Roch 'Tis confess'd,
What I have said, I have said Sir, you have power
Perhaps to wrong me or to injure her
This you may do, but, as you are a gentleman,
I hope you will do neither

Less Trust upon t [*Exit ROCHESSE* LD
If I drown, I will sink some along with me,
For of all miseries I hold that chief,
Wretched to be when none coparts our grief
Here's another anvil to work on I must now
Make this my master-piece, for your old foxes
Are seldom ta'en in springs

Enter WOODROFF

Wood What, my friend!
You are happily return'd, and yet I want
Somewhat to make it perfect Where's your friend,
My son in law?

Less O sir!

Wood I pray, sir, resolve me,
For I do suffer strangely till I know
If he be in safety

Less Fare you well 'tis not fit
I should relate his danger

Wood I must know't
I have a quarrel to you already
For enticing my son in law to go over
Tell me quickly, or I shall make it greater

Less Then truth is, he is dangerously wounded

Wood But he's not dead, I hope

Less No, sir, not dead
Yet, sure, your daughter may take liberty
To choose another

Wood Why, that gives him dead

Less Upon my life, sir, no your sons in health,
As well as I am

Wood Strange! you deliver riddles

Less I told you he was wounded, and 'tis true,
He is wounded in his reputation
I told you likewise, which I am loth to repeat,
That your fair daughter might take liberty
To embrace another that's the consequence
That makes my best friend wounded in his fame
This is all I can deliver

Wood I must have more of't,
For I do sweat already, and I'll sweat more
'Tis good, they say, to cure aches, and othe
sudden

I am sore from head to foot. Let me taste the worst.

Less Know, sir, if ever there were truth in
falsehood,

* *bridal day*] The old ed. "Bride day"

† *Yet, &c*] The old ed. gives the last five lines of this
speech to Lessingham

‡ *inward*] i. e. intimate

§ *carcanet*] i. e. necklace

Then 'tis most true your daughter plays most false

With Bonville, and hath chose for her favourite
The man that now pass'd by me, Rochfield
Wood Say?

I would thou hadst spoke this on Calais-sands,
And I within my sword and poniard's length
Of that false throat of thine ' I pray, sir, tell me
Of what kin or all unce do you take me
To the gentlewoman you late mention'd?

Less You are her father

Wood Why, then, of all men living, do you
address

This report to me, that ought of all men breathing
To have been the last o'tho roll, except the
husband,

That should have heard of't?

Less For her honour, sir, and yours,
That your good counsel may reclaim her

Wood I thank you

Less She has departed,* sir, upon my know
ledge,

With jewels and with bracelets, the first pledges
And confirmation of the unhappy contract
Between herself and husband

Wood To whom?

Less To Rochfield

Wood Be not abus'd but now,
Even now, I saw her wear 'em

Less Very likely
'Tis fit, hearing her husband is return'd,
That he should re-deliver 'em

Wood But pray, sir, tell me,
How is it likely she could part with 'em,
When they are lock'd about her neck and wrists,
And the key with her husband?

Less O, sir, that's but practice *
She has got a trick to use another key
Besides her husband's

Wood Surrah, you do lie,
And were I to pay down a hundred pounds
For every lie given, as men pay twelve pence
And worthily, for swearing, I would give thee
The lie, nay, though it were in the court of honour,
So oft, till of the thousands I am worth
I had not left a hundred For is't likely
So brave a gentleman as Rochfield is,
That did so much at sea to save my life,
Should now on land shorten my wretched days
In running my daughter? A rank he!
Have you spread this to any but myself?

* departed] i e parted
† he] The old ed "she"
‡ practice] i e artifice

Less I am no intelligencer.

Wood Why, then, 'tis yet a secret
And that it may rest so, draw ' I'll take order
You shall prate of it no further.

Less O, my sword
Is enchanted, sir, and will not out o'the scabbard
I will leave you, sir yet say not I give ground,
For 'tis your own you stand on

Enter BONVILLE and CLARE

[Aside] Clare here with Bonville! excellent! on
this

I have more to work this goes to Annabel,
And it may increase the whirlwind [Exit

Bon How now, sir!
Come, I know this choler brad in you
For the voyage which I took at his entreaty
But I must reconcile you

Wood On my credit,
There's no such matter I will tell you, sir,
And I will tell it in laughter, the cause of it
Is so poor, so ridiculous, so impossible
To be believ'd ha, ha! he came even now
And told me that one Rochfield, now a guest
(And most worthy, sir, to be so) in my house,
Is grown exceedingly familiar with
My daughter

Bon Ha!

Wood Your wife, and that he has had favours
from her

Bon Favours!

Wood Love tokens I did call 'em in my youth,
Lures to which gallants spread then wings, and
stoop

In ladies' bosoms Nay, he was so false
To truth and all good manners, that those jewels
You lock'd about her neck, he did protest
She had given to Rochfield Ha! methinks o'the
sudden

You do change colour Sir, I would not have you
Believe this in least part my daughter's honest,
And my guess* is a noble fellow, and for this

* guess] A corruption of guest not infrequently used
by old writers

"Sir, my masters *guess* be none of my copesmiths"
A pleasant Comedie called I take about you 1600, Sig F 3

"It greatly at my stomach sticks
That all this day we had no *guess*,
And have of meate so many a morsel"

The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington.
(by Chettle) 1601, Sig H 4

"*Guess* will come in, 'tis almost supper time"

Yarington's Two Lamentable Tragedies, 1601, Sig B 3
"The nuptials being done,

To which the king came willingly a *guess*,
Each one repair'd unto their business"

Chalkhill's *Thealma and Clearchus*, 1683, p 28

Slander deliver'd me by Lessingham,
I would have cut his throat

Bon As I your daughter's,
If I find not the jewels 'bout her

Clare Are you return'd
With the Italian plague upon you, jealousy?

Wood Suppose that Lessingham should love
my daughter,

And thereupon fashion your going over,
As now your jealousy, the stronger way
So to divide you, there were a fine crotchety
Do you stagger still? If you continue thus,
I vow you are not worth a welcome home
Neither from her nor me — See, here she comes

Re enter ROCHFELD and ANNABEL

Clare I have brought you home a jewel
Anna Wren it yourself,

For these I wear are fetters, not favours

Clare I look'd for better welcome

Roch Noble sir,
I must woo your better knowledge

Bon O dear sir,
My wife will bespeak it for you

Roch Ha, your wife!
Wood Bear with him, sir, he's strangely off
o'the hinges

Bon [*aside*] The jewels are in the right place
but the jewel
Of her heart sticks yonder — You are angry with
me

For my going over

Anna Happily more angry for your coming
over

Bon I sent you my will from Dover.

Anna Yes, sir

Bon Fetch it

Anna I shall, sir, but leave your self will with
you [*Exit*

Wood This is fine, the woman will be mad
too

Bon Sir, I would speak with you

Roch And I with you of all men living

Bon I must have satisfaction from you

Roch Sir, it grows upon the time of payment

Wood What's that, what's that? I'll have no
whispering

Re enter ANNABEL with the will

Anna Look you, there's the patent
Of your deadly affection to me

Bon 'Tis welcome
When I gave myself for dead, I then made over

My land unto you now I find your love
Dead to me, I will alter 't

Anna Use your pleasure
A man may make a garment for the moon,
Rather than fit your constancy

Wood How's this?

Alter your will!

Bon 'Tis in mine own disposing
Certainly I will alter 't

Wood Will you so, my friend?
Why, then, I will alter mine too
I had estated thee, thou peevish fellow,
In forty thousand pounds after my death
I can find another executor

Bon Pray, sir, do
Mine I'll alter without question

Wood Dost hear me?
An if I change not mine within this two hours,
May my executors cozen all my kindred
To whom I bequeath legacies!

Bon I am for a lawyer, sir

Wood And I will be with one as soon as
thyself,

Though thou rid'st post to the devil [*Exit Bon*,

Roch Stay, let me follow and cool him

Wood O, by no means
You'll put a quarrel upon him for the wrong
It is done my daughter

Roch No, believe it, sir,

He's my wish'd friend

Wood O, come, I know the way of 't,
Carry it like a French quarrel, privately whisper,
Appoint to meet, and cut each other's throats
With cinges and embraces I protest
I will not suffer you exchange a word

Without I overhear 't

Roch Use your pleasure

[*Exeunt WOODROFF and ROCHFELD*]

Clare You are like to make fine work now

Anna Nay, you are like
To make a finer business of 't

Clare Come, come,
I must solder you together

Anna You ' why, I heard
A bird sing lately, you are the only cause
Works the division

Clare Who, as thou ever lov'dst me?
For I long, though I am a maid, for 't.

Anna Lessingham

Clare Why, then, I do protest myself first
cause

Of the wrong which he has put upon you both,
Which, please you to walk in, I shall make good
In a short relation Come, I'll be the clew

To lead you forth this labyrinth, this toil
Of a suppos'd and causeless jealousy
Cankers touch choicest fruit with their infection,
And fevers seize those of the best complexion

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *

Enter WOODROFF and ROCHFID

Wood Sir, have I not said I love you? if I have,
You may believe 't before an oracle,
For there's no trick in't, but the honest sense

Rock Believe it! that I do, sir

Wood Your love must, then,
Be as plain with mine, that they may suit together
I say you must not fight with my son Bonvile

Rock Not fight with him, sir?

Wood No, not fight with him, sir
I grant you may be wrong'd, and I dare swear
So is my child, but he is the husband, you know,
The woman's lord, and must not always be told
Of his faults neither I say you must not fight.

Rock I'll swear it, if you please, sir

Wood And forswear, I know't,
Ere you lay ope the secrets of your valour
It is enough for me I saw you whisper,
And I know what belongs to 't

Rock To no such end, assure you

Wood I say you cannot fight with him,
If you be my friend, for I must use you
Yonder's my foe, and you must be my second

Enter LEXINGTON

Prepare thee, slanderer, and get another
Better than thyself too, for here's my second,
One that will fetch him up, and firk him too —
Get your tools I know the way to Calais-sands,
If that be your fence school —he'll show you
tricks, faith,

He'll let blood your calumny your best guard
Will come to a peccavi, I believe

Less Sir, if that be your quarrel,
He's a party in it, and must maintain
The side with me from him I collected
All those circumstances concern your daughter,
His own tongue's confession

Wood Who? from him?

He will bote to do thee a pleasure, then,
If he speak any ill upon himself
I know he ne'er could do an injury

Rock So please you, I'll relate it, sir

Enter BONVILE, ANNABELL, and CLARE

Wood Before her husband, then,—and here
he is,

In friendly posture with my daughter too
I like that well —Son bridegroom and lady bride,
If you will hear a man defame himself,
For so he must if he say any ill,
Then listen

Bon Sir, I have heard this story,
And meet with your opinion in his goodness —
The repetition will be needless.

Rock Your father has not, sir I will be brief
In the delivery

Wood Do, do, then I long to hear it

Rock The first acquaintance I had with your
daughter

Was on the wedding eve

Wood So, 'tis not ended yet, methinks

Rock I would have robb'd her

Wood Ah, thief!

Rock That chain and bracelet which she wears
upon her,

She ransom'd with the full esteem in gold,
Which was with you my venture

Wood Ah, thief again!

Rock For any attempt against her honour, I vow
I had no thought on

Wood An honest thief, faith, yet

Rock Which she as nobly recompens'd, brought
me home,

And in her own discretion thought it meet
For cover of my shame, to call me cousin

Wood Call a thief cousin? why, and so she might,
For the gold she gave thee she stole from her
husband,

'Twas all his now yet 'twas a good girl too

Rock The rest you know, sir

Wood Which was worth all the rest,—
Thy valour, lad, but I'll have that in print,
Because I can no better utter it

Rock This jade* unto my wants,
And spuri'd by my necessities, I was going,
But by that lady's counsel I was stay'd
(For that discourse was our familiarity)
And this you may take for my recantation,
I am no more a thief

Wood A blessing on thy heart!

And this was the first time, I warrant thee, too

Rock Your charitable censure is not wrong'd
in that

Wood No, I knew 't could be but the first
time at most

* Scene II] Before Woodroff's house

* jade! i e. jaded

But for thee, brave valour, I have in store
That thou shalt need to be a thief no more

[Soft music within]

Ha! what's this music?

Bon. It chimes an Io man to your wedding, sir,
If this be your bride

Less Can you forgive me? some wild distractions

Had overturn'd my own condition,
And split the goodness you once knew in me
But I have carefully recover'd it,
And overthrown the fury on 't

Clare It was my curse
That you were so possess'd, and all these troubles
Have from my peevish will original
I do repent, though you forgive me not.

Less You have no need for your repentance,
then,

Which is due to it all's now as at first
It was wish'd to be

Wood Why, that's well said of all sides
But, soft! this music has some other meaning
Another wedding towards!

*Enter COMPASS, RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, GROVER,
URSE between FRANCHFORD and another, LUCK, NURSE,
and Child*

Good speed, good speed!

Comp We thank you, sir

Wood Stay, stay, our neighbour Compass, is it
not?

Comp That was, and may be again to-morrow,
this day Master Bridegroom

Wood O, give you joy! But, sir, if I be not
mistaken, you were married before now how
long is't since your wife died?

Comp Ever since yesterday, sir

Wood Why, she's scarce buried yet, then

Comp No, indeed I mean to dig her grave
soon I had no leisure yet.

Wood And was not your fair bride married
before?

Urse Yes, indeed, sir

Wood And how long since your husband
departed?

Urse. Just when my husband's wife died

Wood Bless us, Hymen!

Are not these both the same parties?

Bon. Most certain, sir.

Wood What marriage call you this!

Comp This is called "Shedding of horns," sir

Wood How!

Less Like enough, but they may grow again
next year

Wood This is a new trick

Comp Yes, sir, because we did not like the old
tick

Wood Brother, you are a helper in this design
too?

Franch The father to give the bride, sir

Comp And I am his son, sir, and all the sons
he has, and this is his grandchild, and my elder
brother you'll think this strange now

Wood Then it seems he begat this before
you.

Comp Before me? not so, sir, I was far enough
off when 'twas done yet let me see him dare
say, this is not my child and this my father

Bon You cannot see him here, I think, sir

Wood Twice married! can it hold?

Comp Hold! it should hold the better, a wise
man would think, when 'tis tied of two knots

Wood Methinks it should rather unloose the
first,

And between 'em both make up one negative

Eust No, sir, for though it hold on the
contrary,

Yet two affirmatives make no negative

Wood Cry you mercy, sir

Comp Make what you will, this little negative
was my wife's laying, and I affirm it to be mine
own.

Wood This proves the marriage before sub-
stantial,

Having this issue

Comp 'Tis mended now, sir for, being double
married, I may now have two children at a birth,
if I can get 'em D'ye think I'll be five years
about one as I was before?

Eust. The like has been done for the loss of
the wedding-ring,

And to settle a new peace before disjointed

Lion. But this, indeed, sir, was especially done,
To avoid the word of sound, that foul word
Which the fatal monologist cannot alter

Wood Cuckoo

Comp What's that? the nightingale?

Wood A night-bird,

Much good may do you, sir!*

* *Much good may do you, sir!* In the first edition of the present collection, I printed "Much good may[it] do you, sir!" But, according to our old phraseology, the "it" was frequently omitted in expressions of this kind. Let me observe that in several places of the present scene (as in some earlier passages of the play) it is difficult to determine whether the author wrote prose or a very loose sort of blank verse (which perhaps through the carelessness of the transcriber has become still more akin to prose)

Comp I'll thank you when I'm at supper—
Come, father, child, and bride and for your
part, father,
Whatsoever he, or he, or t'other says,
You shall be as welcome as in my t'other wife's
days

Franck I thank you, sir

Wood Nay, take us with you,* gentlemen

* *take us with you*] i e understand us.

One wedding we have yet to solemnize,
The first is still imperfect, such troubles
Have drown'd our music, but now, I hope, all's
friends

Get you to bed, and there the wedding ends

Comp And so, good night My bride and I'll
to bed

He that has horns, thus let him learn to shed

[*Exeunt*]

THE MALCONTENT.

The Malcontent By John Marston 1604 Printed at London by V S, for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church yard

The Malcontent Augmented by Marston With the Additions played by the Kings Mensters servants Written by Iohn Webster 1604 At London Printed by V S for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church yard

Both Marston and Webster it appears from the last title page, made additions to this play. It is impossible to distinguish the portions which the latter contributed, but he is generally supposed to have written the Induction. What is not found in the first 4to, I have marked by inverted commas. Other variations of the two editions, I have given in the notes.

I have had occasion several times in the course of this work to observe that different copies of the same editions of old plays often present various readings. Such is the case with the copies of the second 4to of the *Malcontent*—my copy does not altogether agree with that in the Garrick Collection.

The Malcontent has been reprinted in the different editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and in the *Ancient British Drama*—and more recently in Mr. Halliwell's edition of *Marston's Works*.

The hero of this play, Malevole, was performed by Burdidge—see the Induction, see also *A Funeral Play* on the death of the famous actor Richard Burdidge, printed in Mr. Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the plays of Shakespeare*, p. 52, ed. Shakes. Soc.

BENIAMINO* JONSONIO,
 POETÆ
 ELEGANTISSIMO,
 GRAVISSIMO,
 AMICO
 SVO, CANDIDO ET CORDATO,
 IOHANNES MARSTON,
 MVSARVM ALVMNVS,
 ASPERAM HANC SUAM THALIAM
 D D

TO THE READER

I AM an ill orator, and, in truth, use to write more honestly than eloquently, for it is my custom to speak as I think and write as I speak.

In plunness, therefore, understand, that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a Duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that city's families for which some may wittily excuse me, but my defence shall be as honest as many reproofs unto me have been malicious. Since, I heartily protest, it was my care to write so far from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose state I laid my scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living. Yet, in despite of my endeavours, I understand some have been most unadvisedly over cunning in misinterpreting me, and with subtlety as deep as hell have maliciously spread ill rumours, which springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfy every firm spirit, who, in all his actions, proposeth to himself no more ends than God and virtue do, whose intentions are always simple. To such I protest that, with my free understanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those whose unquiet studies labour innovation, contempt of holy policy, reverend, comely superiority, and established unity. For the rest of my supposed tartness, I fear not but unto every worthy mind it will be approved so general and honest as may modestly pass with the freedom of a satire. I would fain leave the paper, only one thing afflicts me, to think that scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be unforcibly published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But, since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have myself, therefore, set forth this comedy, but so, that my enforced absence must much rely upon the printer's discretion. But I shall entreat, slight errors in orthography may be as slightly over passed, and that the unhandsome shape, which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned for the pleasure it once afforded you when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phœbus †

J M

* BENIAMINO] The second 4to 'BENIAMINI'

† *Sine aliqua, &c*] Instead of this, the first 4to has "*Me mea sequuntur fata*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GIOVANNI ALTORONTO disguised as MALEVOIE sometime Duke of Genoa.

PETRO JACOPO, Duke of Genoa

MENDOZA a minion to the Duchess of Pietro Jacopo

CETSO, a friend to Altoronto

BILIOSO an old choleric marshal

PRFIASSO, a gentleman usher

LEONFEE a young courtier and enamoured on the Duchess

FERRARDO a minion to Duke Pietro Jacopo

IGUATO } two courtiers

GUERRINO }

* PASSARILLO, fool to Biloso

AURELIA Duchess to Duke Pietro Jacopo

MARIA, Duchess to Duke Altoronto

EMILIA, } two ladies attendin., on Aurelia

BIANCA }

MAQUERELLE an old pandress.

"THE INDUCTION

"TO

"THE MALCONTENT, AND THE ADDITIONS ACTED BY THE KING'S
"MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

"WRITTEN BY JOHN WEBSTER

"Enter W. SLY", a Ture man following him with a stool

"Ture man Sir, the gentlemen will be angry
"if you sit here

"Sly Why, we may sit upon the stage at the
"private house Thou dost not take me for a
"country-gentleman, dost? dost think I fear
"hissing? I'll hold my life thou tookest me for
"one of the players

"Ture man No, sir

"Sly By God's shud,† if you had, I would have
"given you but six pence ‡ for your stool Let
"them that have stale suits sit in the galleries
"Hiss at me! He that will be laughed out of a
"tavern or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or
"be drunk in good company—Where's Harry
"Condell, Dick Burbadge, and William Sly? Let
"me speak with some of them

"Ture man An't please you to go in, sir, you may

"Sly I tell you, no I am one that hath seen
"this play often, and can give them intelligence
"for their action I have most of the jests here
"in my table book

"Enter SINKLO ‡

"Sinklo Save you, coz!

* *W. Sly* See an account of William Sly in Mr Collier's
Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the plays of Shakespeare,
p. 131—The reader must observe that here Sly is per-
forming the "cousin" of young Master Doomsday,
who (acted by Sinklo) presently enters

† *By God's shud* This petty oath (more usually "Shd")
I believe, equivalent to "By God's hit" (Compare
several other profane expressions formerly in use,—"By
God's body," "By God's hand," &c.)

‡ *six pence for your stool* From chap. vi. in Dekker's
Old Horn book, it appears that it was the fashion for the
gallants of the time to sit on the stage on stools—"Red
§ Sinklo] A performer of no eminence see Mr Collier's

"Sly O, cousin, come, you shall sit between
"my legs here

"Sinklo No, indeed, cousin the audience
"then will take me for a viol de gambo, and
"think that you play upon me

"Sly Nay, rather that I work upon you, coz

"Sinklo We stayed for you at supper last
"night at my cousin Honey moon's, the woollen
"draper After supper we drew cuts for a score
"of apriocks, the longest cut still to draw an
"apriock by this light, 'twas Mistress Frank
"Honeymoon's fortune still to have the longest
"cut I did measure for the women—What be
"these, coz?

"Enter D. BURBADGE, H. CONDELL, and J. LOWIN"

"Sly The players—God save you!

"Burbadge You are very welcome

"Sly I pray you, know this gentleman, my
"cousin, 'tis Master Doomsday's son, the usurer

"Condell I beseech you, sir, be covered

"Sly No †, in good faith, for mine ease look
"you, my hat's the handle to this fan God's
"so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my
"feather at home! Well, but I'll take an order
"with you

[Takes his feather out of his pocket]

Memoirs of the Principal Actors, &c.—Introduct. p. xxvii—
He is acting (as already noticed) young Master Dooms-
day.

* *D. Burbadge, H. Condell, and J. Lowin* For all that
can be told concerning Richard Burbadge, Henry
Condell, and John Lowin, see Mr Collier's *Memoirs of*
the Principal Actors, &c. pp. 1, 132, 165

† *No, in good faith, for mine ease* "A quotation from
the part of Osrick in *Hamlet* Sly might have been the
original performer of that character"—*Stevens*

" *Burbadge*. Why do you conceal your feather, sir?

" *Sly*. Why, do you think I'll have jests broken upon me in the play, to be laughed at? this play hath beaten all your gallants out of the feathers. Black friars hath almost spoiled Black-friars for feathers."

" *Sinklo*. God's so I thought 'twas for some what our gentlewomen at home counselled me to wear my feather to the play yet I am loth to spoil it.

" *Sly*. Why, coz?

" *Sinklo*. Because I got it in the tilt yard, there was a herald broke my pate for taking it up but I have worn it up and down the Strand, and met him forty times since, and yet he dares not challenge it.

" *Sly*. Do you heu, su? this play is a bitter play.

" *Condell*. Why, su, 'tis neither satire nor moral, but the mean passage of a history yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that bear a stingless envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base, malicious appliment, but should then interposition come to the test like your marmoset they presently turn their teeth to their tail and eat it.

" *Sly*. I will not go so far with you, but I say, any man that hath wit may come, if he sit in the twelve penny room ‡ and I say again, the play is bitter.

" *Burbadge*. Su, you are like a pition that, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against any thing that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should not we enjoy the ancient freedom of poesy? Shall we protest to the ladies that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant that his expense in the brothel shall gain him reputation? No, su, such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cured as men heal tetters, by casting ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in any thing else, su?

" *Sly*. Ay, marry, would I. I would know how you came by this play?

* *Black friars hath almost spoiled Black friars for feathers*. See note ‡, p. 237. — "The following passage, in act v. sc. 2, is probably alluded to as having produced this change. 'For as now-a-days no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather, &c.'" — Collier.

‡ *censure* | i.e. judge

‡ *room* | i.e. box

" *Condell*. Faith, sir, the book was lost, and because 'twas pity so good a play should be lost, we found it, and play it.

" *Sly*. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

" *Condell*. Why not Malevole in folio with us, as Jeronimo in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play, we call it *One for another*."

" *Sly*. What are your additions?

" *Burbadge*. Sooth, not greatly needful, only as your salad to your great feast, to entertain a little more time, and to avenge the not received custom of music in our theatre. I must leave you, su. [Exit]

" *Sinklo*. Doth he play the Malecontent?

" *Condell*. Yes, sir.

" *Sinklo*. I durst lay four of mine ears the play is not so well acted as it hath been.

" *Condell*. O, no, su, nothing at *Parmentous suem* †.

* *One for another*. [From this preliminary portion of the play we learn that it had, in the first instance, been performed by a rival company under the title of *The Malcontent* but that with additions it was that night to be represented by the King's players with the new name of *One for Another*. Collier's *Memorial of the Principal Acts*, &c., p. 26. — "The meaning, I conceive to be this. 'I wonder says Sly, you play the Malcontent another company having interest in it. Was not' says Condell, 'they took little *Parmentous* from us, why should we not therefore take the Malcontent in large (folio) from them?' This is what we call *one for another*, in exchange of plays. Jonson's allusion to *Jeronimo* were done for Henslowe, and Mr. Collier has shown it likely that *The Malcontent* was written for Henslowe." P. Cunningham (*Notes and Queries*,—See Ser., vol. i. 71).

† *nothing at Parmentous suem*. ["*Nihil ad Parmentous suem*" is a proverb directed against those who, from prejudice or prepossession, pass a hasty judgment, without having any good grounds on which to found their decision. Plutarch, without mentioning the name of *Parmentous*, has turned the incident which gave rise to the proverb into a fable. Fab. l. v. f. v.]

"The following extract from Plutarch 'in the very words of Creach,' would have suited the annotator's purpose somewhat better than the fabricated quotation from Terence [which Stevens gives in a note on the present passage]. 'For upon what other account should men be moved to admire *Parmentous suem* so much as to pass it into a proverb?' Yet 'tis reported, that *Parmentous* being very famous for imitating the grunting of a pig, some endeavoured to rival and outdo him. And when the hearers, being prejudiced, cried out, 'Very well, indeed but *nothing comparable to Parmentous suem*,' one took a pig under his arm, and came upon the stage, and when they heard the very pig, they still continued, *This is nothing comparable to Parmentous suem*, he threw his pig amongst them, to shew that they judged according to opinion and not truth.' Plutarch, *Synopsis* lib. v. prob. i. L.S. in *The Shakespeare Society's Papers*, vol. iii. 85.

"*Lowin* Have you lost your ears, sir, that you
"are so prodigal of laying them?

"*Sinklo* Why did you ask that, friend?

"*Lowin* Marry, sir, because I have heard of a
"fellow would offer to lay a hundred pound
"wager that was not worth five baubees and in
"this kind you might venture four of your
"elbows, yet God defend* your coat should have
"so many!

"*Sinklo* Nay, truly, I am no great censurer,
"and yet I might have been one of the college of
"critics once. My cousin here hath an excellent
"memory indeed, sir.

"*Sly* Who, I? I'll tell you a strange thing of
"myself, and I can tell you, for one that never
"studied the art of memory, 'tis very strange
"too.

"*Condell* What's that, sir?

"*Sly* Why, I'll lay a hundred pound, I'll walk
"but once down by the Goldsmiths' Row in
"Cheap, take notice of the signs, and tell you
"them with a breath instantly.

"*Lowin* 'Tis very strange.

"*Sly* They begin as the world did, with Adam
"and Eve. There's in all just five and fifty + 1
"do use to meditate much when I come to plays
"too. What do you think might come into a
"man's head now, seeing all this company?

"*Condell* I know not, sir.

"*Sly* I have an excellent thought. If some
"fifty of the Gaccons that were crammed in the
"horse's belly had eaten garlic, do you not think
"the Trojans might have smelt out then knavery?

"*Condell* Very likely.

"*Sly* By God I would they had, for I love
"Hector horribly.

"*Sinklo* O, but, coz, coz!

* *if you will*

[*There's in all just five or fifty*] "This is a pleasure at
exaggeration on the part of Sly. There were in all as
Stow tells us, 'ten fair dwelling houses and fifteen
shops.' See 'Goldsmiths' Row' in *Handbook of London*,
ed 1850. *P. Cunningham (Notes and Queries, - See Ser,*
vol 1, 71)

† *they* | The old ed. "he

"'Great Alexander,* when he came to the tomb
"of Achilles,

"'Spake with a big loud voice, O thou thrice
"blessed and happy!

"*Sly* Alexander was an ass to speak so well of
"a filthy cullion †

"*Lowin* Good sir, will you leave the stage?

"I'll help you to a private room ‡

"*Sly* Come, coz, let's take some tobacco —
"Have you never a prologue?

"*Lowin* Not any, sir.

"*Sly* Let me see, I will make one extempore
[*Come to them, and fencing of a company with arms
and legs be round with them* §

"Gentlemen,|| I could wish for the women's
"sakes you had all soft cushions, and, gentle
"women, I could wish that for the men's sakes
"you had all more easy standings.

"What would they wish more but the play
"now? and that they shall have instantly.

[*Exeunt*"]

* *Great Alexander, &c.* | His utterances theame,
(says Gabriel Harvey, written to Spenser) "was borrowed
out of him, whom one in your coat they say, is much
beholdme unto — any planet or starre in he even is unto
the same — and is quoted as yourself best remember, in
the case of your O to her.

¶ *Quinto Messenio vltima tomba
Del hero Achille so parudo disse,
O fortunato che si chiava tomba
Troia!* [Punch. See chm.]

Within an hour of their deaths he brought me these
four little hexameters, altered since not past a word
or two.

Noble Alexander when he came to the tomb of Achilles
suching spake with a big loud voyce — O thrice blessed
Achilles, [found

That such triumph, so great, so loud, so glorious best
As to renowned and surprising architect Homer!]

These *Trope*, and with *another Letter lately passed
between two Universities men* (written the *Earthquake* in
April last, and our *English* returned) *Visiting* 4to
1850, p. 5) The four little hexameters just quoted
were by John Harvey Gabriel's brother. Long before
the present play was written, I had noticed on the
stage Gabriel's own hexameters — see *The Old House Tale*,
in *Poole's Works*, vol 1 p. 28, sec. ed. 1829.

† *cullion* § *scoundrel*

‡ *room* | *the box*

§ *Come to them, &c.* | I have made this stage direction,
at the suggestion of Mr. Collier. It is printed in the old
copy as a portion of the text.

|| *Gentlemen* &c. | "This seems intended as a burlesque
on the Prologue to *As you like it* — R. J.

THE MALCONTENT.*

ACT I

SCENE I†

*The ideal out of tune music being heard, enter Balthazar and
Pietro above*

Bal Why, how now! are ye mad, or drunk,
or both, or what!

Pre Are ye building Babylon there?

Bal Here's a noise in court! you think you
are in a tavern, do you not?

Pre You think you are in a brothel house do
you not?—This room is ill scented

Enter One with a perfume

So, perfume, perfume, some upon me, I pry
thee—The duke is upon instant entrance so,
make place there!

*Enter PIERRO, FERNANDO, LUCATO, CELSO and
GILFERRINO below*

Pietro Where breathes that music?

Bal The discord rather than the music is heard
from the malcontent Malevole's chamber

Pre [calling] Malevole!

Mal [above, out of his chamber] Yaugh, good
a man, what dost thou there? Duke's Gwyned,
Juno's jealous of thy long stockings shadow of
a woman, what wouldst, weasel! thou lamb
o' court, what dost thou bleat for! ah, you
smooth chinned catanite!

Pietro Come down, thou rugged ‡ cur, and
snail here, I give thy dogged sullenness free
liberty trot about and bespittle whom thou
pleasest

* *The Malcontent*] Opposite these words on the margin
of both Atos, is "*Ubiat censura columbas*" [Juvenal,
Sat. ii. 63]

† *Scene I*] A room in the palace, with a gallery, it
would seem. Prepuiso says, "This room is ill scented,"
and, presently after, Malevole appears "above," i.e. on
what was called the upper stage

‡ *rugged*] The second Atto "*ragged*"

Mal I'll come among you, you goatish blooded
toderers,* as gum into taffata, to flet, to fret
I'll fall like a sponge into water, to suck up, to
suck up [Howls again†] I'll go to church,‡
and come to you [Exit above]

Pietro This Malevole is one of the most pro-
digious affections that ever conversed with nature
a man, or rather a monster, more discontent
than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the
presence His appetite is unsatiable as the grave,
as far from any content as from heaven His
highest delight is to procure others vexation, and
therein he thinks he truly serves heaven, for
'tis his position, whosoever in this earth can be
contented is a slave and damned, therefore does
he afflict all in that to which they are most affect-
ed The elements struggle within him, his own
soul is at variance "within herself", his speech
is halter worthy at all hours I like him, truth
he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes
me understand those weaknesses which others
fluttery pillulates—Hark! they sing [A song §
See, he comes Now shall you hear the extremity
of a malcontent he is as free as air, he blows
over every man

Enter MALEVOLE below

And, sir, whence come you now?

Mal From the public place of much dissimu-
lation, "the church"

* *lodgers*] "I suppose this is a word coined from *lod*,
a certain weight of sheep's wool He seems willing to
impute that the duke, &c. are *mutton mongers* The
meaning of *laced mutton* is well known —*Success*

† [Howls again] The old eds have 'Howls againe,' and
as a portion of the dialogue but the words are evidently
in the wrong direction Just before Malevole has exclaimed,
"Yaugh, god a m w," &c. —which is a sort of *howling*

‡ *go to church*] The first Atto 'pray' but compare
what Malevole says when he enters below
§ *A song*] See note †, p. 47

Pietro What didst there?

Mal Talk with a usurer, take up at interest

Pietro I wonder what religion thou art "of"?

Mal Of a soldier's religion

Pietro And what dost thou think makes most infidels now?

Mal Sects sects I have seen seeming piety change her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch devil can shape her a new* petticoat

Pietro O, a religious policy

Mal But, damnation on a politic religion! "I am weary" would I were one of the duke's hounds now!

Pietro But what's the common news abroad, Malevole? thou doggest rumour still

Mal Common news! why, common words are, God save ye, Fare ye well, common actions, flattery and cozenage, common things, women and cuckolds—And how does my little Ferriard? Ah, ye lecherous animal!—my little ferret, he goes sucking up and down the palace into every hen's nest, like a waisel—and to what dost thou addict thy time to now more than to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of young courtiers,—flattery, pride, and venery?

Pietro I study languages—Who dost think to be the best linguist of our age?

Mal Phew! the devil let him possess thee, hell teach thee to speak all languages most readily and strangely, and great reason, mury, he's twitted greatly! the world, and is every where

Fer Save it the court

Mal Ay, save it the court—[*To Bilioso*] And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? thou half a man, half a goat, all a beast! how does thy young wife, old huddle?

Bil Out, you unprovident rascal!

Mal Do, kuck, thou hugely horned old duke's ox, good Master Mike plays

Pietro How dost thou live now a days, Malevole?

Mal Why, like the knight Sir Patrick Penlo hana,† with killing o' spiders for my lady's monkey

Pietro How dost spend the night? I hear thou never sleepest

Mal O, no, but dream the most fantastical! O heaven! O fubbery, fubbery!

Pietro Dream! what dreamest?

Mal Why, methinks I see that signior pawn his foot-cloth,‡ that metrezza her plate this

* new] Omitted in the second 4to

† Penlohana] The second 4to "Penlohana."

‡ foot cloth] See note *, p 7

madam takes physic, that t'other monsieur may minister to her here is a pander jewelled, there "is" a fellow in shift of satin this day, that could not shift a shirt t'other night here a Paris supports that Helen, there's a Lady Guinever bears up that Sir Lancelot dreams, dreams, visions, fantasios, chimeras, imaginations, tricks, conceits!—[*To PREPASSO*] Sir Tristram Trimtram, come aloft, Jack an apes,* with a whim wham here's a knight of the land of Catito shall play at trap with any page in Europe, do the sword dance with any morris dancer in Christendom, ride at the ring,† till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin,‡ and run the wildgoose chase even with Pompey the Huge §

Pietro You run!

Mal To the devil—Now, signior Guerino, that thou from a most pitied prisoner shouldst grow a most loathed flatterer!—Alas, poor Celso, thy stars oppressed thou art an honest lord 'tis pity

Iquato It's pity!

Mal Ay, mury is't, philosophical Iquato, and 'tis pity that thou, being so excellent a scholar by art, shouldst be so ridiculous a fool by nature—I have a thing to tell you, duke bid 'em avunt, bid 'em avunt

Pietro Leave us, leave us

[*Exeunt all except PIERRO and MALEVOLE*]

Now, su, what is't?

Mal Duke, thou art a becco,|| a cornuto

Pietro How!

Mal Thou art a cuckold

Pietro Speak, unshale¶ him quick

Mal With most tumblers like numblers

Pietro Who? by whom? I burst with desire

Mal Mendoza is the man makes thee a horned beast, duke, 'tis Mendoza commits thee

Pietro What conformance? relate, short, short

Mal As a lawyer's beard

There is an old crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle,

She is my mistress, sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me

* come aloft, Jack an apes, &c.] The exclamation of an upo ward to his ape

† ride at the ring] See note *, p 60

‡ till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin.] See note †, p 67

§ Pompey the Huge] So in Shakspere's *Love a Labour's Lost*, act v, sc 2, "Greater than Great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!"

|| becco] "I e cuckold, Ital"—Stevens

¶ unshale] A form of unshell

Blurt, a rhyme, blurt, a rhyme! Maquerelle is a cunning bawd, I am an honest villain, thy wife is a close drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold Farewell, duke

Putro Stay, stay

Mal Dull, dull duke, can lazy patience make time revenge? O God, for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made!

Putro What did God never make?

Mal A cuckold to be made a thing that's hoodwinked with kindness, whilst every rascal fillops his brows, to have a cockcomb with outrageous horns pinned to a lord's back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it pistols and poniards! pistols and poniards!

Pietro Death and damnation!

Mal Lightning and thunder!

Pietro Vengeance and torture!

Mal Cuius!*

Pietro O, revenge!

"*Mal* Nay, to select among ten thousand fans
"A lady far inferior to the most,
"In fair proportion both of limb and soul,
"To take her from austere check of parents,
"To make her his by most devoutful rites,
"To take her commendries of a better essence
"Than is the gorgeous world, even of a man,
"To hug her with insured appetite
"As usurers do thine delc'd up treasury
"(Thinking none tells it but his private self),
"To meet her spirit in a nimble kiss,
"Distilling purging ardour to her heart,
"True to her sheets, nay, diets strong his blood,
"To give her height of hymeneal sweets,—

Putro O God!

"*Mal* Whilst she sleeps, and gives him some
"court *quelquechose*,
"Made only to provoke, not satiate
"And yet even then the thaw of her delight
"Flows from lewd heat of apprehension,
"Only from strange imagination's inkness
"That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul
"And makes her think she claps† the foul knave's
"loins

Pietro Affliction to my blood's root!

"*Mal* Nay, think, but think what may proceed
"of this,

"Adultery is often the mother of incest

Pietro Incest!

"*Mal* Yes, incest mark —Mendoza of his wife
"begets perchance a daughter Mendoza dies,
"his son marries this daughter say you? nay,
"tis frequent, not only probable, but no question
"often acted, whilst ignorance, fearless ignorance,
"clasps his own seed

Pietro Hideous imagination!

"*Mal* Adultery! why, next to the sin of simony,
"tis the most horrid transgression under the
"cope of salvation

Pietro Next to simony!

"*Mal* Ay, next to simony, in which our men
"in next age shall not sin

Pietro Not sin! why?

"*Mal* Because (thanks to some church men)
"our age will leave them nothing to sin with
"But adultery, O dulness! should show* exem-
"plary punishment, that intemperate bloods may
"trefe but to think it! I would damn him
"and all his generation my own hands should do
"it ha, I would not trust heaven with my ven-
"geance —any thing

Pietro Any thing, any thing, Malevole thou
"shalt see instantly what temper my spirit holds
"I farewell, remember I forget thee not farewell

Mal Farewell

[*Exit Pietro*]

"Learn thoughtfulness, a sallow meditation,
"Suck thy veins dry, distemperance rob thy
"sleep!

"The heart's disquiet is revenge most deep
"He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills,
"But he that breaks heart's peace, the death soul
"kills

"Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that
"Which kings do seldom hear, or great men
"use,—

"Free speech and though my state's usurp'd,
"Yet this affected strain gives me a tongue
"As fetterless as is an emperor's
"I may speak foolishly, ay, knavishly,
"Always carelessly, yet no one thinks it fashion
"To poise my breath, for he that laughs and
"strikes

"Is lightly felt, or seldom struck again
"Duke, I'll torment thee now, my just revenge
"From thee than crown a richer gem shall part
"Beneath God, naught's so dear as a calm heart"

Re enter Celso

Celso My honour'd lord,—

Mal Peace, speak low, peace! O Celso, con-
"stant lord,

* *Catão*] An Italian exclamation (of obscene meaning)
still in use

† *claps*] i.e. embraces

* *should show*] The old ed. "*shue should*"

(Thou to whose faith I only rest discover'd,
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,
That lovest virtue only for itself,
Thou in whose hands old Ops may put her soul,
Behold for ever-banish'd Altofront,
This Genoa's last year's duke O truly noble!
I wanted those old instruments of state,
Dissemblance and suspect I could not time it,
Celso,

My throne stood like a point midst * of a circle,
To all of equal nearness, bore with none,
Rein'd all alike, so slept in fearless virtue,
Suspectless, too suspectless, till the crowd,
(Still liquorous of untried novelties,
Impatient with severer government,
Made strong with Florence, banish'd Altofront

Celso Strong with Florence! ay, thence your
mischief rose,
For when the daughter of the Florentine
Was match'd once with this Pietro, now duke,
No stratagem of state untried was left,
Till you of all—

Mal Of all was quite bereft
Alas, Maria too close prisoned,
My true faith'd duchess, i'the citadel!

Celso I'll still adhere let's mutiny and die

Mal O, "no," climb not a falling tower, Celso,
'Tis well held desperation, no zeal,
Hopeless to strive with fate peace, temporize
Hope, hope, that ne'er forsakes† the wretched'st
man,

Yet bids me live, and lurk in this disguise
What, play I well the free breath'd discontent?
Why, man, we are all philosophical monarchs
Or natural fools Celso, the courts a fire,
The duchess's sheets will smoke for't ere't be long
Impure Mendoza, that sharp nos'd lord, that mule
The cursed match link'd Genoa with Florence,
Now broad horns the duke, which he now knows
Discord to malcontents is very manna
When the ranks are burst, then scuffle, Altofront

Celso Ay, but durst—

Mal 'Tis gone, 'tis swallow'd like a mineral
Some way 'twill work, pheut, I'll not shrink
He's resolute who can no lower sink

"*BIIOSO re entering, MAL VOIE shyteth his speech*
'O the father of May-poles! did you never see a
"fellow whose strength consisted in his breath, re-
"spect in his office, religion in ‡ his lord, and love
"in himself? why, then, behold

* *midst*] The second ed. to "in midstest"
† *forsakes*] The old eds. "forsak'st," and in the next
line "bidst"
‡ *in*] The old ed. "on"

"*Bil* Signior,—

"*Mal* My right worshipful lord, your court
"night-cap makes you have a passing high fore
"head

"*Bil* I can tell you strange news, but I am sure
"you know them already the duke speaks much
"good of you

"*Mal* Go to, then and shall you and I now
"enter into a strict friendship?

"*Bil* Second one another?

"*Mal* Yes

"*Bil* Do one another good offices?

"*Mal* Just what though I called thee old ox,
"egregious wittol, broken-bellied coward, rotten
"mummy! yet, since I am in favour—

"*Bil* Words of course, terms of disport His
"grace presents you by me a chain, as his grateful
"remembrance for—I am ignorant for what,
"marry, ye may impart yet howsoever— come—
"dear friend, dost know my son?

"*Mal* Your son!

"*Bil* He shall eat wood cooks, dance jigs, make
"possets, and play at shuttle cock with any young
"lord about the court he has as sweet a lady
"too, dost know her little bitch?

"*Mal* 'Tis a dog, man

"*Bil* Believe me, a she bitch O, 'tis a good
"creature! thou shalt be her servant I'll make
"thee acquainted with my young wife too what!
"I keep her not at court for nothing 'Tis grown
"to supper time, come to my table that, my
"thing I have, stands open to thee

"*Mal* [*aside to Celso*] How smooth to him

"that is in state of grace,

"How servile is the rugged'st courtier's face!

"What profit, nay, what nature would keep down,
"Are heav'd to them the minions to a crown
"Furious ambition never sates his thirst,

"Till sucking all, he swells and swells, and burst *
"*Bil* I shall now leave you with my always best

"wishes, only let's hold betwixt us a firm corre-
"spondence, a mutual friendly reciprocal kind of
"steady unanimous-heartily-angued—

"*Mal* Did your signiorship ne'er see a pigeon
"house that was smooth, round, and white with
"out, and full of holes and stink within? ha ye
"not, old courtier?

"*Bil* O, yes, 'tis the form, the fashion of them
"all

"*Mal* Adieu, my true court friend, farewell,
"my dear Castilio" †

[*Exit BIIOSO*]

* *burst*] The old ed. "burstes"
† *Castilio*] An allusion to Baldessar Castiglione see
note 1, p. 209

Celso Yonder's Mendoza.

Mal True, the privy key [*Describes MENDOZA*]

Celso I take my leave, sweet lord

Mal 'Tis fit, away! [*Exit CELSO*]

Enter MENDOZA with three or four Suitors

Men Leave your suits with me, I can and will attend my secretary, leave me [*Exit Suitors*]

Mal Mendoza, hark ye, hark ye. You are a treacherous villain. God b' wi' ye!

Men Out, you base born rascal!

Mal We are all the sons of heaven, though a tripe wife were our mother ah, you whoreson, hot reined he marmoset! Ægisthus! didst ever hear of one Ægisthus?

Men Gisthus!

Mal Ay, Ægisthus he was a filthy incontinent flesh monger, such a one as thou art

Men Out, grumbling rogue!

Mal Orestes, beware Orestes!

Men Out, beggar!

Mal I once shall rise

Men Thou rise!

Mal Ay, at the resurrection

No vulgar seed but once may rise and shall
No king so huge but 'fore he die may fall [*Exit*]

Men Now, good Elysium! what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a prince's favour! O sweet God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best of life! what should I think, what say, what do to be a favourite, a minion? to have a general timorous respect observe a man, a statful silence in his presence, solitariness in his absence, a confused hum and busy murmur of obsequious suitors trailing him, the cloth held up, and way proclaimed before him, petitionary vassals licking the pavement with their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace lampreels that engender with snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides, with a kind of insinuated* humbleness, fix all their delights† upon his brow. O blessed state! what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death, I cornute the duke! Sweet women! most sweet ladies! nay, angels! by heaven, he is more accursed than a devil that hates you, or is hated by you, and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by you. You preservers of mankind, life blood of society, who would live, nay, who can live without you! O paradise! how majestical is your austerer presence! how imperiously chaste is your more modest face! but, O, how full of ravishing

* insinuated! The first 4to "insinuating"

† delights! The first 4to "lights"

attraction is your pretty, petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance! these amorous smiles, those soul warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that singed the world by heedless Phaeton! in body how delicate,* in soul how witty, in discourse how pregnant, in life how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable, and in night how — O pleasure unutterable! indeed, it is most certain, one man cannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman but a duchess! in despite of Phœbus, I'll write a sonnet instantly in praise of her

Exit

SCENE II †

Enter FERREZE pushing AURELIA, EMILIA and MAQUERELLE bearing up her train, BIANCA attending them, and EMILIA and BIANCA

Aurel And is't possible! Mendoza slight me! possible?

I'er Possible!

What can be strange in him that's drunk with favour,‡

Grows insolent with grace?—Speak, Maquerelle, speak.

Maq To speak feelingly, more, more richly in solid sense than worthless words, give me those jewels of your ears to receive my enforced duty. As for my part, 'tis well known I can put up § any thing [*FERREZE privately feeds MAQUERELLE's hands with jewels during this speech*], can bear patiently with any man but when I heard he wronged your precious sweetness, I was enforced to take deep offence. 'Tis most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite and, as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another), when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possessed with your endeared grace, Mendoza most ingratfully renounced all faith to you.

Fer Nay, called you—Speak, Maquerelle, speak.

Maq By heaven, witch, dried biscuit, and contested blushlessly he loved you but for a spout or so.

* in body how delicate, &c.] The author had here an eye to the well known passage of Shakespeare,—" 'Tis but a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2

† Scene II.] Another room in the same

‡ with favour] Omitted in the copy of the second 4to in the Harlick Collection

§ up] Not in the second 4to.

Fer For maintenance

Maq Advancement and regard.

Aurel O villain! O impudent Mendoza!

Maq Nay, he is the rustiest-jawed,* the foulest-mouthed knave in railing against our sex: he will rail against† women—

Aurel How? how?

Maq I am ashamed to speak't, I

Aurel I love to hate him: speak

Maq Why, when Emilia scorned his base unsteadiness, the black-throated rascal scolded, and said—

Aurel What?

Maq Troth, 'tis too shameless.

Aurel What said he?

Maq Why, that, at four, women were fools, at fourteen, drabs, at forty, bawds, at fourscore, witches, and [at] a hundred, cats.

Aurel O unlimitable impudency!

Fer But as for poor Ferneze's fix'd heart, Was never shadeless meadow drier parch'd Under the scorching heat of heaven's dog, Than is my heart with your enforcing eyes

Maq A hot smile

Fer Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell

O, pity, then! grace should with beauty dwell

Maq Reasonable perfect, by'r lady

Aurel I will love thee, be it but in despite Of that Mendoza—witch!—Ferneze,—witch!—Ferneze, thou art the duchess' favourite Be faithful, private: but 'tis dangerous

Fer His love is lifeless: that for love fears breath

The worst that's due to sin, O, would 'twere death!

Aurel Enjoy my favour: I will be sick instantly and take physic therefore in depth of night visit—

Maq Visit her chamber, but conditionally you shall not offend her bed: by this diamond!

Fer By this diamond. [Giving diamond to Maq]

Maq Not tarry longer than you please: by this ruby!

Fer By this ruby. [Giving ruby to Maq]

Maq And that the door shall not creak

Fer And that the door shall not creak

Mac Nay, but swear

Fer By this purse. [Giving purse to Maq]

Maq Go to, I'll keep your oaths for you: remember, 1581t

* rustiest-jawed] The second 4to "rustiest jawe" a misprint which is followed in modern editions of this play

† against] The first 4to "agen"

Aurel Dried biscuit!—Look where the base wretch comes

Enter MENDOZA, reading a sonnet

Men "Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's queen,"—

Maq That's his Emilia

Men "Nature's triumph, best on earth,"—

Maq Meaning Emilia

Men "Thou only wonder that the world hath seen,"—

Maq That's Emilia.

Aurel Must I, then, hear her praised?—Mendoza!

Men Madam, your excellency is graciously encountered: I have been writing passionate flashes in honour of— [Exit FERNEZE]

Aurel Out, villain, villain!

O judgment, where have been my eyes? what Bewitch'd election made me dote on thee?

What sorcery made me love thee? But, be gone,

Bury thy head: O, that I could do more

Than loathe thee! hence, worst of ill!

No reason ask, our reason is our will.†

[Exit with MAQUERRELLE]

Men Women! nay, Furies, nay, worse, for they torment only the bad, but women good and bad: Damnation of mankind! Breathe, hast thou praised them for this? and is't you, Ferneze, are wriggled into smock-grace? sit sure: O, that I could rail against these monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth, women! that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt they care not how they accomplish, without all premeditation or prevention, rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extreme in desiring, slaves unto appetite, minstresses in dissembling, only constant in uncon- stancy,‡ only perfect in counterfeiting their

* on] The first 4to "of"

† No reason, &c.] The first 4to,

"No reason else, my reason is my will"

‡ only constant in unconconstancy] Compare a striking passage in *The Fair Maid of Brabant*, 1605,

"A harlot's love is like a chimney smoke,
Quivering in the air between two blasts of winds,
Born to heere and there by either of the same,
And properly to none of both inclind
Hate and despaine is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and treason in their bosomes lies
Their promises are made of brittle glasse,
Ground like a pillup to the finest dust,
Their thoughts like streaming rivers swiftly passe,
Their words are oyle, and yet they gather rust
True are they never found but in untruth,
Constant in nought but in unconstance,
Devouring cankers of mans liberty"

Sig. 23

(The play just quoted was no doubt written several

words are feigned, their eyes forged, their sighs* dissembled, their looks counterfeit, their hair false, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial, their blood is their only god, bad clothes, and old age, are only the devils they tremble at. That I could rail now!

Enter PIETRO, his sword drawn

Pietro. A mischief fill thy throat, thou foul jaw'd slave!

Say thy prayers

Men. I ha' forgot 'em

Pietro. Thou shalt die

Men. So shalt thou I am heart-mad

Pietro. I am horn mad

Men. Extreme mad

Pietro. Monstrously mad

Men. Why?

Pietro. Why! thou, thou hast dishonoured my bed.

Men. I! Come, come, sit, † here's my bare heart to thee,

As steady as is the centre to this ‡ glorious world
And yet, hark, thou art a cornuto,—but by me!

Pietro. Yea, slave, by thee

Men. Do not, do not with tart and spleenful breath

Loose him can lose thee I offend my duke!
Bear record, O ye dumb and raw an'd nights,
How vigilant my sleepless eyes have been
To watch the traitor! record, thou spuit of truth,
With what debasement I ha' thrown myself
To under-offices, only to learn
The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wert
disgrac'd!

And un I pud with slave? hath my intrusion
To places private and prohibited,
Only to observe the closer passages,
Heaven knows with vows of revelation,
Made me suspected, made me deem'd a villain?
What rogue hath wrong'd us?

Pietro. Mendoza, I may err

Men. Fir' 'tis too mild a name but err and err,
Run giddy with suspect, fore through me thou
know

That which most creatures save thyself, do know
yours before it was given to the press) So also in a volume
of poems by Philip Jenkins, entitled *Amores*, 1660

"What, only constant in unconscience?"

And true alone to mutability?" p. 52

* sighs] Both 4tos "sights", and, indeed, so the word
was sometimes written

† sit] Qy "sir"?

‡ the centre to this] The first 4to "this center to this,"
the second 4to "this centre to the"

Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject,
'Fore I'll reveal, shalt find them clipt* together

Pietro. Mendoza, thou knowest I am a most
plain breasted man.

Men. The fitter to make a cornuto † would
your brows were most plain too!

Pietro. Tell me indeed, I heard thee rail—

Men. At women, true why, what cold phlegm
could choose,

Knowing a lord so honest, virtuous,
So boundless loving, bounteous, fair-shap'd, sweet,
To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made cuckold? Heart!
I hate all women for't sweet sheets, wax
lights, antic bed posts, cambric smocks, villanous
curtains, arras pictures, oiled hinges, and all the ‡
tongue tied lascivious witnesses of great creatures'
wantonness,—what salvation can you expect?

Pietro. Wilt thou tell me?

Men. Why, you may find it yourself, observe,
observe

Pietro. I ha' not the patience wilt thou de-
serve me, § tell, give it

Men. Take't why, Ferneze is the man, Fer-
neze I'll prove't, this night you shall take him
in your sheets will't serve?

Pietro. It will, my bosom's in some peace till
night—

Men. What?

Pietro. Farewell

Men. God! how weak a lord are you!
Why, do you think there is no more but so?

Pietro. Why!

Men. Nay, then, will I presume to counsel you
It should be thus You with some guard upon
the sudden

Break into the princess' chamber I stay behind,
Without the door, through which he needs must
pass

Ferneze flies, let him to me he comes, he's kill'd
By me, observe, by me you follow I rail,
And seem to save the body Duchess comes,
On whom (respecting her advanc'd birth,
And your fair nature), I know, nay, I do know,
No violence must be us'd, she comes I storm,
I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintain
The duchess' honour she for this loves me
I honour you, shall know her soul, you mine
Then naught shall she contrive in vengeance
(As women are most thoughtful in revenge)
Of her Ferneze, but you shall sooner know't

* clipt] i.e. joined in embraces

† cornuto] the second 4to "cuckolds."

‡ the] The first 4to "ye"

§ deserve me] i.e. deserve of me

Than she can think't Thus shall his death come sure,

Your duchess brain-caught so your life secure

Pietro It is too well my bosom and my heart,
When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part

[*Exit*

Men Who cannot feign friendship can neer produce the effects of hatred Honest fool duke! subtle lascivious duchess! silly novice *Feinezo*! I do laugh at ye My brain is in labour till it produce mischief, and I feel sudden throes, proofs sensible, the issue is at hand

As bears shape young, so I'll form my device,
Which grown proves horrid vengeance makes men wise

[*Exit*

"SCENE III."

"Enter *MALCOLM* and *PASSARELLO*

"*Mal* Fool, most happily encountered canst sing, fool?

"*Pass* Yes, I can sing, fool, if you'll bear the burden, and I can play upon instruments, scurvily, as gentlemen do O, that I had been gelded! I should then have been a fit fool for a chamber, a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies

"*Mal* You are in good case since you came to court, fool what, guarded, guarded!†

"*Pass* Yes, faith, even as footmen and bawds wear velvet, not for an ornament of honour, but for a badge of drudgery, for, now the duke is discontented, I am fain to fool him asleep every night

"*Mal* What are his griefs?

"*Pass* He hath sore eyes

"*Mal* I never observed so much

"*Pass* Horrible sore eyes, and so hath every cuckold, for the roots of the horns spring in the eyeballs, and that's the reason the horn of a cuckold is as tender as his eye, or as that growing in the woman's forehead twelve years since,‡ that could not endure to be touched
"The duke hangs down his head like a columbine

* *Scene III*] Another room in the same

† *guarded*] Adorned with facings, trimmings

‡ *as that growing in the woman's forehead twelve years since*] The woman with the horn in her forehead was probably Margaret Griffith, wife of David Owen, of Tlan Gadualn, in Montgomery A portrait of her is in existence, prefixed to a scarce pamphlet, entitled, "A miraculous and monstrous, but yet most true and certayne Discourse of a Woman, now to be seen in London,

"*Mal* Passarello, why do great men beg fools!*

"*Pass* As the Welshman stole rushes, when there was nothing else to filch, only to keep begging in fashion

"*Mal* Pooh, thou givest no good reason, thou speakest like a fool

"*Pass* Faith, I utter small fragments, as your knight counts your city widow with jingling of his gilt spurs, advancing his bush coloured beard,† and taking tobacco this is all the mirror of their knightly compliments‡ Nay, I shall talk when my tongue is going once, tis like a citizen on horse-back, evermore in a false gallop

"*Mal* And how doth *Macquerelle* fare now a days?

"*Pass* Faith, I was wont to salute her as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing,§ I would call her whole but now that antiquity leaves her as an old piece of plastic|| to work by, I only ask her how her rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave her She was the first that ever invented perfumed smocks for the gentlewomen, and woollen shoes, for fear of creaking, for the visitant She wore an excellent lily, but that her face peeleth like Muscovy glass¶

of the age of threescore years or thereabouts, in the mid of whose forehead there groweth out a crooked Horne of four inches long Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin, and are to be sold by Edward White dwelling at the little north dore of Pauls Church, at the signe of the Gun, 1555 O. Guckrust

If she is the person alluded to, this additional scene must have been composed about 1600

* *beg fools*] i.e. apply to become their guardians, and to enjoy the profits of their lands, which, under the writ, in the old common law, *de idiotis inquerendo* might be granted by the king to any subject

† *with jingling of his gilt spurs, advancing his bush coloured beard*] The gallants of the time considered it high fashion to wear spurs which jingled as they walked—I here follow the text of my own copy of the second 4to the copy in the Garrick Collection (the same edition) has "with something of his gull some advancing his high colored beard"

‡ *compliments*] i.e. accomplishments

§ *as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing*] "At this time Flushing was in the hands of the English as part of the security for money advanced by Queen Elizabeth to the Dutch The governor and garrison were all Englishmen"—*Reed*

|| *an old piece of plastic*] "I.e. an ancient model made of wax or clay, by which an artist might work"—*Stevens*
¶ *Muscovy glass*] i.e. talc Here *Reed* cites the following passages

"In the province of Corelia, and about the river Duyna towards the North-sea, there groweth a soft rocks which they call *Slude* This they cut into peeces, and so tear it into thin flakes, which naturally it

"*Mal* And how doth thy old lord, that hath
"wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience
"enough to be a knave?"

"*Pass* O, excellent he keeps beside me fifteen
"jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling,
"and utters their jests in private to the duke
"and duchess he'll be like to your Switzer
"or lawyer, he'll be of any side for most
"money

"*Mal* I am in haste, be brief

"*Pass* As your fiddler when he is paid —He'll
"thrive, I warrant you, while your young courtier
"stands like Good Friday in Lent, men long to
"see it, because more fattening days come after it,

"else he's the leanest and pitifullest actor in the
"whole pageant. Adieu, Malevole

"*Mal* [*aside*] O world most vile, when thy
"loose vanities,

"Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem
"wise!"

"*Pass* You'll know me again, Malevole

"*Mal* O, ay, by that velvet

"*Pass* Ay, as a pettifogger by his buckram
"bag I am as common in the court as an
"hostess's lips in the country, knights, and
"clowns, and knives, and all share me the
"court cannot possibly be without me. Adieu,
"Malevole" [*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I *

*Enter MENDOZA with a scone † to change FERNIZE'S or
tances who, while the act is playing enters untraced
Two Pages before him with lights as met by MAQUET
REFIL and conveyed in the Pages are ‡ sent away*

Men He's caught, the woodcock's head is in the
noose

Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust,
Swearing his sense is merely § defied
The fool grasps clouds, and shall beget Centaurs
And now, in strength of pining faint delight,
The goat bids heaven envy him Good goose,
I can afford thee nothing

"except for, and so use it for glasse lanterns and each
"like It giveth both inward and outward a clearer
"light than glasse, and for this respect is better than
"either glasse or horne, for that it neither breaketh like
"glasse nor yet will burne like the lanthorne"

Giles J. Fletcher's *Rivus Commonwealth*, 1919, p. 10

"They have no English glasse of sheets of a rucke,
"light *Steds*, they their windowes make, that English
"glasse doth mocke

They cut it very thynne, and saw it with a thred
In pectre order, like to panes, to serve their present
neede

No other glasse, good fath doth give a better light,
And such the rucke is nothing rich, the cost is very
slight"

Timberville's *Letter to Spencer*, *Hackney*, 1559, p. 410

* Scene I] Ante chamber to the apartments of the
Duchess in the palace

† scone] 10 lantern

‡ the pages are] The first 4 to "the Dutches pages"

§ merely] 10 absolutely

But the poor comfort of calamity, pity
Lust's like the plummet hanging on clock lines,
Will ne'er ha' done till all is quite undone,
Such is the course salt sallow lust doth run,
Which thou shalt try I'll be reveng'd Duke,
thy suspect,

Duchess, thy disgrace, Ferneze, thy rivalship,
Shall have swift vengeance Nothing so holy,
No bond of nature so strong,
No law of friendship so sacred,
But I'll profane, burst, violate, 'fore I'll
Endure disgrace, contempt and poverty
Shall I, whose very hum struck all heads bare,
Whose face made silence, creaking of whose shoe
For'd the most private passages fly ope,
Scrape like a servile dog at some latch'd door?
Learn now to make a leg, and cry "Beseech ye,
Pray ye, is such a lord within?" be w'd
At some odd usher's scoff'd formality!

First sear my brains! *Unde cadis, non quo,*
refert *

My heart cries, "Perish all!" How! how! what
fate

Can once avoid revenge, that's desperate?
I'll to the duke if all should ope—if I tush,
Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush

[*Exit*]

* *Unde cadis, non quo, refert*]

"*Unde cadis, non quo, refert*" Seneca, —*Thyest* 925

SCENE II *

Enter MALVOLVO at one door BRANCA, EMILIA, and
MAQUERELLE at the other door

Mal Bless ye, cast o' ladies! †—Ha, dipsas! ‡
how dost thou, old coal!

Maq Old coal!

Mal Ay, old coal methinks thou hast like a
brand under these billets of green wood. He
that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him
lay close to her an old coal that hath first been
fired, a punderess, my half burnt lint, who though
thou canst not flame thyself, yet art able to set a
thousand virgins' tapers afire—And how does||
Janivere thy husband, my little periwinkle? is
he troubled with the cough o' the lungs still?
does he hawk o' nights still? he will not bite

Bian No, by my troth, I took him with his
mouth empty of old teeth

Mal And he took thee with thy belly full of
young bones marry, he took his mum by the
stroke of his enemy

Bian And I mine by the stroke of my
friend

Mal The close stock! ¶ O mortal wench!
Lady, ha' ye now no restoratives for your decayed
Jasons? *** look ye, crab's guts baked, distilled
ox pith, the pulverized hams of a lion's upper lip,
jelly of cock sparrows, he monkey's marrow, or
powder of fox stones!—And whither are all ††
you ambling now?

* Scene II] A room in the same

† cast o' ladies] i.e. brace couple of ladies (Dodsley,
whom all the editors have followed here, printed 'chaste
ladies'!) The expression is drawn from falconry

"A cart of fowls (in their pride
At passage scouring) fowle espio
Securely fleeing from the spring
At one both time with nimble wing
They first mount up above nuns sight,
Flying for life this emulous flight
In equall compass, and maintaine
Their pitch without a lorie plaine
Then stooping freely (lightning like)
They (counter) dead each other strike
The fowle escapes, and with her wings
Their funeral dirge, this lesson, sings,—
Who aims at glory not aright
Meets death, but glorie takes her flight"

Scott's *Certaine Pieces of this Age Parabolical*, p. 59, printed
with his *Philomathe*, 1616.

‡ dipsas] A kind of serpent those whom it bit were
said to die tormented with thirst, hence Lucan, "*torrida
dipsas*."

§ these] Not in the second 4to

|| does] The second 4to "dooth"

¶ stock] i.e. staccata See note §, p. 223.

*** Jasons] The first 4to "Jason"

†† all] Not in the second 4to.

Bian Why,* to bed, to bed

Mal Do your husbands lie with ye?

Bian That were country fashion, i' faith

Mal Ha' ye no foregoers about you? come,
whither in good deed, la, now?

Maq † In good indeed, la, now, to eat the most
miraculously, admirably, astonishing composed
posset with three curds, without any drink Will
ye help me with a he fox?—Here's the duke

"*Mal* Fried frogs are very good, and French
"like too" [*Exeunt Ladies*,

Enter] PIETRO, CILSO, IQUATO, BILIOSO, FERNARDO, and
MENDOZA

Pietro The night grows deep and foul what
hour is't?

Cilso Upon the stroke of twelve

Mal Save ye, duke!

Pietro From thee be gone, I do not love thee,
let me see thee no more, we are displeased

Mal Why, God b'w' thee ‡ Heaven hear my
curse,—may thy wife and thee live long together!

Pietro Be gone, sirrah!

Mal When Arthur first in court began, §—Aga
memnon—Meucrus—was ever any duke a cor
nuto?

Pietro Be gone, hence!

Mal What religion wilt thou be of next?

Men Out with him!

Mal With most servile patience—Time will
come

When wonder of thy error will strike dumb
Thy bezzled|| sense—

The slaves in favour ay, marry, shall ho rise ¶
Good God! how subtle hell doth flatter vice!
Mounts** him aloft, and makes him seem to fly,
As fowl the tortoise mock'd, who to the sky
The ambitious shell-fish rais'd! the end of all
Is only, that from height he might dead fall

"*Bil* Why, when †† out, ye rogue! be gone,
"ye rascal!"

"*Mal* I shall now leave ye with all my best

"*Bil* Out, ye cur! [*"wishes*

* Why] Not in the second 4to

† Maq] The second 4to gives this speech to Bianca.

‡ b'w' thee] The second 4to "be with thee"

§ When Arthur, &c.] "This entire ballad (which
Fulstaf likewise begins to sing in the Second Part of
King Henry IV) is published in the first volume of Dr
Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*."—Reed

|| bezzled] i.e. bosotted to bezzle is to drink hard

¶ The slave's in favour ay, marry, shall he rise] The
true reading here is uncertain. The 4tos have "slaves [in
favour, I marry shall he rise," &c. Dodsley gave "Slaves
to favour, marry, shall arise," &c.

** Mounts] The first 4to "mount."

†† when] See note *, p. 68

"*Mal* Only let's hold together a firm corre
 "*Bil* Out! ["spondence
 "*Mal* A mutual* friendly-reciprocal perpetual
 "kind of steady-unanimous heartily leagued—
 "*Bil* Hence, yegross jawed, peasantly—out, go!
 "*Mal* Adieu, pigeon house, thou burr, that
 "only stickest to nappy fortunes The serpigio,
 "the strangury, an eternal uneffectual priapism
 "seize thee!
 "*Bil* Out, rogue!
 "*Mal* Mayst thou be a notorious wittolly
 "pander to thine own wife, and yet get no office,
 "but live to be the utmost misery of mankind, a
 "beggarly cuckold!" [Exit
Pietro It shall be so

Men. It must be so, for where great states
 revenge,
 'Tis requisite the parties with piety
 And soft respect ever be closely dogg'd †
 Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him,
 Feed in the same dish, run in self faction,
 Who may discover ‡ any shape of danger,
 For once disgrac'd, display'd § in offence,
 It makes man blushless, and man is (all confess)
 More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness
 Favourites are writ in dust, but stripes we feel
 Dependent nature stamps a lasting steel

Pietro You shall be leagued with the duchess.
Iquato The plot is very good
Pietro || You shall both kill, and seem the corpse
Fer A most fine brain trick [to save
Celso [aside] Of a most cunning knave
Pietro My lords, the heavy action we intend
 Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes
 That can confound a soul, think, think of it
 I strike, but yet, like him that grust stone walls
 Duets, his shafts rebound in his own face,
 My lady's shame is mine, O God, 'tis mine!
 Therefore I do conjure all secrecy
 Let it ¶ be as very little as may be,
 Pray ye, as may be

* A mutual, &c [Bilioso's words in p. 332.]

† 'Tis requisite the parties with piety

And soft respect ever be closely dogg'd] The 4tos have,
 "Tis requisite, the parts [sic 4to "parties"] with piety
 And soft [sic 4to "loft"] respect forbearance, be closely
 dogg'd," &c

It seems impossible to ascertain what the author really
 wrote. Mr. W. N. Lattson proposes,

"Men. It must be so, for where

Great states revenge, 'tis requisite the parties

With spy of close suspect be closely dogg'd, &c

‡ discover] The first 4to "discover"

§ display'd] The first 4to "discovered"

|| *Pietro*] The 4tos "Mend"

¶ [it] is the shame

Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft eyes,
 Stain naught with blood, only Fernoze dies,
 But not before her brows O gentlemen,
 God knows I love her! Nothing else, but this —
 I am not well if grief, that sucks veins dry,
 Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men's faces,
 Be dulls the eye, unstrengthens all the blood,
 Chance to remove me to another world,
 As sure I once must die, let him succeed
 I have no child, all that my youth begot
 Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me
 Which as it ever shall, I do conjure it,
 Mendoz may succeed her nobly* born,
 With me of much desert

Celso [aside] Much! †

Pietro Your silence answers, "Ay"

I thank you Come on now O, that I might die
 Before her shame's display'd! would I were
 forc'd

To burn my father's tomb, unheal ‡ his bones,
 And dash them in the dirt, rather than this!
 This both the living and the dead offends
 Sharp surgery where naught but death amends

[Exit

SCENE III §

Enter MAQUERELIE, EMILIA, and BIANCA, with a posset

Maq I'ven here it is, three curds in three
 regions individually distinct,
 Most methodically according to art compos'd,
 without any drink

Bian Without any drink!

Maq Upon my honour Will ye sit and eat?

Emil Good the composition the receipt, how
 is't!

Maq 'Tis a pretty pearl, by this pearl, (how
 doest with me?) thus it is Seven and thirty
 yolks of Barbary hens' eggs, eighteen spoonfuls
 and a half of the juice of cock sparrow bones,
 one ounce, three drams, four scruples, and one
 quarter of the syrup of Ethiopian dates,
 sweetened with three quarters of a pound of
 pure candied Indian eimgoes, strewed over with

* nobly] The second 4to "noble"

† Much! A contemptuous and ironical exclamation,
 frequently used by our old dramatists and expressing
 denial ("Much of that," = Little or none of it.)

‡ unheal! "I.e. uncover To heal in Sussex signifies to
 cover" — *Stevens* — The first 4to "unhill"

§ Scene III] Antechamber to the apartments of the
 duchess in the same

|| methodically] The second 4to "methodically"

the powder of pearl of America, amber of Catania, and lamb-stones of Muscovia

Bian Trust me, the ingredients are very cordial, and, no question, good, and most powerful in restoration *

Mag I know not what you mean by restoration, but this it doth,—it purifieth the blood, smootheneth the skin, enlivens the eye, strengtheneth the veins, mundifieth the teeth, comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, and quickeneth the wit, that's all

Emil By my troth, I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most swiftly and wittily already

Mag Have you the wit to seem honest?

Bian Ay, thank advice and practice

Mag Why, then, sit me o' this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty. Do you know Doctor Plaster-face? by this curd, he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, sprightening of eyes, dying of hair, sleeking of skins, blushing of cheeks, surphling† of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious by torch-light, by this curd, he

Bian Well ‡ we are resolved, what God has given us we'll cherish

Mag Cherish my thing saving your husband, keep him not too high, lest he leap the pale; but, for your beauty, let it be your saint, bequeath two hours to it every morning in your closet. I have been young, and yet, in my conscience, I am not above five and twenty; but, believe me, preserve and use your beauty, for youth and beauty once gone, we are like bees hives without honey, out o' fashion apparel that no man will wear; therefore use me your beauty

Emil Ay, but men say—

Mag Men say? let men say what they will, life o' woman! they are ignorant of our § wants. The more in years, the more in perfection they grow, if they lose youth and beauty, they gain wisdom and discretion; but when our beauty fades, good night with us. There cannot be an uglier thing to see than an old woman from

which, O prunning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweet beauties! [*Music within*]

Bian Hark! music!

Mag Peace, 'tis i' the duchess' bed chamber. Good rest, most prosperously-graced ladies

Emil Good night, sentinel

Bian Night, dear Maquerelle

Mag May my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty, and me, your youth and beauty, the pleasingest rest!

[*Exeunt, at one door, DIANA and EMILIA, at another, MAQUERELLE*]

A Song* within

Whilst the song is singing, enter MENDOZA with his sword drawn, standing ready to murder FERNEZE as he flies from the duchess' chamber—*Exeunt within*

[*Within*] Strike, strike!

[*Aur within*] Save my Fernese! O, save my Fernese!

[*Within*] Follow, pursue!

[*Two within*] O, save Fernese!

[*Enter FERNEZE in his shirt, and is received upon MENDOZA'S sword*]

Men Pierce, pierce!—Thou shallow fool, drop there! [*Thrusts his rapier in FERNEZE'S*]
He that attempts a princess' lawless love
Must have broad hands, close heart, with Argus eyes,
And back of Hercules, or else he dies

[*Enter ANTONIO, PIETRO, LUCIARDO, BILIOSO, CESARO, and FOUSTO*]

All Follow follow!

Men Stand off, forbear, ye most uncivil lords!

Pietro Strike!

Men Do not, tempt not a man resolved

[*MENDOZA bests them; he is wounded by one of FERNEZE, and seems to waver*]

Would you, inhuman murderers, more than death!

Aur O poor Fernese!

Men Alas, now all defence too late!

Aur He's dead

Pietro I am sorry for our shame—Go to your bed

Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed
When I am dead

Aur What, weep for thee! my soul no tears shall find

Pietro Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind!

Men Betray such beauty!

* *restoration*] The first ito "operation"

† *surphling of breasts*] i.e. beautifying breasts by cosmetics. "To surphyle or surfel the cheeks," says Gifford, "is to wash them with mercurial or sulphur water," &c. Note on Ford's *World's*, i. 405.—All the editors of this play read "soulpling of breasts."

‡ *Well*] The second ito "We"

§ *our*] The second ito "your"

* *A Song*] See note †, p. 45

Murder such youth ! condemn civility !
He loves him not that rails not at him

Pietro Thou canst not move us we have
blood enough —

An please you, lady, we have quite forgot
All your defects if not, why, then—

Aur Not.

Pietro Not the best of rest, good-night

[*Exit* *PIETRO*, *FERRARDO*, *BRITIOSO*, *CRISO*,
and *I QUATO*]

Aur Despite go with thee !

Men Madam, you ha' done me foul disgrace,
you have wronged him much loves you too much
go to, your soul knows you have

Aur I think I have

Men Do you but think so ?

Aur Nix, sure, I have my eyes have witnessed
thy love thou hast stood too firm for me

Men Why, tell me, fair checked lady, who
even in tears art powerfully beautiful, what un-
advised passion struck ye into such a violent heat
against me ? Speak, what mischief wrought us ?
what devil injured us ? speak

Aur The thing near worthy of the name of
man, Ferneze,

Ferneze swore thou lov'dst Emilia,
Which to advance, with most reproachful breath
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love

Men Ignoble villain did I for this bestride
Thy wounded limbs ? for this rank opposite
Even to my sovereign ? * for this, O God, for this,
Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life !
Ripp'd bare my throat unto the hangman's axe ?—
Thou most dishonour'd trunk !—Emilia !
By life, I know her not—Emilia !—
Did you believe him ?

Aur Pardon me, I did

Men Did you ? and thereupon you grac'd him ?

Aur I did

Men Took him to favour, nay, even clasp'd
with him ?

Aur Alas, I did !

Men This night ?

Aur This night

Men And in your lustful twines the duke
took you ?

Aur A most sad truth

Men O God, O God ! how we dull honest
souls,

Heavy brain'd men, are swallow'd in the bogs
Of a deceitful ground ! whilst nimble bloods,

Light jointed spirits speed, * cut good men's
throats,

And scape Alas, I am too honest for this age,
Too full of phlegm and heavy sturdiness,
Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about
me,

Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her,
Who had even shid my heart !

Aur Come, I did err,

And am most sorry I did err

Men Why, we are both but dead the duke
hates us,

And those whom princes do once groundly hate,
Let them provide to die, as sure as fate
Prevention is the heart of policy

Aur Shall we murder him ?

Men Instantly !

Aur Instantly, before he casts a plot,
Or further blave my honour's much known blot,
Let's murder him

Men I would do much for you will ye marry
me ?

Aur I'll make thee duke We are of Medicis,
Florence our friend, in court my faction †
Not meanly strengthful the duke then dead,
We well prepar'd for change, the multitude
Irresolutely rushing, we in force,
Our party seconded, the kingdom mar'd,
No doubt of ‡ swift success all shall be grac'd

Men You do confirm me, we are resolute
To morrow look for change, rest confident
'Tis now about the midnight waist of night
The mother of moist dew with pallid light
Spreads gloomy shades about the numbid earth
Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's
birth

This man I'll get inhum'd Farewell to bed,
Ay, kiss thy § pillow, dream the duke is dead
So, so, good night [*Exit* *ARIELIA*

How fortune dotes on impudence ! ||

I am in private the adopted son

Of you good prince

I must be duke, why, if I must, I must

Most silly lord, name me ! O heaven ! I see

God made honest fools to maintain crafty knaves.

* *speed*] The first 4to "pent" the second "spent"—
The reading in the text is *bedsides*,—and I doubt that one
† *in court my faction*, &c.] "I would recommend the
following regulation, &c. of this speech

— "in court my faction

Not meanly strengthen'd (the duke then being dead)
We well prepar'd for change"—*Stevens*

‡ *of*] *to* with

§ *thy*] The second 4to "the"

|| *How fortune dotes on impudence* !] So at p. 337,

"Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush."

* *for this rank opposite*
Even to my sovereign ?] Not in the second 4to.

The duchess is wholly mine too, must kill her husband

To quit her shame, much * then marry her ay
O, I grow proud in prosperous treachery †
As wrestlers clip, ‡ so I'll embrace you all,
Not to support, but to procure your fall

Enter MALIVOIF

Mal God arrest thee †

Men At whose suit †

Mal At the devil's Ah, you treacherous
damnable monster, how dost? how dost, thou
treacherous rogue? Ah, ye rascal! I am banished
the court, sirrah

Men Prithce, let's be acquainted, I do love
thee, futh

Mal At your service, by the Lord, I shall
go to supper? Let's be once drunk together, and
so unite a most virtuously strengthened friend-
ship shall's, Huguenot? shall's?

Men Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrow
morn?

Mal As a raven to a dunghill They say
there's one dead here, picked for the pride of
the flesh

Men Ferneze there he is, prithce, bury him

Mal O, most willingly I mean to turn pure
Rochelle churchman, ‡ I

Men Thou churchman! why, why?

Mal Because I'll live lazily, rul upon authority,
deny kings' supremacy in things indifferent, and
be a pope in mine own parish

Men Wherefore dost thou think churches were
made?

Mal To scour plough shares I ha' § seen oxen
plough up altars, *et nunc seges ubi donum fuit* ||

* much.] See note †, p. 339

† clip.] i.e. embrace

‡ Rochelle churchman.] "Rochelle was at this time held by the Huguenots or Protestants, with the privilege of professing their religion unmolested. It was besieged, in 1573, by the duke of Angou without success, but fell into the hands of its enemies in 1629, after a long, obstinate, and brave defence. —*Rec. L*

§ ha.] The second 4to "have"

|| *et nunc seges ubi donum fuit*] "Jam seges est ubi Troja fuit" *Uind.* —*Her. Epist.* i. 53

Men Strange!

Mal Nay, monstrous! I ha' seen a sumptuous
steeple turned to a stinking privy, more beastly,
the sacredest place made a dogs' kennel, nay, most
inhuman, the stoned coffins of long dead Christians
trans burst up, and made hogs' troughs *hic finis*
Priami * Shall I ha' some sack and cheese at
thy chamber? Good night, good mischievous
incarnate devil, good night, Mendoza, ah, ye
inhuman villun, good night! night, fub

Men Good night to-morrow morn?

Mal Ay, I will come, friendly damnation, I will
come [*Exit MALIVOIF*] I do descry cross points,
honesty and courtship straddle as far asunder as
a true Frenchman's legs.

Fer O!

Mal Proclamations! more proclamations!

Fer O! a surgeon!

Mal Hark! lust cries for a surgeon What
news from Limbo? how does † the grand cuckold,
Lucifer?

Fer O, help, help! conceal and save me

[*FERNFSE starts, and MALIVOIF helps her up*]

Mal Thy shame more than thy wounds do
grieve me far

Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar,
But fame ne'er heals, still rinkles worse and worse,
Such is of uncontroll'd lust the curse
Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie,
But, O Ferneze, what in lust to die!
Then thou that shame respect'st, O, fly converse
With women's eyes and hisping wantonness!
Stick candles 'gainst a virgin wall's white back,
If they not burn, yet at the least they'll black
Come, I'll convey thee to a private port,
Where thou shalt live (O happy man!) from count
The beauty of the day begins to rise,
From whose bright form night's heavy shadow flies
Now gin close plots to work, the scene grows full,
And craves his eyes who hath a solid skull

[*Exit, conveying FERNFSE away*]

* *hic finis Priami*] "*Hec finis Priami fatum*" *Vergil*,
—*A. n.* ii. 554

† does.] The second 4to "doth"

ACT III

SCENE I *

Enter PIETRO, MENDOZA, EQUATO and BILIOLO

Pietro 'Tis grown to youth of day how shall we waste this light?

My heart's more heavy than a tyrant's crown
Shall we go hunt? Prepare for field

[Exit EQUATO]

Men Would ye could be merry!

Pietro Would God I could! Mendoza, bid 'em haste

[Exit MENDOZA]

I would fain shift place, O vain relief!
Sad souls may well change place, but not change grief

As deer, being struck, fly thorough many souls,†
Yet still the shift sticks fast, so—

Bil A good old simile, my honest lord

Pietro I am not much unlike to some sick man
That long desired hurtful drink, at last
Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once
Both life and thrust O, would I ne'er had known
My own dishonour! Good God, that men should desire

To search out that, which, being found, kills all
Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge,
And then be driven from out paradise!—
Canst give me some comfort?

Bil My lord, I have some Looks which have
been dedicated to my honour, and I ne'er read 'em,
and yet they had very fine names, *Physic for
Fortune*,‡ *Lozenges of sanctified sincerity*, & very
pretty works of curates, scriveners, and school-

* Scene I] A room in the palace

† *soils* i.e., I believe, streams. At least to take soil was a common hunting term, meaning to take refuge in the water. So Petronius in his *Second Part of Nero and Icarus*, 1598

"The chased deer hath soile to coole his l cate" &c See Appendix in to Marlowe's *Works*, in 154 ed Dyce

‡ *Physic for Fortune*] "In 1579 was published a book, entitled *Physic against Fortune*, as well prosperous as adverse, contained in two Books. Written in Latin by Francis Petrarch, a most famous poet and orator, and now first Englished by Thomas Twyne 4to B. L. —Reed

§ *Lozenges of sanctified sincerity*] "I have not met with this book, but from the ridicule thrown out in *The Waste*, I believe some one with a similar title had before appeared"—Reed

The passage of Davenant's *Wits*, 1636, alluded to by Reed, is the following

"A pill to purge phlebotomy,"—A balsamum

For the spiritual back,"—A lozenge against lust"

Act II sc 1

masters Marry, I remember one Seneca, Lucius Annæus Seneca—

Pietro Out upon him! he writ of temperance and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward—Haste thee to Florence

Here, take our letters, see 'em seal'd away!

Report in private to the honour'd duke

His daughter's forc'd disgrace, tell him at length

We know too much due compliments* advance

There's naught that's safe and sweet but ignorance

[Exit]

"Enter BIANCA

"Bid Madam, I am going ambassador for Florence, 'twill be great chauce to me

"Bian No matter, my lord, you have the leave

"of two months come out next Christmas, you

"may lay your tenants on the greater rack for it

"and when you come home again, I'll teach you

"how you shall get two hundred pounds a year

"by your teeth

"Bid How, madam?

"Bian Cut off so much from house keeping

"that which is saved by the teeth, you know, is

"got by the teeth

"Bid 'Fore God, and so I may, I am in wondrous credit, lady

"Bian See the use of flattery I did ever

"counsel you to flatter greatness, and you have

"profited well any man that will do so shall be

"sure to be like your Scotch barnacle,† now a

"block, instantly a worm, and presently a great

"goose this it is to rot and putrify in the bosom

"of greatness

"Bid Thou art ever my politician O, how

"happy is that old lord that hath a politician to

"his young lady! I'll have fifty gentlemen shall

"attend upon me marry, the most of them

"shall be farmers' sons, because they shall bear

"their own charges, and they shall go appurelled

"thus,—in sea water green suits, ash colour cloaks,

"watchet‡ stockings, and popinjay-green feathers

"will not the colours do excellent?

* *compliments*] The first 4to "*compliments*"

† *Scotch barnacle*, &c.] See, concerning this fiction, the notes of the commentators on the *Tempest*, act iv so last Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. xv, pp 155 6

‡ *watchet*] i.e. pale blue

"*Bian* Out upon't! they'll look like citizens
"riding to their friends at Whitsuntide, their
"apparel just so many several parishies

"*Bil* I'll have it so, and Passarello, my fool,
"shall go along with me, marry, he shall be in
"velvet

"*Bian* A fool in velvet!

"*Bil* Ay, 'tis common for your fool to wear
"satin, I'll have mine in velvet

"*Bian* What will you wear, then, my lord?

"*Bil* Velvet too, marry, it shall be em-
"brodered, because I'll differ from the fool
"somewhat I am horribly troubled with the
"gout nothing grieves me, but that my doctor
"hath forbidden me wine, and you know your
"ambassador must drink Didst thou ask thy
"doctor what was good for the gout?

"*Bian* Yes, he said, ease, wine, and women,
"were good for it

"*Bil* Nay, thou hast such a wit! What was
"good to cure it, said he?

"*Bian* Why, the rack All your emphyres
"could never do the like cure upon the gout the
"rack did in England, or your Scotch boot *
"The French hailequin † will instruct you

"*Bil* Surely, I do wonder how thou, having
"for the most part of thy life time been a country
"body, shouldst have so good a wit.

"*Bian* Who, I? why, I have been a courtier
"thrice two months

"*Bil* So have I this twenty year, and yet
"there was a gentleman usher called me coxcomb
"t'other day, and to my face too wast not a
"back-biting rascal? I would I were better tra-
"velled, that I might have been better acquainted
"with the fashions of several countrymen but
"my secretary, I think, he hath sufficiently in-
"structed me

"*Bian* How, my lord?

"*Bil* 'Marry, my good lord,' quoth he, 'your
"lordship shall ever find amongst a hundred
"Frenchmen forty hot shots, amongst a hundred
"Spaniards, three score braggarts, amongst a
"hundred Dutchmen, four-score drunkards,
"amongst a hundred Englishmen, four score and
"ten madmen, and amongst an hundred Welsh
"men'—

"*Bian* What, my lord?

"*Bil* 'Four score and nineteen gentlemen'

* *Scotch boot*] The very powerful description of the
infliction of torture by this instrument, given in the
universally read *Tales of my Landlord*, renders any account
of it unnecessary here

† *hailequin*] The old od. "*heriakens*"

"*Bian* But since you go about a sad embassy,
"I would have you go in black, my lord

"*Bil* Why, dost think I cannot mourn, unless
"I wear my hat in cypres,* like an alderman's
"heir? that's vile, very old, in faith

"*Bian* I'll learn of you shortly O, we should
"have a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct
"you! How will you bear yourself when you
"come into the Duke of Florinet's court?

"*Bil* Proud enough, and 'twill do well enough
"as I walk up and down the chamber, I'll spit
"frowns about me, have a strong perfume in my
"jerkin, let my beard grow to make me look
"terrible, salute no man beneath the fourth
"button, and 'twill do excellent

"*Bian* But there is a very beautiful lady
"there, how will you entertain her?

"*Bil* I'll tell you that, when the lady hath
"entertained me but to satisfy thee, here comes
"the fool

"*Enter* PASSARELLO

"Fool, thou shalt stand for the fair lady

"*Pass* Your fool will stand for your lady
"most willingly and most uprightly

"*Bil* I'll salute her in Latin

"*Pass* O, your fool can understand no Latin

"*Bil* Ay, but your lady can

"*Pass* Why, then, if your lady take down
"your fool, your fool will stand no longer for
"your lady

"*Bil* A pestilent fool! 'fore God, I think the
"world be turned upside down too

"*Pass* O, no, sir, for then your lady and all
"the ladies in the palace should go with their
"heels upward, and that were a strange sight,
"you know

"*Bil* There be many will repine at my prefer-
"ment

"*Pass* O, ay, like the envy of an elder sister,
"that hath her younger made a lady before her

"*Bil* The duke is wondrous discontented

"*Pass* Ay, and more melancholic than a
"usurer having all his money out at the death of
"a prince

"*Bil* Didst thou see Madam Florina to day?

"*Pass* Yes, I found her repairing her face to-
"day, the red upon the white showed as if her

* *my hat in cypres*] *Cypres* (written, also, *cypress*, and
cypress) was a fine kind of gauze, nearly the same as
crape

"*Gorg* Goddess of Cyprus—

Rub Stay, I do not like that word *cypres*, for she'll
think I mean to make hatbands of her "

Shirley's Love Tricks.—*Worke*, l. 42.

"cheeks should have been served in for two
"dishes of barberries in stewed broth, and the
"flesh to them a woodcock

Bil A bitter fool!*—Come, madam, this
"night thou shalt enjoy me freely, and to morrow
"for Florence

Pass What a natural fool is he that would
"be a pun of boddice to a woman's petticoat, to
"be trussed and pointed to them! Well, I'll
"dog my lord, and the word is proper for when
"I fawn upon him, he feeds me, when I snap
"him by the fingers, he spits in my mouth. If a
"dog's death were not strangling, I had rather be
"one than a serving man, for the corruption of
"com is either the generation of a usurer or a
"lousy beggar [*Exeunt BIANCA and PASSARILLO*"]

*Enter MALLVOLE in some fine gown, whilst BILIOSO reads
his patent*

Mal I cannot sleep, my eyes' all neighbouring
lids
Will hold no fellowship O thou pale sober
night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep,
Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feeble'd veins of sweaty labour!
The galley-slave, that all the toilsome day
Tugs at his oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, suores fast,
The stooping scythe man, that doth barb† the
field,
Thou mak'st wink sure in night all creatures
sleep,
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels,—alas, he's Goodman tell
clock!

His fallow jaw bones sink with wasting mean,
Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone

Bil Malevole!

Mal Elder of Israhel, thou honest detect of
wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when d d
thy wife let thee lie with her!

Bil I am going ambassador to Florence

Mal Ambassador! Now, for thy country's
honour, prithee, do not put up mutton and
porridge i' thy cloak bag Thy young lady
wife goes to Florence with thee too, does she
not?

Bil No, I leave her at the palace

Mal At the palace! Now, discretion shield,
man, for God's love, let's ha' no more cuckolds!
Hymen begins to put off his saffron robe keep

* fool] The old ed "foul"

† barb] "i.e. mow"—*Steevens*

thy wife i the state of graco Heart o' truth, I
would sooner leave my lady singled in a bordello
than in the Genoa palace

Sin there appearing in her sluttish shape,
Would soon grow loathsome, even to blushes'
sense,

Surfeit would choke* intemperate appetite,
Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust
When in an Italian lascivious palace,
A lady guardian less,
Left to the push of all allurement,
The strongest incitements to immodesty,
To have her bound, incens'd with wanton sweets,
Her veins fill'd high with heating delicacies,
Soft rest, sweet music, amorous masquerades,
Lascivious banquets, sin itself gilt o'er,
Strong fantasy tickling up strange delights,
Presenting it dress'd pleasingly to sense,
Sense leading it unto the soul, confirm'd
With potent example, impudent custom,
Entic'd by that great bawd, opportunity, †
Thus being prepar'd, clap to her easy ear
Youth in good clothes, well shap'd, rich,
Fair spoken, promising, noble, ardent, blood full,
Witty, flattering,—Ulysses absent,
O Ithaca, can ‡ chastest Penelope hold out?

Bil Mass, I'll think on't Farewell

Mal Farewell Take thy wife with thee
Farewell [*Exit BILIOSO*]
To Florence, um! it may prove good, it may,
And we may once unmask our brows

Enter CELSO

Celso My honour'd lord,—

Mal Celso, peace! how is't? speak low pale
fears

Suspect that hedges, walls, and trees, have ears
Speak, how runs all?

Celso I'faith, my lord, that beast with many
heads,

The staggering multitude, recoils apace
Though thorough great men's envy, most men's
malice,

Their much intemperate heat hath banish'd you,
Yet now they find § envy and malice ne'er
Produce faint reformation

* choke] The old eds "clouds" and "clote"

† entic'd by that great bawd, opportunity] So in Shakespeare's *Lucrece*

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!"

Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!"

‡ O Ithaca, can] The second 4to "O Ithacan."

§ And] The first 4to "fand"

The duke, the too soft duke, lies as a block,
For which two tugging factions seem to saw,
But still the iron through the ribs they draw

Mal I tell thee, Celso, I have over found
Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice
And fearful baseness therefore I'll tell thee,
Celso,

I find the wind begins to come about,

I'll shift my suit of fortune

I know the Florentine, whose only force,

By marrying his proud daughter to this prince,

Both banish'd me, and made this weak lord duke,

Will now forsake them all, be sure he will

I'll be in ambush for conveniency,

Upon their entrance to confirm myself

Celso Is Ferneze inter'd?

Mal Of that at leisure he lives.

Celso But how stands Mendoza? how is't with him?

Mal Faith, like a pair of snuffers, snibs filth
in other men, and retains it in himself*

Celso He does fly from public notice, methinks,
as a hare does from hounds, the feet whereon
he flies betray him

Mal I can track him, Celso

O, my disguise fools him most powerfully!

For that I seem a desperate malcontent,

He fain would clasp with me: he's the true slave

That will put on the most affected grace

For some vile second cause

Celso He's here

Mal Give place

[*Exit CELSO*]

Enter MENDOZA

Illo, ho, ho, ho! art there, old truepenny?†
Where hast thou spent thyself this morning?
I see flattery in thine eyes, and damnation in thy
soul. Ha, ye ‡ huge rascal!

Men Thou art very merry

Mal As a scholar *futuens gratis* How does §
the devil go with thee now?

Men Malevole, thou art an arrant knave

Mal Who, I? I have been a sergeant, man

Men Thou art very poor

Mal As Job, an alchemist, or a poet

Men The duke hates thee

* *himself*] The second 4to "itself"

† *Illo, ho, ho, ho* art there, old truepenny?]

"*Hor* [*within*] *Illo, ho, ho*, my lord!"

Ham *Hillo, ho, ho*, boy! come, bird, come

"

" . . . art thou there truepenny?"

Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act i sc 5

‡ *ye*] The second 4to "thou"

§ *does*] The second 4to "doth"

Mal As Irishmen do bum cracks

Men Thou hast lost his amity

Mal As pleasing as maids lose their virginity

Men Would thou wert of a lusty spirit! would
thou wert noble!

Mal Why, sure my blood gives me I am noble,
sure I am of noble kind, for I find myself pos-
sessed with all their qualities,—love dogs, dice,
and drabs, scorn wit in stuff clothes, have beat
my shoemaker, knocked my sempstress, cuckold*
my pothecary, and undone my taylor Noble!
why not? since the stoic said, *Neminem servum
non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse
oriundum*, † only busy Fortune touses, and the
provident Chances‡ blend them together I'll
give you a simile did you e'er see a well with
two buckets, whilst one comes up full to be
emptied, another goes down empty to be filled?
such is the state of all humanity Why, look
you, I may be the son of some duke, for, believe
me, intemperate lascivious bastardy makes
nobility doubtful I have a lusty daring heart,
Mendoza

Men Let's grasp, I do like thee infinitely wilt
enact one thing for me?

Mal Shall I get by it? [*Men gives him his
purse*] Command me, I am thy slave, beyond
death and hell

Men Murder the duke

Mal My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my
fantasy's dream, my blood's longing, the only
height of my hopes! How, O God, how! O,
how my united spirits throng together, to §
strengthen my resolve!

Men The duke is now a hunting

Mal Excellent, admirable, as the devil would
have it! Lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, cross-
bow so, so, I'll do it

Men Then we agree

Mal As Lent and fish mongers Come, a cap-
pe, how? inform

Men Know that this weak-brain'd duke, who
only stands

On Florence' stilts, hath out of witless zeal

Made me his heir, and secretly confirm'd

The wrcath to me after his life's full po nt

Mal Upon what merit?

Men Merit! by heaven, I horn him

* *cuckold*] i.e. cuckolded

† *Neminem, &c*] "Plato ait Neminem regem non ex
servis esse oriundum, neminem non servum ex regibus"
Seneca,—*Epist* xlv

‡ *Chances*] i.e. Fates

§ *to*] Both 4tos "so"

Only Fernoze's death gave me state's life
But, we are politic, he must not live now

Mal No reason, marry but how must he
die now?

Men My utmost project is to murder the
duke, that I might have his state, because he
makes me his heir, to banish the duchess, that
I might be rid of a cunning Lacedaemonian,
because I know Florence will forsake her, and
then to marry Main, the banished Duke Alto-
front's wife, that her friends might strengthen
me and my faction this is all, la

Mal Do you love Main?

Men Faith, no great affection, but as wise men
do love great women, to ennoble their blood
and augment their revenue To accomplish this
now, thus now The duke is in the forest next
the sea single him, kill him, hurl him 'r the
main, and proclaim thou sawest wolves eat him

Mal Um! not so good Methinks when he is slain,
To get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch
That's muffled o'er* with feigned holiness,
To swear he heard the duke on some steep cliff
Lament his wife's dishonour, and, in an agony
Of his heart's torture, hurl'd his groaning sides
Into the swollen sea,—this circumstance
Will make sounds probable and he upon
The duchess—

Men May will be banish'd
O unpeerable invention! rare!
Thou god of policy! it honeyes me

Mal Then fear not for the wife of Altofront,
I'll close to her

Men Thou shalt, thou shalt Our excellency
is pleas'd

Why wait not thou an emperor? when we
Are duke, I'll make thee some great man sure

Mal Nay,
Make me some rich knave, and I'll make myself
Some great man

Men In thee be all my spirit
Retain ten souls, unite thy virtual power—
Resolve, ha, remember greatness! heart firewell
The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell

[*Exit*]

Re enter Celso

Mal Celso, didst hear?—O heaven, didst hear
Such devilish mischief? suffer'st thou the world
Crouse damnation even with greedy swallow,
And still dost wink, still does thy vengeance
slumber?

If now thy brows are clear, when will they
thunder?

[*Exeunt*]

* o'er.] The 4to "or"

SCENE II *

Enter PIETRO, FERRARDO, PREPASSO, and Three Pages

Fer The dogs are at a fault.

[*Cornets like horns within.*]

Pietro Would God nothing but the dogs were
at it! Let the deer pursue safety,† the dogs
follow the game, and do you follow the dogs as
for me, 'tis unfit one beast should hunt another,
I ha' one chaseth me an't‡ please you, I would
be rid of ye a little

Fer Would your grief would, as soon as we,
leave you to quietness!§

Pietro I thank you

[*Exeunt FERRARDO and PREPASSO*]

Boy, what dost thou dream of now?

First Page Of a dry summer, my lord, for
here's a hot world towards but, my lord, I had
a strange dream last night.

Pietro What strange dream?

First Page Why, methought I pleas'd you
with singing, and then I dreamt you gave me
that short sword

Pietro Pictly begged hold thee, I'll prove
thy dream true, take't [Giving sword]

First Page My duty but still I dreamt on,
my lord, and methought, an't shall please your
excellency, you would needs out of your royal
bounty give me that jewel in your hat

Pietro O, thou didst but dream, boy, do not
believe it dreams prove not always true, they
may hold in a short sword, but not in a jewel
But now, sir, you dreamt you had pleas'd me
with singing, make that true, as I ha' made the
other

First Page Faith, my lord, I did but dream,
and dreams, you say, prove not always true,
they may hold in a good sword, but not in a
good song the truth is, I ha' lost my voice

Pietro Lost thy voice! how?

First Page With dreaming, faith but here's
a couple of sirenical rascals shall enchant ye
what shall they sing, my good lord?

Pietro Sing of the nature of women, and
then the song shall be surely full of variety, old
crotchets, and most sweet closes it shall be
humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melan-
choly, sprightly, one in all, and all in one

First Page All in one!

Pietro By'r lady, too many Sing my speech
grows culpable of unthrifty idleness sing

* Scene II.] A forest near the sea

† safety.] The 4to. "safely"

‡ an't.] The first 4to "and" (and so afterwards)

§ as soon as we, leave you to quietness.] The second 4to
"as soon leave you as we to quietness."

Ah, so, so, sing

Song by Second and Third Pages.*

I am heavy walk off, I shall talk in my sleep
walk off [Exeunt Pages]

Enter MALVOLE, with cross bow and pistol

Mal Brief, brief who? the duke! good heaven, that fools

Should stumble upon greatness!—Do not sleep, duke,

Give ye good morrow I must† be brief, duke,
I am fce'd to murder thee start not Mendoza,
Mendoza hir'd me, here's his gold, his pistol,
Cross bow, and‡ sword 'tis all as firm as earth
O fool, fool, choked with the common maze
Of easy idiots, credulity!

Make him thine heir! what, thy sworn murderer!

Pietro O, can it be?

Mal Can!

Pietro Discover'd he not Fernese?

Mal Yes, but why? but why? for love to thee?
Much, much!§ to be reveng'd upon his rival,
Who had thrust his jaws awry,
Who being slain, suppos'd by, thine own hands,

Defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome,
Him most gracious with thy loose princess
Thou, closely yielding egress and regress to her,
Madest him heir, whose hot unquiet lust
Straight toud thy sheets, and now would seize
thy state

Politician! wise man! death! to be
Led to the stake like a bull by the horns,
To make even kindness cut a gentle throat!
Lafe, why art thou numb'd? thou foggy dulness,
speak

Lives not more faith in a home thrusting tongue
Than in these fencing tip tap courtiers?

Enter CRISO with a hermit's gown and beard

*Pietro** Lord Malevole, if this be true—

Mal If! come, shade thee with this disguise
If! thou shalt handle it, he shall thank thee for
killing thyself. Come, follow my directions, and
thou shalt see strange sleights

Pietro World, whether wilt thou?

Mal Why, to the devil Come, the morn grows
late

A steady quickness is the soul of state [Exeunt]

ACT IV

SCENE I

Enter MAQUELLE

Maq [knocking at the ladies' door] Medam,¶ me
dum, are you stirring, medam? if you be stirring,
medam,—if I thought I should disturb ye—

Enter Page

Page My lady is up, forsooth

Maq A pretty boy, futh how old art thou?

Page I think fourteen

Maq Nay, an ye be in the teens—are ye a

* *Song*] See note †, p. 45

† *I must*] The first 4to 'must', the second 4to 'you must'

‡ *and*] Not in the first 4to

§ *Much, much!*] See note † p. 320

¶ *Scene I* [knocking at the ladies' door]

It is not easy to determine in what particular part of the Genoan Palace the present scene passes, nor do I believe that the author himself could have cleared up the difficulty. By 'the ladies' door' we are certainly to understand the door of the chamber of Bianca and Emilia, but presently the Duchess Aurelia says to Celso on his entering, "We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement"

¶ *Medam*] I allow this spelling to remain, as, I suppose, it is meant to mark the affected pronunciation of the speaker

gentleman born? do you know me? my name is
Medun Maquellle, I lie in the old Cunny court.

Page† See, here the ladies

Enter BIANCA and EMILIA

Bian A fair day to ye, Maquellle

Emil Is the duchess up yet, sentinel?

Maq O ladies, the most abominable mischance!
O dear ladies, the most piteous disaster! Fernese
was taken last night in the duchess' chamber
alas, the duke catched him and killed him!

Bian Was he found in bed?

Maq O, no, but the villanous certainty is, the
door was not bolted, the tongue tied hatch held
his peace so the naked troth is, he was found
in his shirt, whilst I, like an arrant beast, lay in
the outward chamber, heard nothing, and yet
they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them
not, like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties,
look to your busk points, ‡ if not chastely, yet

* *Pietro*] Both 4tos "Cel."

† *Page*] Not in the old eds

‡ *busk points*] i.e. the tagged laces which fastened the
busk of the stays

charily be sure the door be bolted—Is your lord gone to Florence?

Bian Yes, Maquerelle

Maq I hope you'll find the discretion to purchase a flesh gown 'fore his return—Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wise ho loves ye, push! he is witty, bubble! fair-proportioned, mew! nobly born, wind! Let this be still your fixed position, esteem me every man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most dear, and most worthy to be, most dear ladies

Emil Is the duke returned from hunting yet?

Maq They say not yet

Bian 'Tis now in midst of day

Emil How bears the duchess with this blemish now?

Maq Faith, boldly, strongly defies defame, is one that has a duke to her father—And there's a note to you be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always save your husband—Mark the humour of the duchess now—she dares defame, cries, "Duke, do what thou canst, I'll quit mine honour"—ay, as one confirmed in her own virtue against ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she's presently for dances

Bian For dances!

Maq Most true

Emil Most strange

Enter FERDINAND

See, here's my servant young Fernando—how many servants thinkest thou I have, Maquerelle?

Maq The more, the merrier—'twas well said, use your servants as you do your smocks, have many, use one, and change often, for that's most sweet and countlike

Fer Give ye, fair ladies! Is the duke return'd?

Bian Sweet sir, no voice of him as yet in court

Fer 'Tis very strange

Bian And how like you my servant, Maquerelle?

Maq I think he could hardly draw Ulysses' bow, but, by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lips thicker, his legs bigger, his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tolerable sweet youth, 'faith—An he will come to my chamber, I will read him the fortune of his beard

[*Cornets sound within*]

Fer Not yet returned! I fear—but the duchess approacheth

*Enter FERDINAND supporting AURELIA, and GUERRINO the ladies that are on the stage with FERDINAND where is AURELIA, and then takes a lady to tread a measure **

Aur We will dance—music!—we will dance

Guer Les quanto,† lady, Pensez bien, Pussa regis, or Bianca's brawl?

Aur We have forgot the brawl‡

Fer So soon? 'tis wonder

Guer Why, 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles§ forward, a traverse of six round—do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick of twenty, come into pace, a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet, two doubles, full buck, and then honour

Aur O Dædalus, thy maze! I have quite forgot it

Maq Trust me, so have I, saving the falling-back, and then honour

Aur Music, music!

Enter PRELASSO

Prep Who saw the duke? the duke?

Aur Music!

Enter EQUATO

Equato The duke? is the duke returned?

Aur Music!

Enter CELSO

Celso The duke is either quite invisible, or else is not

Aur We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement, we are not pleased you have forgot yourselves

Enter a PAGE

Celso Boy, thy master? where's the duke?

Page Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs—he told me he was

* *Tread a measure*] A measure was a slow and solemn dance. It was not thought indecorous in the most grave and dignified personages to *tread a measure*.

† *Les quanto*] *Qy* "*Les quanto*?" *M*. Collier (*Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, i. 28), quotes, from Rawlinson's MS No. 108, Bodl. Lib., a list of dances among which is "*Quinto dispyne*", while *M*. Halliwell (*Dut. of Arch. and Prov. Words*) gives, from the same MS, "*Quinto dispyne*"—In Munday's *Banquet of Dainty Concoits*, 1583 is

"A Dittie expressing a familiar controversie between Wit and Will—wherein Wit mildly rebuketh the follies of Will, and sheweth him (as in a glasse) the full of wilfull heale

"This Dittie may be sung after the note of a courtlike daunce, called *Les Quanto*"

‡ *the brawl*] Reed has a long unnecessary note here the figure of this dance is no where so minutely described as in Guerrino's next speech

§ *doubles*] The first 4to "*double*"

heavy, would sleep bade* me walk off, for that the strength of fantasy oft made him talk† in his dreams. I straight obeyed, nor never‡ saw him since but whensoever he is, he's sad.

Aur Music, sound high, as is our heart! sound high!

Enter MALEYOLF, and PIETRO disguised like an Hermit

Mal The duke,—peace!—the duke is dead

Aur Music!

Mal Is't music?

Men Give proof

Fer How?

Celso Where?

Prep When?

Mal Rest in peace, as the duke does, quietly sit for my own part, I beheld him but dead, that's all marry, here's one can give you a more particular account of him.

Men Speak, holy father, nor let any brow Within this presence fright thee from the truth Speak confidently and freely

Aur We attend

Pietro Now had the mounting sun's all ripening wings Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast,

When I, whom men call Hermit of the Rock, Forsook my cell, and clamber'd up a cliff, Against whose base the heady Neptune dash'd His high curl'd brows, there 'twas I eas'd my limbs

When, lo! my entrails melted with the morn Some one, who far 'bove me was clumb'd, did make—

I shall offend

Men Not.

Aur On

Pietro Methinks I hear him yet —'O female futh!

Go sow the ingrateful sand, and love a woman And do I live to be the scoff of men? To be the§ wittol cuckold, even to hug My poison! Thou knowest, O truth! Sooner hard steel will melt with southern wind, A seaman's whistle calm the ocean, A town on fire be extinct with tears, Than women, vow'd to blushless impudence,

* bade] The second 4to "bid"

† talk] The first 4to "talking"

‡ nor never] The second 4to "nor euer" but the double negative was formerly very common

§ the] The first 4to "their"

With sweet behaviour and soft minioning* Will turn from that where appetite is fix'd O powerful blood! how thou dost slave their soul!

I wash'd an Ethiope, who, for recompense, Sullied my name and must I, then, be forc'd To walk, to live thus black? must! must! fie! He that can bear with must, he cannot die! With that, he sigh'd so† passionately deep, That the dull air even groan'd at last he cries, 'Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough!' so dies, For then I view'd his body fall, and souso‡ into the foamy main O, then I saw, That which methinks I see, it was the duke, Whom straight the nicer stomach'd sea belch'd up But then——

Mal Then came I in, but, 'tis, all was too late!

For even straight he sunk

Pietro Such was the duke's sad fate

Celso A better fortune to our Duke Mendoza!

Omnes Mendoza! [*Cornets flourish*]

Men A guard, a guard!

Enter a Guard

We, full of hearty tears

For our good father's loss, (For so we well may call him Who did beseech your loves for our succession,) Cannot so lightly over jump his death As leave his woes revengeless—Woman of shame,

[*Exeunt*]

We banish thee for ever to the place From whence this good man comes, nor permit,

* minioning] "I.e. being treated as a minion or darling —*See* In the last edition of Dodley's *Old Plays*, the note by Gilchrist on this word and the quotation from Burton, are altogether 'from the purpose' † so] The second 4to "too"

‡ souso] From the occurrence of the word, I take the opportunity of noticing that the late excellent editor of Ben Jonson has, I think, unfortunately adopted it, in the following passage of *The Devil is an ass*

"Madam, this young Wittipol Would have debauch'd my wife, and made me cuckold Thorough a casement, he did fly her home To mine own window but, I think, I *souso* d him, And rivish'd her away out of his pounces"

"All the copies of the folio which I have examined," says Mr Gifford, "read *sou*t, of which I can make nothing but *sought* or *sow'd* and I prefer the latter Whalley reads *sought* but he evidently had not consulted the old copy"—Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, vol. v p. 126

Sou'd is nothing more than a variety in the spelling of *shu'd* to *shu* is to scare away a bird See Cotgrave in v "chou," Tim Bobbin's *Lancashire Dialect*, and Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary* in v "shu"

That such is the meaning of the word in Ben Jonson is plain from the rest of the passage where it occurs, "fly her home," and "out of his pounces"

On death, unto thy * body any ornament,
But, base as was thy life, depart away

Aur Ungrateful!

Men Away!

Aur Villain, hear me!

Men Be gone!

[*PIREASSO and GUFRINO lead away AURELIA guarded*

My lords,
Addresses to public council, 'tis most fit
The train of fortune is borne up by wit
Away! our presence shall be sudden, haste
[*All depart, except MENDOZA, MALEVOLF, and PIETRO*
Mal Now, you egregious devil! ha, ye murdering politician! how dost, duke? how dost look now? brave duke, I faith!

Men How did you kill him?

Mal Slatted † his brains out, then soused him in the briny sea

Men Blasted him, and drowned him too?

Mal O, 'twas best, sure work, for he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else waste, he'll prove no man shouldst not a huge fellow, unless you may be sure to lay him in the kennel

Men A most sound brain pan! I'll make you both emperors

Mal Make us Christians, make us Christians

Men I'll hoist ye, ye shall mount

Mal To the gallows, say ye † come ‡ *premium incertum petit certum scelus* § How stands the progress?

Men Here, take my ring unto the citadel,

[*Giving ring*

I'll have entrance to Maria, the grave duchess
Of banish'd Altofront Tell her we love her,
Omit no circumstance to grace our person do't

Mal I'll make an excellent pander duke,
farewell, 'dieu, adieu, duke

Men Take Maquerelle with thee, for 'tis found

None cuts a diamond but a diamond

[*Exit MALEVOLF*

Hermit,

Thou art a man for me, my confessor
O thou selected spirit, born for my good!
Sure thou wouldst make

* *thy*] Both 4tos "the"

† *Slatted*] "10 dashed It is a North country word See Ray's *Collection of English words* p 54, ed 1768"—*Reed*

‡ *come*] The first 4to "O & me."

§ *premium incertum, &c*]

"premium incertum petis,
Certum scelus" *Soneca,—Phen* 632

|| *Full*] The first 4to "Iste"

An excellent elder in a deform'd church
Come, we must be inward, * thou and I all one.

Pietro I am glad I was ordained for ye

Men Go to, then, thou must know that Malevole is a strange villain, dangerous, very dangerous you see how broad 'a speaks, a gross jawed rogue I would have thee poison him he's like a corn upon my great toe, I cannot go for him, he must be cored out, he must Wilt do't, ha?

Pietro Any thing, any thing

Men Heart of my life! thus, then To the citadel

Thou shalt consort with this Malevole,
There being at supper, poison him it shall be laid
Upon Maria, who yields love or dies
Scud † quick

Pietro Like lightning good deeds crawl, but mischief flies [Exit

Re enter MALEVOLF

Mal Your devilship's ring has no virtue the buff captain, the sallow Westphalian gammon-faced raza cries, "Stand out," must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the castle of comfort

Men Command our sudden letter—Not enter! shal't what place is there in Genoa but thou shalt? into my heart, into my very heart come, let's love, we must love, we two, soul and body

Mal How didst like the hermit? a strange hermit, sirrah

Men A dangerous fellow, very perilous He must die

Mal Ay, he must die

Men Thou'st ‡ kill him We are wise, we must be wise

Mal And provident

Men Yea, provident beware an hypocrite, A church man once corrupted, O, avoid!

A fellow that makes religion his stalking horse, § He breeds a plague thou shalt poison him

Mal O, 'tis wondrous necessary how?

Men You both go jointly to the citadel,

* *inward*] 10 intimate

† *Scud, &c*] The second 4to,

"Skud quicke like lightning

Pie Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies"

‡ *Thou'st*] A contraction of "Thou must"

§ *stalking horse*] "The stalking horse was one either real or fictitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game See Steevens's note on *Much ado about Nothing*, act ii sc 3"—*Reed*

"In the margin at this place [only in the second 4to], the words "shoots under his belly" are inserted, which is merely an explanation of the manner in which a corrupted churchman makes religion his *stalking horse*, viz by shooting at his object under its belly"—*Collier*

There sup, there poison him and Maria,
Because she is our opposite, shall bear
The sad suspect, on which she dies or loves us

Mal I run [Exit

Men We that are great, our sole self good still
moves us

They shall die both, for their deserts crave more
Than we can recompense then presence still
Imbruds* our fortunes with beholdingness,†
Which we abhor, like deed, not doer then con-
clude,

They live not to cry out "Ingratitude!"
One stick burns t'other, steel cuts steel alone
'Tis good trust few, but, O, 'tis best trust none!

[Exit

SCENE II ‡

Enter *MALVOLE* and *PIETRO*, still disguised, at several
doors

Mal How do you? how dost, duke?

Pietro O, let

The last day fall 'drop, drop on § our curs'd heads!
Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames!

Mal O do not rave,|| do not turn ployer,
there's more of them than can well live one by
another already What, art an infidel still?

Pietro I am amaz'd, ¶ struck in a swoon with
wonder

I am commanded to poison thee—

Mal I am commanded to poison thee at
supper—

Pietro At supper—

Mal In the citadel—

Pietro In the citadel

Mal Cross cups! tricks! truth o' heaven!
he** would discharge us as boys do elder††-guns,
one pellet to strike out another Of what futh
art now?

Pietro All is damnation, wickedness extreme
There is no futh in man

Mal In none but usurers and brokers, they
deceive no man men take 'em for blood-suckers,
and so they are Now, God deliver me from my
friends!

Pietro Thy friends!

Mal Yes, from my friends, for from mine
enemies I'll deliver myself O cut-throat friend-
ship is the rankest villany! Mark this Mendoza,
mark him for a villain but heaven will send a
plague upon him for a rogue

Pietro O world!

Mal Would! 'tis the only region of death, the
greatest shop of the devil, the cruellest prison of
men, out of the which none pass without paying
their dearest breath for a fee, there's nothing
perfect in it but extreme, extreme calamity, such
as comes yonder

Enter *AURELIA* two halberts before and two after, supported
by *CESAR* and *FERRANDO*, *AURELIA* in base mourning
attire

Aur To banishment! lead* on to banishment!

Pietro Lady, the blessedness of repentance to
you!

Aur Why, why, I can desire nothing but
death,

Not deserve any thing but hell
If heaven should give sufficiency of grace
To cleanse my soul, it would make heaven graceless
My sins would make the stock of mercy poor,
O, they would tire† heaven's goodness to reclaim
them!

Judgment is just yet from that vast villain, ‡
But, sure, he shall not miss sad punishment
'Fore § he shall rule—On to my cell of shame!

Pietro My cell 'tis, lady, where, instead of
masks,

Music, tilts, tournaments, and such court-like shows,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall grow again, whilst the unquiet sea
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery
There usherless the air comes in and out
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,
Whilst you behold true desolation
A rocky barrenness shall pain|| your eyes,
Where all at once one reaches where he stands,
With brows the roof, both walls with both his
hands

Aur It is too good—Bless'd spirit of my lord,
O, in what orb so'er thy soul is thron'd,

* [lead] The old eds "led" and "hülle"

† [tire] The first 4to "try"

‡ [Judgment is just yet from that vast villain] If the text
be right *Aurelia* means "My doom is just, though it be
passed by that villain Mendoza" Dodsley, however,
reads

"Judgment is just, yet for that vast villain,

Be sure he shall not miss," &c

§ [Fore] The first 4to "For"

|| [pain] The second 4to "pierce"

* [Imbruds] i.e. upbraids

† [beholdingness] "The state of being beholden."—
Steevens

‡ [Scene II] The court of the palace

§ [on] The first 4to "on"

|| [rave] The second 4to "rind"

¶ [amaz'd] The first 4to "mazed"

** [he] Not in the first 4to

†† [elder] The second 4to "elderne"

Behold me worthily most miserable !
O, let the anguish of my contrite spirit
Entreat some reconciliation !

If not, O, joy, triumph in my just grief !
Death is the end of woes and to us' relief

Pietro Behke your lord not lov'd you, was unkind

Am O heaven !

As the soul loves* the body, so lov'd he
'Tis death to him to part my presence, heaven
To see me pleas'd

Yet I, like to a wretch given o'er to hell,
Bake all the sacred rites of marriage,
To clip † a base ungentle fustless villain,
O God ! a very pagan reprobate—
What should I say ? ungrateful, throws me out,
For whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honour
But 'tis most fit why should I better fite
Attend on any who forsake chaste sheets,
Ily the embrace of a devoted heart,
Join'd by a solemn vow ‡ fore God and in me,
To taste the brackish flood § of beastly lust
In an adulterous touch ! O ! venous immodesty !
Insatiate impudence of appetite !
Look, here's your end, for mark what's up in distress
What good in sin, & even so much love in lust
Joy to thy ghost, sweet lord ! pardon to me !

Ces 'Tis the duke's pleasure this night you
rest in court

Audelia Soul, lurk in shades, run, shame, from
brightsome skies

In night the blind man misseeth not his eyes

[*Exit with CESAR, LEONARDO and half rit*]

Mal Do not weep, kind cuckold take comfort,
man, thy betters have been heroes Agamemnon,
emperor of all the merry Greeks, that tickled all
the true Trojans, was a cornuto, Prince Arthur
thit cut off twelve kings' heads, & is a cornuto,
Hercules, whose back bore up heaven and got
forty wenches with child in one night,—

Pietro Nay, 'twas fifty

Mal Futh, forty's enow, o' conscience,—yet
was a cornuto Patience, mischief grows proud
be wise

Pietro Thou pinchest too deep, art too keen
upon me

Mal Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dangerous
sore I'll tent thee to the ground Thinkest I'll
sustain myself by flattering thee, because thou art
a prince ? I had rather follow a drunkard, and live
by licking up his vomit, than by servile flattery

* *loves*] Both 4tos "lov'd"

† *clip*] 1 c embrace ‡ *flood*] Both 4tos "bloud"

§ *What good in sin, &c*] Both 4tos. "What sinne in
good," &c

Pietro Yet great men ha' done 't

Mal Great slaves fear better than love, born
naturally for a coal basket,* though the common
usurper of princes' presence, Fortune, ha't bludly
given them better place I am vow'd to be thy
affliction

Pietro Prithee, be,

I love much misery, and be thou son to me

Mal Because you are an usurping duke —

[*Enter BRUNO*]

Your lordship's well returned from ‡ Florence

Bil Well returned, I praise my horse

Mal What news from the Florentines ?

Bil I will conceal the great duke's pleasure,
only this was his charge his pleasure is, that his
daughter die Duke Pietro be banished for ban-
ishing his blood's dishonour, and that Duke
Altofront be accepted This is all but I hear
Duke Pietro is dead

Mal Ay, and Mendoza is duke what wilt
you do ?

Bil Is Mendoza strongest ?

Mal Yet he is

Bil Then yet I'll hold with him

Mal But if that Altofront should turn straight
again ?

Bil Why, then, I would turn straight again
'Tis good run still with him that has most might
I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with right

Mal What religion wilt you be of now ?

Bil Of the duke's religion, when I know what
't is

Mal O Hercules !

Bil Hercules ! Hercules was the son of Jupiter
and Alcmene

Mal Your lordship is a very wit all

Bil Wit all

Mal Ay, all wit

Bil Amphitruo was a cuckold

Mal Your lordship swears, your young lady
will get you a cloth for your old worship's brows
[*Exit BRUNO*] Here's a fellow to be dummed
this is his inviolable maxim,—flatter the greatest
and oppress the least a whoremonger flesh fly, that
still gnaws upon the lean gilled backs

Pietro Why dost, then, salute him ?

Mal Futh, & is bows'd go to church, for fashion
sake Come, be not confounded, thou art but

* *born naturally for a coal basket*] In great families the
carriers of coals were the lowest of all drudges hence
to carry coals meant to submit to insults

† *ha*] The second 4to "hath"

‡ *from*] The first 4to "for"

§ *Futh*] The second 4to "I fad"

in danger to lose a dukedom Think this — this earth is the only grave and Golgotha wherein all things that live must rot, 'tis but the draught wherein the heavenly bodies discharge their corruption, the very muck hill on which the sublunary orbs cast their excrements man is the stink of this dung pit, and princes are the governors of these men, for, for our souls, they are as free as emperors, all of one piece, there * goes but a pair of shears betwixt in emperor and the son of a big piper, only the dyming, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference Now, what art thou like to lose?

A groiler's office to keep men in bonds,
Whilst tool and treason all life's good confounds

Putio I here renounce for ever regency
O Alfofont, I wrong thee to supplant thy right,
To trip thy heels up with a devilish sleight!
For which I now from throne am thrown world-
tricks abjure,

For vengeance though't † comes slow, yet it comes
sure

O, I am chang'd! for here, for the dread power,
In true contrition, I do dedicate
My breath to solitary holiness,

My lips to prayer, and my breast's caro shall be,
Restoring Alfofont to regency

Mal Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy
faith [Undisguiseth himself

Re enter BERNES† and CELSO

Banish amazement come, we four must stand
Full shock of fortune be not so wonder stricken

Putio Doth Fernese live?

Fer For your pardon

Pietro Pardon and love Give leave to recollect
My thoughts dispers'd in wild astonishment
My vows stand fix'd in heaven, and from hence
I crave all love and pardon

Mal Who doubts of providence,
That sees this change? a hearty faith to all!
He needs must rise who * can no lower fall
For still impetuous vicissitude
Touseth ‡ the world, then let no maze intrude
Upon your spirits wonder not I rise,
For who can sink that close can temporise?
The time grows ripe for action I'll detect
My private plot, lest ignorance fear suspect
Let's close to counsel, leave the rest to fate
Mature discretion is the life of state [Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I ‡

Enter BILIOSO and PASSARELLO

Bil Fool, how dost thou like my calf in a
long stocking?

Pass An excellent calf, my lord

Bil This calf hath been a reveller this twenty
year When Monsieur Gundi lay here an
"br-sador, I could have carried a lady up and
"down at him's end in a platter, and I can
"tell you, there were those at that time who, to
"try the strength of a man's back and his arm,
"would be coistered § I have measured calves

* there goes but a pair of shears, &c.] * i. e. they are both of the same piece The same expression is in [Shakespeare] *Measure for Measure*, act 1 sc. 2 — *Reed*

† though †] The first 4to "thout"

‡ Scene I] A room in the palace

§ coistered] The meaning of this passage is plain enough without an explanation The word coistered I have not found in any ancient writer, but it seems to be derived from the French word *cousser*, incommode, faire de la peine, or perhaps *coiter*, presser exciter See Lacombe's *Dictionnaire du vieux langage Francois*, 1707 — *Reed* Nares (in his *Gloss*) says that coistered "seems to mean coiled up into a small compass"

"with most of the palace, and they come nothing
"near me besides, I think there be not many
"armours in the arsenal will fit me, especially for
"the head-piece I'll tell thee—

Pass What, my lord?

Bil I can eat stewed broth as it comes
"scething off the fire, or a custard as it comes
"recking out of the oven, and I think there are
"not many lords can do it A good pomander, ‡
"a little decayed in the scent, but six grains of
"musk, ground with rose water, and tempered
"with a little civet, shall fetch her again
"presently

Pass O, ay, as a bawd with aqua vitæ

Bil And, what, dost thou rail upon the
"ladies as thou wert wont?

* who] Omitted in the second 4to

† Touseth] The first 4to "Looneth"

‡ pomander] Perfumed paste, generally rolled into a ball, but sometimes moulded into other forms it was carried in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and was considered a preservative against infection A silver case filled with perfumes was sometimes called a pomander — Something seems to have dropped out of the text here

"*Pass* I were better roast a live cat, and might do it with more safety I am as secret to them* as then painting There's Maquerelle, oldest bawd and a perpetual beggar—did you never hear of her trick to be known in the city?"

"*Bil* Never

"*Pass* Why, she gets all the picture-makers to draw her picture, when they have done, she most courtly finds fault with them one after another, and never fetcheth them they, in revenge of this, execute her in pictures as they do in Germany, and hang her in their shops by this means is she better known to the stinkards than if she had been five times painted

"*Bil* Fore God, an excellent policy

"*Pass* Are there any revels to-night, my lord?"

"*Bil* Yes

"*Pass* Good my lord, give me leave to break a fellow's pate that hath abused me

"*Bil* Whose pate?"

"*Pass* Young heirado, my lord

"*Bil* Take heed, he's very valiant, I have known him fight eight quarrels in five days, believe it

"*Pass* O, is he so great a quarreller? why, then, he's an arrant coward

"*Bil* How prove you that?"

"*Pass* Why, thus He that quarrels seeks to fight, and he that seeks to fight seeks to die, and he that seeks to die seeks never to fight more, and he that will quarrel, and seeks means never to answer a man more, I think he's a coward

"*Bil* Thou canst prove any thing

"*Pass* Any thing but a rich knave, for I can flatter no man

"*Bil* Well, be not drunk, good fool I shall see you anon in the presence" [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II †

Enter, from opposite sides, MAIEVOL and MAQUERELLE, singing

Mal The Dutchman for a drunkard,—

Maq The Dane for golden locks,—

Mal The Irishman for usquebaugh,—

Maq The Frenchman for the pox

Mal O, thou art a blessed creature! had I a modest woman to conceal, I would put her to

* them | The old ed "thicus"—Dodsley substituted "ladies"

† Scene II | Before the citadel

thy custody, for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company ah, thou art a melodious Maquerelle,—thou picture of a woman, and substance of a beast!

"*Fater* PASSARELLO with wine

"*Maq* O fool, will ye be ready anon to go with me to the revels? the hall will be so pestered*"

"anon

"*Pass* Ay, as the country is with attorneys

"*Mal* What hast thou there, fool?"

"*Pass* Wine, I have learned to drink since I went with my lord ambassador I'll drink to the health of Madam Maquerelle

"*Mal* Why, thou wast wont to rail upon her

"*Pass* Ay, but since I borrowed money of her, I'll drink to her health now, as gentlemen visit brokers, or as knights send venison to the city, either to take up more money, or to procure longer forbearance

"*Mal* Give me the bowl I drink a health to Altofront, our deposed duke [*Drinks*]

"*Pass* I'll take it [*Drinks*]—so Now I'll begin a health to Madam Maquerelle [*Drinks*]

"*Mal* Pooh! I will not pledge her

"*Pass* Why, I pledged your lord

"*Mal* I care not

"*Pass* Not pledge Madam Maquerelle! why, then, will I spew up your lord again with this fool's finger

"*Mal* Hold, I'll take it [*Drinks*]

"*Maq* Now thou hast drunk my health, fool, I am friends with thee

"*Pass* Ait? ait?"

"When Griffon† saw the reconciled quean

"Offering about his neck her arms to cast,

"He threw off sword and heart's malignant stream,

"And lovely her below the loins embrac'd—

"Adieu, Madam Maquerelle" [*Exit*]

Mal And how dost thou think o' this transformation of state now?

Maq Verily,‡ very well, for we women always note, the falling of the one is the rising of the other, some must be fat, some must be lean, some must be fools, and some must be lords, some must be knaves, and some must be officers, some must be beggars, some must be knights, some must be cuckolds, and some must be

* pestered] i.e. crowded

† When Griffon, &c.] "Griffon is one of the heroes of Orlando Furioso, from whence one might suspect these lines to be taken I do not, however, find them there"—Reed

‡ Verily] The first 4to "Verie"

citizens As for example, I have two count dogs, most* fawning curs, the one called Watch, the other Catch now I, like Lady Fortune sometimes love this dog sometimes raise† that dog, sometimes frown Watch, most commonly fancy Catch Now, that dog which I favour I feed, and he's so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, gulps it down whole, without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have The other dog now —

Mal No more dog, sweet Miquetelle, no more dog And what hope'st thou of the Duchess Maria? will she stoop to the dukes lure? will she come ‡ thinkest?

Maq Let me see, where's the sign now? let ye see a calendar? where's the sign, trow you?

Mal Sign? why, is there any moment in that?

Maq O, believe me, a most secret power look ye, a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am sure 'twas a most sweet Jew, told me, count any woman in the right sign you shall not miss But you must take her in the right ven then, as, when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable, in Cancer, a priestess's wife is very flexible, in Capricorn, a merchant's wife hardly holds out, in Libra, a lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if her husband be at the term, only in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous meddling If the duke sent my jewel, any rich stones?

Mal Ay, I think those are the best signs to take a lady in

Enter Captain

By your favour, signor, I must discourse with the Lady Maria, Altofront's duchess, I must enter for the duke

Capt She here shall give you interview I received the garriship of this citadel from the good Altofront, and for his use I'll keep't, till I am of no use

Mal Wilt thou? O heaven,§ that a Christian should be found in a buff jerkin! Captain Conscience, I love thee, captain We attend

[Exit Captain]

And what hope hast thou of this duchess' casiness?

Maq 'Twill go hard, she was a cold creature

* most] The second 4to "the most"
† raise] The first 4to "rouse"
‡ come] so yield to his wishes The second 4to has, by a misprint, "come," in consequence of which Dodsley and the other editors of this play read "coo!"
§ heaven] The second 4to "heavens"

ever, she hated monkeys, fools, jesters, and gentlemen-ushers extremely, she had the vile trick on't, not only to be truly modestly honourable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carriage that might incur suspect, as, God bless me, she had almost brought bed pressing out of fashion, I could scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's favour once in a fortnight

Mal Now, in the name of modesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

Maq Let me see heaven forgive us our misdeeds!—Here's the duchess

Enter Maria with Captain

Mal God bless thee, lady!

Maria Out of thy company!

Mal We have brought thee tender of a husband

Maria I hope I have one already

Maq Nay, by mine honour, madam, as good he's never a husband as a banished husband, he's in another world now I'll tell ye, lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep the wife might lawfully entertain another man, for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banished

Maria Unhonest creature!

Maq Fish, honesty is but an art to seem so Pray ye, what's honesty, what's constancy, But fables fain'd, odd old fools chat, devised By jealous fools* to wrong our liberty?

Mal Mollie, he that loves thee is a duke, Mendoza, he will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee, in despite of Rosenclear or Donzel del Phoebo † There's jewels if thou wilt, so, if not, so

Maria Captain, for God's love, ‡ save poor wretchedness

From tyranny of lustful insolence!
Enforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell,
Rather than here, here round about is hell—
O my dear'st Altofront! where'er thou breathe,
Let my soul sink into the shades beneath,
Before I stain thine honour! 'tis§ thou has't,
And long as I can die, I will live chaste

Mal 'Gainst him that can enforce how vain is strife!

* fools] Qy "souls"?

† Rosenclear or Donzel del Phoebo] "See *The Mirror of Knighthood*"—Steevens

‡ love] The second 4to "sake"

§ 'tis] The second 4to "this"

Mal She that can be enforced has no'er a knife

She that through force her limbs with lust enrolls,
Wants Cleopatra's asps and Portia's coals
God amend you! *[Exit with Captain]*

Mal Now, the fear of the devil for ever go with thee!—Maquerello, I tell thee, I have found an honest woman—faith, I perceive, when all is done, there is of women, as of all other things, some good, most bad, some saints, some sinners for as now-a-days no countier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice,* no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather, even so, no woman but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his—I can hunt the letter no farther—*[Aside]* O God, how loathsome this toying is to me! that a duke should be forced to fool it! well, *stultorum plena sunt omnia* † better pay the fool lord than be the fool lord—Now, where's your slights, Madam Maquerelle!

Maq Why, are ye ignorant that 'tis such a squamish affected niceness is natural to women, and that the excuse of their yielding is only, forsooth, the difficult obtaining? You must put her to it—women use flax, and will fire in a moment

Mal Why, was [not] the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou, thou set fire, thou inflame her!

Maq Muir, but I'll tell ye now, you were too hot

Mal The fitter to have inflamed the flax, woman

Maq You were too boisterous, spleeny, for, indeed—

Mal Go, go, thou art a weak pandress now I see,

Sooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste,

Thine all with he it can melt a mind that craves
Go thou the duke's lime twig! I'll make the duke turn thee out of thine office—what, not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage!

Maq Now, o my conscience, now I think in my discretion, we did not take her in the right sign, the blood was not in the true vein, sure *[Exit]*

* *Enter BILIOSO*

"*Bil* Make way there! the duke returns from the enthronement—Malevole,—

"*Mal* Out, rogue!

"*Bil* Malevole,—

* *cockatrice*] A cant name for a prostitute

† *stultorum plena, &c*] Cicero,—*Epist. ad Fam.* ix. 23

"*Mal* Hence, ye gross jawed, peasantly—out, go!"

"*Bil* Nay, sweet Malevole, since my return I hear you are become the thing I always prophesied would be,—an advanced virtue, a worthily employed faithfulness, a man o' grace, dear friend—Come, what? *Si quoties peccant homines* †—if as often as courtiers play the knives, honest men should be angry—why, look ye, we must colloque ‡ sometimes, forswear sometimes

"*Mal* Be damned sometimes

"*Bil* Right *nemo omnibus horis sapit*, no man can be honest at all hours—necessity often depraves virtue

"*Mal* I will commend thee to the duke

"*Bil* Do let us be friends, man

"*Mal* And knives, man

"*Bil* Right let us prosper and purchase § our lordships shall live, and our knavery be forgotten

"*Mal* He that by any ways gets riches, his means never shames || him

"*Bil* True

"*Mal* For impudency and faithlessness are the man stays to graces

"*Bil* By the Lord thou art a profound knave

"*Mal* By the Lord, thou art a perfect knave—out, ye ancient dunnet on!" ¶

"*Bil* Peace, peace! in thou wilt not be a friend to me as I am a knave, be not a knave to me as I am thy friend, and disclose me—*Peccati cornets* **

Enter PREPASSO and FERRARO, two Pages with lights, CILSO and LEVATO, MENDOZA in duke's robes, and GUERRINO

Men On, on, leave us, leave us

[Exeunt all except MALFORE and MENDOZA]

Stay, where is the hermit!

* *Hence &c*] A repetition of what Bilioso had said to Malevole, see p. 339

† *Si quoties peccant homines*] "*Si, quoties homines peccant, &c* Ovid,—*Trist.* ii. 33

‡ *colloque*] "In cant language the word *colloque* means to wheedle—*Reid*—"To colloque adulator, wheedler"—*Coles's Dict.* It properly means I believe, to confer, converse together, for some unlawful or deceitful purpose

§ *purchase*] to acquire riches—See note †, p. 74

|| *means never shames*] *Hic* (as frequently in our old writers), means is the singular

¶ *ancient damnation*] See note †, p. 220

** *cornets*] I should have thought that this word belonged to the immediately following stage direction, had I not afterwards (p. 359) found,

"—so, cornets, cornets!

Re-enter PREPASSO, &c

Mal With Duke Pietro, with Duke Pietro

Men Is he dead? is he poisoned?

Mal Dead, as the duke is

Men Good, excellent he will not blab,
secreteness lives in secrecy Come hither, come
hither

Mal Thou hast a certain strong villainous
scent about thee my nature cannot endure

Men Scent, man! What returns Maria, what
answer to our suit?

Mal Cold, frosty, she is obstinate.

Men Then she's but dead, 'tis resolute, she dies
Black deed only through black deed* safely flies

Mal Pooh! *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum
est iter*†

Men What, art a scholar? art a politician?
sure, thou art an arrant knave

Mal Who, ‡ I? I ha been twice an under
sheriff, man 'Well, I will go rail upon some
"great man, that I may purchase the bastinado,
"or else go marry some rich Genoan lady, and
"instantly go travel

"*Men* Travel, when thou art married?

"*Mal* Ay, 'tis your young lord's fashion to do
"so, though he was so lazy, being a bachelor,
"that he would never travel so far as the
"university yet when he married her, tales off,
"and, Catso, § for England!

"*Men* And why for England?

"*Mal* Because there is no brothel houses there

"*Men* Nor courtezans?

"*Mal* Neither, your whore went down with
"the stews, and your punk came up with your
"punitan"

Men Canst thou empoison? canst thou em-
poison?

Mal Excellently, no Jew, pothecary, or poli-
tician better Look ye, here's a box whom
wouldst thou empoison? here's a box [*Giving
it*], which, opened and the fume t'en|| up in
conduits¶ thorough which the brain purges

* *deed*] The first 4to "deeds"

† *per scelera, &c*] Seneca, — *Agam* 115

‡ *Mal* *Who, I, &c*] There is some confusion in the
second 4to at this place, it reads

"*Mal* Who, I? I have bene twice an under sherife,
man

Enter MALEVOLE and MENDOZA

MFVD Hast bin with Maria?

MAL As your scrucner to your vaurer I have delt
about taking of this commoditie, but shes could frosty
well, I will go raile," &c

Mr Collier conjectures that perhaps when it was
wished to shorten the performance, the scene began here

§ *Cal'so*] See note *, p 331

|| *ta'en*] The second 4to "taken"

¶ *conduits*] The second 4to "comodites"

itself, doth instantly for twelve hours' space bind
up all show of life in a deep senseless sleep
here's another [*Giving it*], which, being opened
under the sleeper's nose, chokes all the pores* of
life, kills him suddenly

Men I'll try experiments, 'tis good not to be
deceived — So, so, catso!

[*Sounds* to poison MALEVOLE who falls]

Who would fear that may destroy?

Death hath no teeth nor† tongue,

And he that's great, to him are‡ slaves,

Shame, murder, fame, and wrong —

Celso!

Enter CELSO

Celso My honour'd lord?

Men The good Malevole, that plam tongu'd man,
Alas, is dead on sudden, wondrous strangely!

He held in our esteem good place *Celso*,

See him buried, see him buried

Celso I shall observe ye

Men And, *Celso*, pithes, let it be thy care
to-night

To have some pretty show, to solemnize
Our high instalment, some music, maskery

We'll give fair entertain unto Maria,

The duchess to the banish'd Altouffont

Thou shalt conduct her from the citadel

Unto the palace Think on some maskery

Celso Of what shape, sweet lord?

Men What§ shape! why, any quick dandification,

As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes,

To come out of Elysium, forsooth,

Led in by Mercury, to gratulate

Our happy fortune, some such anything,

Some far fet trick good for ladies, || some stale toy

Or other, no matter, so't be of our devising

Do thou prepare't, 'tis but for fashion ¶ sako,

Fear not, it shall be grac'd, man, it shall take

Celso All service

Men All thanks, our hand shall not be close
to thee farewell

[*Aside*] Now is my treachery secure, nor can we
fall

Mischief that prospers, men do virtue call

* *pores*] The second 4to "power"

† *nor*] The second 4to "or" (but our early writers
often preferred using the former where we should now
use the latter)

‡ *are*] The first 4to "one"

§ *What*] Both 4tos "Why"

|| *Some far fet truck good for ladies*] — *far fet*, i.e. far-
fetched. — An allusion to the proverb, "*Far fet is good for
ladies*" So in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, act iv sc. 1
"Marry, and this may be good for us ladies for it seems
'tis far fet by their stay"

¶ *fashion*] The second 4to "a fashion"

I'll trust no man but that by tricks gets wreaths
Keeps them with steel, no man securely breathes
Out of's deserved rank*, the crowd will mutter,
"fool"

Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule
The chiefest secret for a man of state
Is, to live senseless of a strengthless hate [Exit

Mal [starting up] Death of the damned thief!
I'll make one to the mask, thou shalt ha' some
brave spirits of the antique dukes.

Cel My lord, what strange delusion?

Mal Most happy, dear Celso, poisoned with an
empty box I'll give thee all anon my lady
comes to court, there is a whirl of fits comes
tumbling on, the castle's captain stands for me,
the people pray for me, and the great leader of
the just stands for me then courage, Celso,
For no disastrous chance can ever move him
That leaveth nothing but a God above him

[Exeunt

SCENE III +

Enter BILIOSO and PRIASSO two Pages before them
MAQUERELLE, BIANCA and EMILIA

Bil Make room there, room for the ladies!
why, gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to
be entered in the great chamber? why, gillants!
and you, sir, to drop your torch where the
beauties must sit too!

Pie And there's a great fellow plays the
knave, why dost not strike him?

Bil Let him play the knave, o' God's name,
thinkest thou I have no more wit than to strike
a great fellow?—The music! more lights!
revelling scaffolds! do you hear! Let there
be oaths enow ready at the door, swear out the
devil himself! Let's leave the ladies, and go see
if the lords be ready for them

[Exeunt BILIOSO, PRIASSO and Pages

Maq And, by my troth, beauties, why do you
not put you into the fashion? this is a stale cut,
you must come in fashion look ye, you must be
all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare
hair ‡ look ye, these tiring things are justly out
of request now and, do ye hear! you must wear
falling-bands, you must come into the falling
fashion there is such a deal o' punning these
ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all and

* Out of's deserved rank] The first 4to "Out of destined
ranks", the second 4to "Out of deserved rances"

† Scene III] The presence chamber

‡ bare hair] The first 4to "head"

again, if you should chance to take a nap in the
afternoon, your falling band requires no potting-
stick* to recover his form believe me, no fashion
to the falling,† I say

Bian And is not Signior St. Andrew‡ a gallant
fellow now.

Maq By my maidenhead, la, honour and he
agree as well together as a satin suit and woollen
stockings

Emilia But is not Marshal Make room, my
servant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

Maq Yes, in reversion, as he had his office,
as, in truth, he hath all things in reversion he
has his mistress in reversion, his clothes in
reversion, his wit in reversion, and, indeed, is a
sutor to me for my dog in reversion but, in
good verity, la, he is as proper a gentleman in
reversion as—and, indeed, as fine a man as may
be, having a red beard and a pair of waip† legs

Bian But, i'faith, I am most monstiously in
love with Count Quodlibet in-quodlibet is he not
a pretty, dapper, umdle‡ gallant?

Maq He is even one of the most busy fingered
lords, he will put the beauties to the squeak
most hideously.

Re-enter BILIOSO

Bil Room! make a lane there! the duke is
entering stand handsomely for beauty's sake,
take up the ladies there! So, cornets, cornets!

Re-enter PRIASSO joins to BILIOSO, then enter two Pages
with lights, FERRANDO MENDOSA, at the other door, two
Pages with lights and the Captain leading in MARIA,
MENDOSA meets MARIA, and cloath with her the rest fall
back

Men Madam, with gentle ear receive my suit,
A kingdom's safety should o'erpeise¶ slight rites,
Marriage is merely nature's policy
Then, since unless our royal beds be join'd,
Danger and civil tumult frights the state,
Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate

Maria What wouldst thou, thou affliction to
our house?

* potting stick] Generally written *potting stick*—a piece
of stick or iron, or bone, with which the pluts of ruffs
were adjusted

† A boy armed with a potting stick

Will dare to challenge Cutting Dick's

Kempe's *Nine days wonder*, 1600

‡ falling] The first 4to "falling band"

§ St. Andrew] The first 4to "St. Andrew Jacques"

¶ scrap] The second 4to "scrap"

‡ umdle] The first 4to "umdle" As Miquerelle
immediately after terms him "busy fingered," "umdle"
seems the right reading

¶ o'erpeise] i.e. overweigh

Thou ever devil, twas thou that bannish'dst
My truly noble lord !

Men I !

Maria Ay, by thy plots, by thy black stratagems

Twelve moons have suffer'd change since I beheld
The loved presence of my dearest lord
O thou far worse than death ! he puts but soul
From a weak body, but thou soul from soul
Discover'st, that which God's own hand did knit,
Thou scant of honour, full of devilish wit !

Men We'll check your too intemperate lavishness

I can, and will

Maria What earnest ?

Men Go to, in banishment thy husband dies

Maria He ever is at home that's ever wise

Men You st* neer meet more reason should
love control

Maria Not meet !

She that dear loves, her loves still in her soul

Men You are but a woman, lady, you must yield

Maria O, give me, thou imit'd bashfulness,
Thou only ornament of woman's modesty !

Men Modesty ! death, I'll torment thee

Maria Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try,
I'll die my lord's as long as I can die

Men Thou obstinate thou shalt die — Captain,
that lady's life

Is forfeit'd to justice — we have examin'd her,
And we do find she hath empoison'd

The reverend hermit, therefore we command
Severest custody — Nay, if you'll do's no good,
You'st do's no harm — a tyrant's peace is blood

Maria O, thou art merciful, O generous devil,
Rather by much let me condemn'd be
For a seeming murder than be damn'd for thee !

I'll mourn no more, come, girt my brows with
flowers

Revel and dance, soul, now thy wish thou hast,
Die like a bride, poor heart, thou shalt die chaste

Enter AURFIA in mourning habit

Life is a frost of cold felicity, —

Aur And death the thaw of all our vanity
Wast not an honest priest that wrote so ?

Men Who let her in ?

Bil Forbear !

Pie Forbear !

Aur Alas, calamity is every where
Sad misery, despite your double doors,
Will enter even in court

Bil Peace !

Aur I ha' done *

Bil One word, — take heed !

Aur I ha' done

Enter Mercury with loud music

Mer Cyllenus Mercury, the god of ghosts,
From gloomy shades that spread the lower coasts,
Calls four high fund'd Genoa's † dukes to come,
And make this presence then Elysium,
To pass away this high triumphal night
With song and dances, court's more soft delight

Aur Are you god of ghosts ! I have a suit
depending in hell betwixt me and my conscience,
I would fain have thee help me to advocate

Bil Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady

Aur Nay, futh, Mercury has too good a face
to be a right lawyer

Pie Peace, forbear ! Mercury presents the mask

Enter the king to the cornets, which playing, the mask enters, MALVOLE, PIETRO, FERNIZ, and CILSO in white robes, with clocks crooked upon formal axes, pistols and shalots under their robes

Men Cilso, Cilso, court ‡ Muri for our love —
Lady, be gracious, yet grace

Maria With me, sir ?

[MALVOLE takes MARIA to dance]

Mal Yes, more loved than my breath,
With you I'll dance

Maria Why, then, you dance with death
But, come, sir, I was ne'er more apt for's mirth
Death gives eternity a glorious breath
O, to die honour'd, who would fear to die ?

Mal They die in fear who live in villainy

Men Yes, believe him, lady, and be rul'd by
him

Pietro Madam, with me

[PIETRO takes AURFIA to dance]

Aur Wouldst, then, be miserable ?

Pietro I need not wish

Aur O, yet forbear my hand ! away ! fly ! fly !
O, seek not her that only seeks to die !

Pietro Poor lov'd soul !

Aur What, wouldst court misery ?

Pietro Yes

Aur She'll come too soon — O my griev'd
heart !

* *I ha' done, &c*] The old eds have, —

" *Aur* I ha' done, one word, take heed, I ha' done "

† *Genoa*] The first 4to " *Genoa* "

‡ *court*] The second 4to " *court* "

§ *for*] The second 4to " *to* "

* *You st*] A contraction of *you must* so *thou st* is put for *thou must*, p 351

† *Life is a frost of cold felicity*] This line is given to Aurilia in the second 4to

Pietro Lady, ha' done, ha' done
Come,* let us dance, be once from sorrow free
Aur Art a sad man?

Pietro Yes, sweet

Aur Then we'll agree

[*FELICIA* tells *MAQUIFFET*, and *CRISO BIANCA*
that the cornets sound the measure, one change,
and rest

For [*to BIANCA*] Believe it, lady, shall I
swear? let me enjoy you in private, and I'll
marry you, by my soul

Bian I had rather you would swear by your
body I think that would prove them more regarded
oath with you

Fel I'll swear by them both, to please you

Bian O, damn them not both to please me,
for God's sake!

Fel I'uth, sweet creature, let me enjoy you
to night, and I'll marry you to-morrow to-night
by my troth, la

Maq On his troth, la! believe him not, this
kind of cony catching is as stale as *Sin Oliver*
Anchovy's perfumed jerkin promise of rich-
mony by a young gallant, to bring a virgin filly
into a fool's paradise make her a great woman
and then cast her off, -- tis as common and nat-
ural to a countess, as jealousy to a citizen, gluttony to
a puritan, wisdom to an old man, pride to a tuck-
er in an empty hand basket! to one of these six
penny damnations of his troth, la! believe him
not, traps to catch pole cats

Mal [*to MARIA*] Keep your face constant, let
no sudden passion
Speak in your eyes

Maria O my Altofront!

Pietro [*to AURICIA*] A tyrant's jealousies
Are very nimble you receive it ill?

Aur My heart, though not my knees, doth
Low as the earth, to thee [humbly fall,

Mal § Peace! next change, no words

Maria Speech to such, ay, O, what wilt thou do
[*Cornets sound the measure over again which*
dance it, they unmask

Men Malevole!

[*They enter on MENDOZA, binding their pistols on him*

Mal No

Men Altofront! Duke Pietro!|| *Fernero*! ha!

All Duke Altofront! Duke Altofront!

[*Cornets, a flourish -- They seize upon MENDOZA*

Men Are we surpris'd? what strange delusions
mock

Our senses? do I dream? or have I dreamt
This two days' space? where am I?

Mal Where an arch villain is

Men O, lend me breath till I am fit to die! *
For peace with heaven, for your own souls' sake,
Vouchsafe me life!

Putro Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven
nor hell,

Goodness of God or man, could once make good!

Mal Base, treacherous wretch! what grace
canst thou expect,

That hast grown impudent in gracelessness?

Men O, life!

Mal Slave, take thy life

Wert thou defended, though blood and wounds,
The sternest honor of a civil fight,

Would I achieve thee, but prostrate at my feet,
I scorn to hurt thee 'tis the heart of slaves

That deigns to triumph over peasants' graves,
For such thou art, since birth doth neer enroll

A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul
"O, I have seen strange accidents of state!"

"The flatterer, like the ivy, clipp'd the oak,

"And waste it to the heart, just so coust'm'd,

"That the black act of sin itself not shun'd

"To be term'd courtship

"O, they that are as great as be their sins,

"Let them remember that th' inconstant people

"Love many princes, & merely for their faces

"And outward shows, and they do covet more

"To have a sight of these than of their virtues

"Yet thus much let the great ones still conceive, §

"When they observe not heaven's unpos'd condi-
tions,

"They are no kings,|| but forfeit their commissions

"*Maq* O good my lord, I have lived in the

"court this twenty year they that have been old

"courtiers, and come to live in the city, they are

"spited at, and thrust to the walls like apriocks,

"good my lord

"*Bul* My lord, I did know your lordship in

"this disguise, you heard me ever say, if Altofront

"did return, I would stand for him besides, 'twas

"your lordship's pleasure to call me wittol and

"cuckold you must not think, but that I knew

"you, I would have put it up so patiently"

* *til I am fit to die*] The first 4to "to live til I am fit to die"

† *clipp'd*] i. e. embrace

‡ *princes*] So my copy of the second 4to, that in the Garrick collection, "men"

§ *conceive*] The old ed "conceale"

|| *kings*] So my copy of the second 4to, that in the Garrick collection, "men"

* *Come*] The first 4to "Come downe"

† *and*] Both 4tos "as"

‡ *hand basket*] Not in the first 4to

§ *MAL*] Both 4tos "Pietro"

|| *Putro*] The first 4to "Lorenzo"

Mal You o'er joy'd * spirits, wipe your long
wet eyes [To PIETRO and AURELIA
Hence with this man [Kicks out MENDOZA] an
eagle takes not flies.
You to your vows [To PIETRO and AURELIA] and
thou unto the suburbs † [To MAQUIRTIE.

* o'er joy'd] The first 4 to ' are joy'd
† the suburbs] "Where in most countries the stews are
situated"—*Reed*

You to my worst friend I would hardly give,
Thou art a perfect old knave [To BILIOSO] all-
pleas'd live
You two unto my breast [To CELSO and the
Captain] thou to my heart [To MARIA
"The rest of idle actors idly part"
And as for me, I here assume my night,
To which I hope all's pleas'd to all good night
[Cornelia, a flourish Exeunt

"AN IMPERFECT ODF, BEING BUT ONE STAFF,

"SPOKEN BY THE PROLOGUE.

"To wrest each hurtless thought to private sense
"Is the foul use of ill bred impudence
"Immodest censure now grows wild,
"All over running
"Let innocence be ne'er so chaste,
"Yet at the last
"She is dehl'd
"With too nice brained cunning

"O you of fainer soul,
"Control
"With an Herculean arm
"This harm,
"And once teach all old freedom of a pen,
"Which still must write of fools, whilst't writes
"of men!"

"EPILOGUS

"Your modest silence, full of heedly stillness,
"Makes me thus speak a voluntary illness
"Is merely senseless, but unwilling error,
"Such as proceeds from too rash youthful fervour,
"May well be call'd a fault, but not a sin
"Rivers take names from founts where they begin
"Then let not too severe an eye peruse
"The slighter brakes of our reformed Muse,*
"Who could herself herself of faults detect,
"But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,

* The slighter brakes of our reformed Muse] "I suppose
by this expression is meant the uncultivated parts of our
performance, brakes (i.e. fern) commonly grow in ground
that is never tilled or broken up—*Stevens* Here
"brakes" seems to mean—flaws, breaks See Mr Halli-
well's *Dict of Arch and Prov Words*, sub "Brakes"

"Though some men's labour troth, to err is fit,
"As long as wisdom's not profess'd, but wit
"Then till another's happier Muse appears,*
"Till his Thalia feast your learned ears,
"To whose desertful lamps pleas'd fates impart
"Art above nature, judgment above art,
"Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet
"daunteth
"He that knows most knows most how much he
"wanteth"

* Then till another's happier Muse appears, &c.] An
allusion to Ben Jonson see Gifford's *Memoirs* of that
poet, p lxxii

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UPON HIM, JOHN GORE, LORD MAYOR AND CHANCELLOR OF THE
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My worthy lord,

These presentments, which were intended principally for your honour, and for illustrating the worth of that worthy corporation whereof you are a member, come now humbly to kiss your lordship's hands, and to present the inventor of them to that service which my ability expressed in this may call me to, under your lordship's favour, to do you * honour, and the city service in the quality of a scholar, assuring your lordship I shall never either to your ear or table press unmannerly or impertinently. My endeavours this way have received grace and allowance from your worthy brothers that were supervisors of the cost of these Triumphs, and my hope is, that they shall stand no less respected in your eye, nor undervalued in your worthy judgment which favours done to one born free of your company, and your servant, shall ever be acknowledged by him stands interested

To your lordship in all duty,

JOHN WEBSTER

* to do you] The old ed "to you, do you."

MONUMENTS OF HONOUR.

I could in this my preface, by as great light of learning as any formerly employed in this service can attain to, deliver to you the original and cause of all Triumphs, then excessive cost in the time of the Romans, I could like wise with so noble amplification make a survey of the worth and glory of the Triumphs of the precedent times in this honourable city of London, that, were my work of a bigger bulk, they should remain to all posterity. But both my pen and ability this way are confined in too narrow a circle, nor have I space enough in this so short a volume to express only with rough lines and a faint shadow, as the painters' phrase is, first, the great care and alacrity of the right worshipful the Master and Warden, and the rest of the selected and industrious committees, both for the curious and judging election of the subject for the present spectacles, and next that the working or mechanic part of it might be answerable to the invention. Leaving, therefore, these worthy gentlemen to the embraces and thanks of the right honourable and worthy Pretor,* and myself under the shadow of their crest, which is a safe one, for 'tis the Holy Lamb in the Sunbeams, I do present to all modest and indifferent judges these my present endeavours.

I fashioned, for the more amplifying the show upon the water, two eminent spectacles in manner of a Sea triumph. The first furnished with four persons in the front Oceanus and Thetis, behind them, Thamesis and Medway, the two rivers on whom the Lord Mayor extends his power as far as from Staines to Rochester. The other show is of a fair Terrestrial Globe, circled about, in convenient seats, with seven of our most famous navigators, as Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Captain Thomas Cavendish,

Captain Christopher Carlisle, and Captain John Davis. The conceit of this device to be, that, in regard the two rivers pay due tribute of waters to the seas, Oceanus in grateful recompense returns the memory of these seven worthy captains, who have made England so famous in remotest parts of the world. These two spectacles, at my Lord Mayor's taking water at the Three Cranes, approaching my Lord's barge, after a peal of sea thunder from the other side the water, these speeches between Oceanus and Thetis follow.

OCEANUS AND THETIS

Thetis

What brave sea music bids us welcome, hark !
Sue, this is Venice, and the day Saint Mark
In which the Duke and Senators their course hold
To wed our empire with a ring of gold

Oceanus

No, Thetis, you're mistaken we are led
With infinite delight from the land's head
In ken of goodly shipping and yon bridge
Venice had ne'er the like survey that ridge
Of stately buildings which the river hem,
And grace the silver stream as the stream them
That beauteous seat is London, so much fain'd
Where any navigable sea is nam'd,
And in that bottom eminent merchants plac'd,
As rich and venturous as ever grac'd
Venice or Europe these two rivers here,
Our followers, may tell you where we are,
Thus Thamesis, that Medway, who are sent
To you* most worthy Pretor, to present
Acknowledgement of duty ne'er shall err
From Staines unto the ancient Rochester
And now to grace their Triumph, in respect
These pay us tribute, we are pleas'd to select

* Pretor] i. e. Lord Mayor

* you] The old ed. "you."

Seven worthy navigators out by name,
 Seated beneath this Globe, whose ample fame
 In the remotest part o' the earth is found,
 And some of them have circled the globe round
 These, you observe, are living in your eye,
 And so they ought, for worthy men ne'er die,
 Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Gilbert, brave knights,
 That brought home gold and honour from sea
 fights,
 Ca'ndish, Carlisle, and Davis, and to these
 So many worthies I could add at seas
 Of this bold nation, it would envy strike
 'Tis action values honour, as the flint
 Look[s] black and feels like ice, yet from within't
 There are struck sparks which to the darkest
 nights
 Yield quick and piercing food for several lights

Thetis

You have quicken'd well my memory, and now
 Of this your grateful Triumph I allow
 Honour looks clear, and spreads her beams at
 large
 From the grave Senate seated in that barge —
 Rich lading swell your bottoms! a blest gale
 I follow your ventures, that they never fail!
 And may you live successively to wear
 The joy of this day, each man his whole year!

This show, having tendered this service to my
 Lord upon the water, is after to be conveyed
 ashore, and in convenient place employed for
 adorning the rest of the Triumph. After my
 Lord Mayor's landing, and coming past Paul's
 Church, there first attends for his honour, in Paul's
 Church yard, a beautiful spectacle called the
 Temple of Honour, the pillars of which are
 bound about with roses and other beautiful
 flowers, which shoot up to the adorning of
 the King's Majesty's Arms on the top of the
 Temple

In the highest seat a person representing Troy-
 novant or the City, enthroned, in rich habiliments
 beneath her, as admiring her peace and felicity,
 sit five eminent cities, as Antwerp, Paris, Rome,
 Venice, and Constantinople under these sit five
 famous scholars and poets of this our kingdom,
 as Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, the learned Gower, the
 excellent John Lydgate, the sharp witted Sir
 Thomas More, and last, as worthy both soldier
 and scholar, Sir Philip Sidney,—these being
 celebrators of honour, and the preservers both of

the names of men and memories of cities above
 to posterity

I present, riding afore this Temple, Henry de
 Royal, the first pilgrim or gatherer of quarterne
 for this Company, and John of Yeacksley, King
 Edward the Third's pavilion maker, who pur-
 chased our Hall in the sixth year of the aforesaid
 king's government. These lived in Edward the
 First's time likewise; in the sixth of whose reign
 this Company was confirmed a guild or corporation
 by the name of Tailors and Linen armour[er]s,
 with power to choose a Master and Wardens at
 midsummer. These are decently habited and
 hooded according to the ancient manner. My
 Lord is here saluted with two speeches, first by
 Troynovant in these lines following

THE SPEECH OF TROYNOVANT

History, Truth, and Virtue seek by name
 To celebrate the Merchant Tailors' fame
 That Henry de Royal, this we call
 Worthy John Yeacksley purchas'd first this Hall
 And thus from low beginnings there oft springs
 Societies claim brotherhoods of kings
 I, Troynovant, plac'd eminent in the eye
 Of these admire at my felicity,*
 Five cities, Antwerp, and the spacious Paris,
 Rome, Venice, and the Turk's metropolis
 Beneath these, five learn'd poets, worthy men,
 Who do eternize brave acts by their pen,
 Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, More, and for our time
 Sir Philip Sidney, glory of our clime
 These beyond death a fame to monarchs give,
 And these make cities and societies live

The next delivered by him represents Sir Philip
 Sidney

To honour by our writings worthy men,
 Flows as a duty from a judging pen,
 And when we are employ'd in such sweet praise,
 Bees swarm and leave their honey on our bays
 Ever more musically verses run
 When the loath'd vein of flattery they shun.
 Survey, most noble Pretor, what succeeds,
 Virtue low bred aspiring to high deeds.

These passing on, in the next place my Lord
 is encountered with the person of Sir John Hawk-
 wood, in complete armour, his plume, and feather
 for his horse's chaffron,† of the Company's colours,

* Of these admire at my felicity, &c.] i. e. of these which
 admire at my felicity, namely, five cities, &c.
 † chaffron] i. e. chamfron, a head piece with a project-
 ing spike — Old ed. "shefforne"

white and watchet* This worthy knight did most worthy service, in the time of Edward the Third, in France, after, served as general divers princes of Italy, went to the Holy Land, and in his return back died at Florence, and there lies buried with a fair monument over him This worthy gentleman was free of our Company, and thus I prepare him to give my Lord entertainment

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD'S SPEECH

My birth was mean, yet my deservings grew
To eminence, and in France a high pitch flew
From a poor common soldier I attain'd
The style of captain, and then knighthood gain'd,
Serv'd the Black Prince in France in all his wars,
Then went to the Holy Land, thence brought my
And wearied body which no danger fear'd, [scars,
To Florence, where it nobly lies interr'd †
There Sir John Hawkwood's memory doth live,
And to the Merchant Tailors fame doth give

After him follows a Triumphant Chariot with the Arms of the Merchant Tailors coloured and gilt in several places of it, and over it there is supported, for a canopy, a rich and very spacious Pavilion coloured crimson, with a Lion Passant this is drawn with four horses, for porters would have made it move tottering and improperly In the Chariot I place for the honour of the Company, of which records remain in the Hall, eight famous kings of this land, that have been free of this worshipful Company

First, the victorious Edward the Third that first quartered the arms of France with England next, the munificent Richard the Second, that kept ten thousand daily in his court in check-roll by him, the grave and discreet Henry the Fourth in the next chairs, the scourge and terror of France, Henry the Fifth, and by him, his religious though unfortunate son, Henry the Sixth the two next chairs are supplied with the persons of the amorous and personable Edward the Fourth, for so Philip Commines and Sir Thomas More describe him, the other with the bad man but the good king, Richard the Third, for so the laws he made in his short government do illustrate him but lastly in the most eminent part of the Chariot I place the wise and politic Henry the Seventh, holding the charter by which the Company was improved from the title of Linen armourers into the name of Master and Wardens of Merchant-Tailors of Saint John

* watchet] i e pale blue

† interr'd] So the old ed for the sake of the rhyme

Baptist The chairs of these kings that were of the house of Lancaster are garnished with artificial red roses, the rest with white, but the uniter of the division and houses, Henry the Seventh, both with white and red, from whence his Royal Majesty now reigning took his motto for one piece of his coin, *Henricus rosas, regna Jacobus*

The speaker in this Pageant is Edward the Third the last line of his speech is repeated by all the rest in the Chariot

Edward the Third

View whence the Merchant Tailors' honour
springs,—

From this most royal conventicle of kings
Eight that successively wore England's crown,
Held it a special honour and renown,
(The Society was so worthy and so good,)
To unite themselves into their Brotherhood
Thus time and industry attain the prize,
As seas from brooks, as brooks from hillocks rise
Let all good men this sentence oft repeat,—
By unity the smallest things grow great

The Kings

By unity the smallest things grow great

and this repetition was proper, for it is the Company's motto, *Concordia parvae res crescunt*

After this pageant, rides Queen Anne, wife to Richard the Second, free likewise of this Company nor let it seem strange, for, besides her, there were two duchesses, five countesses, and two baronesses, free of this Society, seventeen princes and dukes, one archbishop, one and thirty earls, besides those made with noble Prince Henry, one viscount, twenty four bishops, sixty six barons, seven abbots, seven priors or sub prior[s], and with Prince Henry, in the year 1607,* the Duke of Lennox, the Euls of Nottingham, Suffolk, Arundel, Oxford, Worcester, Pembroke, Essex, Northampton, Salisbury, Montgomery, the Earl of Perth, Viscount Cranbourne, barons the Lord Eures, Hunsdon, Hayes,† Burleigh, Master Howard, Master Sheffield, Sir John Harrington, Sir Thomas Chaloner, besides states‡ of the Low Countries, and Sir Noel Caroon their lieger§ ambassador

* and with Prince Henry in the year 1607 &c.] The King and Prince Henry dined in Merchant Tailors' Hall, July 16th, 1607, on which occasion the Prince and the noblemen, &c., here mentioned, were made free of the Company See Nichols's *Progresses of King James, &c.*, vol. ii. 140

† Eures Hayes, &c.] Properly 'Eure Hay' &c.

‡ states] i e persons of high rank

§ lieger] i e resident

And in regard our Company are styled Brethren of the Fraternity of Saint John Baptist, and that the ancient Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem,—to which now demolished house in Saint John's Street our Company then using to go to offer, it is recorded Henry the Seventh, then accompanying them gave our Master the upper hand,—because these knights, I say, were instituted to secure the way for pilgrims in the desert, I present therefore two of the worthiest Brothers of this Society of Saint John Baptist I can find out in history the first, Amade le Grand, by whose aid Rhodes was recovered from the Turks, and the Order of Annuntide or Salutation instituted with that of four letters, *Firma* signifying *Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit*, and the other, *Monsieur* * *Jein Valet*, who defended Malta from the Turks invasion, and expelled them from that impregnable key of Christendom this styled Great Master of Malta, that Governor of Rhodes

Next I bring our two Sea triumphs, and after that, the Ship called the Holy Lamb, which brings hanging in her shrouds the Golden Fleece the conceit of this being that God is the guide and protector of all prosperous ventures

To second thus, follow the two beasts the Lion and Camel, proper to the Arms of the Company on the Camel rides a Turk, such as used to travel with caravans, and on the Lion a Moor or wild Numidian

The fourth eminent Pageant I call the Monument of Charity and Learning this fashioned like a beautiful Garden with all kinds of flowers, at the four corners four artificial bridges with variety of birds in them, this for the beauty of the flowers and melody of the birds to represent a spring in winter In the midst of the Garden, under an elm tree, sits the famous and worthy patriot, Sir Thomas White who had a dream that he should build a college where two bodies of an elm sprang from one root, and being inspired to it by God, first rode to Cambridge to see if he could find any such, failing of it there, went to Oxford and surveying all the grounds in and near the University, at last in Gloster-Hall garden he found one that somewhat resembled it, upon which he resolved to endow it with larger revenue and to increase the foundation having set men at work upon it, and riding one day out at the North Gate at Oxford, he spied

on his right hand the selfsame elm had been figured him in his dream, whereupon he gives o'er his former purpose of so amply enlarging Gloster Hall (yet not without a large exhibition to it), purchases the ground where the elm stood, and in the same place built the College of Saint John Baptist, and to this day the elm grows in the garden carefully preserved, as being, under God, a motive to their worthy foundation

This I have heard Fellows of the House, of approved credit and no way superstitiously given, affirm to have been delivered from man to man since the first building of it, and that Sir Thomas White, inviting the Abbot of Osney to dinner in the aforesaid Hall, in the Abbot's presence and the hearing of divers other grave persons, assumed, by God's inspiration in the former recited manner, he built and ended the College

This relation is somewhat with the largest, only to give you better light of the figure, the chief person in this is Sir Thomas White, sitting in his eminent habit of Lord Mayor on the one hand sits Charity with a pelican on her head, on the other, Learning with a book in one hand and a laurel wreath in the other behind him is the College of Saint John Baptist in Oxford exactly modelled two cornets, which for more pleasure answer one and another interchangeably, and round about the Pageant sit twelve of the four-and-twenty Cities (for more would have overburdened it) to which this worthy gentleman hath been a charitable benefactor When my Lord approaches to the front of this piece, Learning humbles herself to him in these ensuing verses

THE SIGHT OF LEARNING

To express what happiness the country yields,
The poets feign'd heaven in th' Elysian fields
We figure here a Garden fresh and new,
In which the chiefest of our blessings grow
This worthy patriot here, Sir Thomas White,
Whilst he was living had a dream one night
He had built a college and given living to it,
Where two elm bodies sprang up from one root
And as he dream'd, most certain 'tis he found
The elm near Oxford, and upon that ground
Built Saint John's College Truth can testify
His merit, whilst his Faith and Charity
Was the true compass, measur'd every part,
And took the latitude of his Christian heart,
Faith kept the centre, Charity walk'd this round
Until a true circumference was found

* the other, *Monsieur*] The old "the other of *Monsieur*"

And may the impression of this figure strike
Each worthy senator to do the like !

The last I call the Monument of Gratitude,
which thus dilates itself

Upon an Artificial Rock, set with mother of pearl and such other precious stones as are found in quines, are placed four curious Pyramids, charged with the Princes Arms, the Three Leathers, which by day yield a glorious show, and by night a more goodly, for they have lights in them, that, at such time as my Lord Mayor returns from Pauls, shall make certain ovals and squares resemble precious stones. The Rock expresses the richness of the kingdom Prince Henry was born heir to, the Pyramids, which are monuments for the dead, that he is deceased *. On the top of this rests half a Celestial Globe, in the midst of this hangs the Holy Lamb in the Sunbeams, on either side of these an Angel. Upon a pedestal of gold stands the figure of Prince Henry with his coronet, george, and garter in his left hand he holds a cinct of crimson velvet, charged with four Holy Lambs, such as our Company choose Masters with. In several cants † beneath sits, first, Magistracy, tending a Bee-hive, to express his gravity in youth and forward industry to have proved an absolute governor next, Liberality, by her a Dromedary, showing his speed and alacrity in gratifying his followers. Navigation with a Jacob's staff and Compass, expressing his ‡ desire that his reaching that way might in time grow to the practice and building to that purpose one of the goodliest ships was ever launched in the river in the next, Unanimity with a Chaplet of Lilies, in her lap a Sheaf of Arrows, showing he loved nobility and commonalty with an entire heart next, Industry on a hill where Ants are hoarding up corn, expressing his forward inclination to all noble exercise next, Charity, by her a Unicorn, showing it is guide to all other virtues, and clears the fountain head from all poison. Justice, with her properties then Obedience, by her an Elephant, the strongest beast, but most observant to man of any creature then Peace sleeping upon a Cannon, alluding to the eternal peace he now possesses. Fortitude, a Pillar in one hand, a Serpent wreathed about the other,

to express * his height of mind and the expectation of an undaunted resolution. These twelve thus sent, I figure Loyalty, as well sworn servant to this City as to this Company, and at my Lord Mayor's coming from Pauls and going down Wood street, Amade le Grand delivers this speech unto him

THE SPEECH OF AMADE LE GRAND

Of all the Triumphs which your eye has view'd,
This the fair Monument of Gratitude,
This chiefly should your eye and ear employ,
That was of all your Brotherhood the joy,
Worthy Prince Henry, France's best president,
Cull'd to a higher court of parliament
In his full strength of youth and height of blood,
And, which crown'd all, when he was truly good
On virtue and on worth he still was throwing
Most bounteous showers, where'er he found them
growing,

He never did disguise his ways by art,
But suited his intents unto his heart,
And lov'd to do good more for goodness' sake
Than any retribution man could make
Such was this Prince such are the noble hearts
Who, when they die, yet die not in all parts,
But from the integrity of a brave mind
Leave a most clear and eminent fame behind
Thus hath this jewel not quite lost his ray,
Only cas'd up 'gainst a more glorious day
And be't remember'd that our Company
Have not forgot him who ought ne'er to die
Yet wherefore should our sorrow give him dead,
When a new Phoenix † springs up in his stead,
That, as he seconds him in every grace,
May second him in brotherhood and place?

Good rest, my Lord ! Integrity, that keeps
The safest watch and breeds the soundest sleeps,
Make the last day of this your holding serene
Joyful as this, or rather, more complete !

I could a more curious and elaborate way have expressed myself in these my endeavours, but to have been rather too tedious in my speeches, or too weighty, might have troubled my noble Lord and puzzled the understanding of the common people suffice it, I hope 'tis well, and if it please his Lordship and my worthy employers, I am amply satisfied

* deceased] See p. 371

† cants] i o niches

‡ expressing his] The old ed "expressing that his"

* express] The old ed "express"

† a new Phoenix] i o Prince Charles

A MONUMENTAL COLUMN.

*A Monumental Column, Erected to the lasting Memory of the ever glorious Henry, late Prince of Wales. Virgil
Osculent terræ hunc tantum salus. By John Webster. London Printed by N. O. for William Welby duelling in Pauls
Church-yard at the signe of the Swan 1613, forms a portion of a tract, the general title of which (in white letters
on a black ground) runs thus*

Three Elegies on the most lamentable Death of Prince Henry,

<i>The first</i>	}	<i>written by</i>	{	<i>Charles Tarnocce</i>
<i>The second</i>				<i>John Webster</i>
<i>The third</i>				<i>Thomas Heywood</i>

London Printed for William Welby 1613 4to

Prince Henry died, to the great grief of the whole nation, on the 6th of November, 1612, in his nine
tenth year

TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT CARR, VISCOUNT ROCHESTER,* KNIGHT OF THE
 MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S
 MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL

My right noble lord,

I present to your voidest leisure of survey these few sparks found out in our most glorious prince his ashes. I could not have thought this worthy your view, but that it aims at the preservation of his fame, than which I know not any thing (but the sacred lives of both their majesties and their sweet issue) that can be dearer unto you. Were my whole life turned into leisure, and that leisure accompanied with all the Muses, it were not able to draw a map large enough of him, for his praise is an high going sea that wants both shore and bottom. Neither do I, my noble lord, present you with this night piece to make his death bed still float in those compassionate rivers of your eyes. You have already, with much labour upon your heart, sounded both the sorrow royal and your own. O, that care should ever attain to so ambitious a title! Only, here though I dare not say you shall find him live, for that assurance were worth many kingdoms, yet you shall perceive him draw a little breath, such as gives us comfort his critical day is past, and the glory of a new life risen, neither subject to physick nor fortune. For my defects in this undertaking, my wish presents itself with that of Martial's,†

O utinam mores animique effugere possim!
 Pulchrior in terris nulla tibi bellus foret

Howsoever, your protection is able to give it noble lustre, and bind me by that honourable courtesy to be ever

Your honour's truly devoted servant,

JOHN WEBSTER

* Sir Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, &c.] The minion of a weak prince, created Earl of Somerset in the year during which the present tract was printed. He died in 1611. The connection of this infamous man with the still more infamous Countess of Essex, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, are circumstances too notorious to require repetition here.

† x. 22.—'Ars utinam mores animique effugere possit!' &c.

A MONUMENTAL COLUMN.

A FUNERAL ELEGY

The greatest of the kingly race is gone,
Yet with so great a reputation
Laid in the earth, we cannot say he's dead,
But as a perfect diamond set in lead,
Scorning our foil, his glories do break forth
Worn by his maker, who best knew his worth
Yet to our fleshy eyes there does belong
That which we think helps grief, a passionate
tongue

Me thinks I see men's hearts put in their lips,
We should not grieve at the bright sun's eclipse,
But that we love his light so travellers stray,
Wanting both guide and conduct of the day
Nor let us strive to make this sorrow old,
For wounds smart most when that the blood
grows cold

If princes think that ceremony meet,
To have their corpse embalm'd to keep them
sweet,

Much more they ought to have their fame express'd
In Homer, though it want Darius' chest
To adorn which in her deserved throne,
I bring those colours which Truth calls her own
Nor gain nor praise by my weak lines are sought
Love that's born free cannot be hid nor bought
Some great inquisitors in nature say,
Royal and generous forms sweetly display
Much of the heavenly virtue, as proceeding
From a pure essence and elected breeding
Howe'er, truth for him thus much doth importune,
His form and virtue both deserv'd his fortune,
For 'tis a question not decided yet,
Whether his mind or fortune were more great
Methought I saw him in his right hand wield
A caduceus, in th' other Pallas' shield
His mind quite void of ostentation,
His high erected thoughts look'd down upon

The smiling valley of his fruitful heart
Honour and courtesy in every part
Proclaim'd him, and grew lovely in each limb
He well became those virtues which grac'd him
He spread his bounty with a provident hand,
And not like those that sow the ingrateful sand
His rewards follow'd action, ne'er were plac'd
For ostentation, and to make them last,
He was not like the mild and thistleless vine
That spendeth all her blushes at one time,
But like the orange-tree his fruits he bore,—
Some gather'd, he had given, and blossoms store
We hop'd much of him, till death made hope air
We stood as in some spacious theatre,
Musing what would become of him, his flight
Reach'd such a noble pitch above our sight,
Whilst he discreetly wise this rule had won,
Not to let fame know his intents till done
Men came to his court as to bright academies
Of virtue and of valour all the eyes,
That feasted at his princely exercise,
Thought that by day Mars held his lance, by night
Minerva bore a torch to give him light
As once on Rhodes, Pindar reports, of old
Soldiers expected 't would have rain'd down gold,
Old husbandmen in the country gain to plunt
Laurel instead of elm, and made their want
Then sons and daughters should such trophies
wear

When's the prince return'd a conqueror
From foreign nations, for men thought his star
Had mark'd him for a just and glorious war
And, sure, his thoughts were ours he could not
read

Edward the Black Prince's life but it must breed
A virtuous emulation to have his name
So lag behind him both in time and fame,

He that like lightning did his force advance,
And shook to th' centre the whole realm of France,
That of warm blood open'd so many sluices
To gather and bring thence six flower-de-luces,
Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemies' flight,
Who found weak numbers conquer, arm'd with
right,

Who knew his humble shadow spread no more
After a victory than it did before,
Who had his breast insatiate with the choice
Of virtues, though they made no ambitious noise
Whose resolution was so fiery still

It seem'd he knew better to die than kill,
And yet drew Fortune, as the adamant steel,
Seeming t' have fix'd a stay upon her wheel,
Who justlingly would say, it was his trade
To fashion death beds, and hath often made
Horror look lovely, when in the fields their lie
Arms and legs so distracted, one would say
That the dead bodies had no bodies left,
He that of working pulse sick France bereft,
Who knew that battles, not the gaudy show
Of ceremonies, do on kings bestow
Best theatres, to whom naught so tedious as court
sport,

That thought all funs and ventos of the court
Ridiculous and loathsome to the shade
Which, in a much, his waving ensign made
Him did he strive to imitate, and was sorry
He did not live before him, that his glory
Might have been his example to these ends,
Those men that follow'd him were not by fancies
Or letters prefer'd to him, he made choice
In action, not in complimentary voice
And as Marcellus did two temples rear
To Honour and to Virtue, plac'd so near
They kiss'd, yet none to Honour's got access
But they that pass'd through Virtue's, so, to express
His worthiness, none got his countenance
But those whom actual merit did advance
Yet, alas, all his goodness lies full low

O greatness, what shall we compare thee to?
To giants, beasts, or towers fram'd out of snow,
Or like wax gilded tapers, more for show
Than duranc^e? thy foundation doth betray
Thy frailty, being builded on such clay
This shows the all controlling power of fate,
That all our sceptres and our chairs of state
Are but glass metal, that we are full of spots,
And that, like new-writ copics, t' avoid blots,
Dust must be thrown upon us, for in him
Our comfort sunk and drown'd, learning to swim
And though he died so late, he's no more near
To us than they that died three thousand year

Before him, only memory doth keep
Then fume as fresh as his from death or sleep
Why should the stag or riven live so long,
And that their age rather should not belong
Unto a righteous prince, whose lengthen'd years
Might assist men's necessities and fears?
Let beasts live long, and wild, and still in fear,
The turtle dove never outlives nine year
Both life and death have equally express'd,
Of all the shortest madness is the best
We ought not think that his great triumphs need
Our wither'd hands * Can our weak praise feed
His memory, which worthily contemns
Marble, and gold, and orient'd gems?
His merits pass our dull invention
And now methinks, I see him smile upon
Our fruitless tears, bids us disperse these show'rs,
And says his thoughts no far refin'd from ours
As Rome of her belov'd Titus said,
That from the body the bright soul was fled
For his own good and their affliction
On such a broken column we lean on,
And for ourselves, not him, let us lament,
Whose happiness is grown our punishment
But surely, God gave this as an allay
To the blest union of that nuptial day
We hop'd, for fear of suffer, thought it meet
To mitigate, since we swell with what is sweet
And, for sad tales suit grief, 'tis not amiss,
To keep us waking, I remember thus
Jupiter, on some business, once sent down
Pleasure unto the world, that she might crown
Mortals with her bright beams, but her long stay
Exceeding far the limit of her day,—
Such feasts and gifts were number'd to present her,
That she forgot heaven and the god that sent her,—
He calls her thence in thunder at whose hue
She spreads her wings, and to return more pure,
Leaves her eye-scedd robe wherein she's suited,
Fearing that mortal breath had it polluted
Sorrow, that long had liv'd in banishment,
Tugg'd at the oar in galley's, and had spent
Both money and herself in court-delays,
And sadly number'd many of her days
By a prison-calendar, though once she bring'd
She had been in great men's bosoms, now all ragg'd,
Crawl'd with a tortoise pace, or somewhat slower,
Nor found she any that desir'd to know her,
Till by good chance, ill hap for us, she found
Where Pleasure laid her garment from the ground
She takes it, dons it, and, to add a grace
To the deformity of her wrinkled face,

* laurels] The old ed. "laurels"

An old court lady, out of mere compassion,
Now plants it o'er, or puts it into fashion
When strait from country, city, and from court,
Both without wit or number, there resort
Many to this impostor all adore
Her haggish false hood, usurers from their store
Supply her, and are cozen'd, citizens buy
Her forged titles, not and run fly,
Spreading their poison universally
Not are the bosoms of great statesmen free
From her intelligence, who lets them see
Themselves and fortunes in false perspectives,
Some indeed hers consort her with their wives,
Who, being a bawd, corrupts their all spent oaths,
They have entertain'd the devil in Pleasure's
clothes

And since this cursed mask, which, to our cost,
Lasts day and night, we have entirely lost
Pleasure, who from heaven wills us be advis'd
That our false Pleasure is but Care disguised
Thus is our hope much frustrate, O sad ruth!
Death lies in ambush for his glorious youth,
And, finding him prepared, was sternly bent
To change his love into fellishment
O cruel tyrant, how canst thou repay
This ruin though hereafter thou shouldst spare
All mankind, break thy dart and chon spide?
Thou canst not cure this wound which thou
hast made

Now view his death bed, and from thence let's meet,
In his example, our own winding sheet
There his humility, setting apart
All titles, did retire into his heart
O blessed solitariness, that brings
The best content to merry men and to kings!
Munn there falls* from heaven the dove there flies
With olive to the ark, a sacrifice
Of God's appeasement, ravens in their beaks
Bring food from heaven God's preservation
springs

Comfort to Daniel in the lions' den,
Where contemplation leads us, happy men,
To see God face to face and such sweet peace
Did he enjoy amongst the various peace
Of weeping visitants, it seem'd he lay
As kings at revels sit, wish'd the crowd away,

* *there falls*] The old ed. "their fates," which I should have supposed to be a misprint for "their fates," if "food from heaven" had not followed in the sentence. As to "fates" of the old copy,—the compositor seen here to have mistaken *t* for *f* as he did previously (see note p. 374) in the word "turbles"

† *peace*] The old ed. has "prease" but Webster doubtless wrote "peace," a form of the word common in his day

The tedious sports done, and himself asleep,
And in such joy did all his senses steep,
As great accountants, troubled much in mind,
When they hear news of their quietus sign'd
Never found prayers, since they convers'd with
death,

A sweeter air to fly in than his breath *
They left in's eyes nothing but glory shining,
And though that sickness with her over pining
Look ghastly, yet in him it did not so,
He knew the place to which he was to go
Had larger titles, more triumph ant wreaths
To instate him with, and forth his soul he
breathes,

Without a sigh, fixing his constant eye
Upon his triumph, immortality
He was run'd down to us out of heaven, and
drew

Life to the spring, yet, like a little dew,
Quickly down thence so many times miscreants
A crystal glass, whilst that the workman varies
The shape of the furnace, fix'd too much upon
The curiousness of the proportion,
Yet breaks it ere't be finish'd, and yet then
Moulds it anew, and blows it up again,
Records his workmanship, and sends it thence
To kiss the hand and lip of some great prince,
Or like a dial, broke in wheel or screw,
That's ta'en in pieces to be made go true
So to eternity he now shall stand,
New form'd and gloried by the all working hand
Slander, which with a large and specious tongue,
Far bigger than her mouth, to publish wrong,
And yet doth utter't with so ill a grace,
Whilst she's a speaking no man sees her face,
That like dogs lick foul ulcers, not to draw
Infection from them, but to keep them raw,
I though she oft scrape up earth from good men's
graves,

And waste it in the standishes of slaves,
To throw upon their ink, shall never dare
To approach his tomb, so she confin'd† as far
From his sweet reliques as is heaven from hell!
Not witchcraft shall instruct her how to spell
That barbarous language which shall sound him
ill

Fame's lips shall bleed, yet ne'er her trumpet fill
With breath enough, but not in such sick air
As make waste elegies to his tomb repair,

* *A sweeter air to fly in than his breath*] So in *The Devil's Jaw case*

"It could never have got
A sweeter air to fly in than your breath"

See p. 109 and note there.

† *confin'd*] See note †, p. 179

With scraps of commendation more base
Than are the rags they are writ on O disgrace
To nobler poesy! this brings to light,
Not that they can, but that they cannot write
Better they had ne'er troubled his sweet trance,
So silence should have hid their ignorance,
For he's a reverend subject to be penn'd
Only by his sweet Homer and my friend *
Most savage nations should his death deplore,
Wishing he had set his foot upon their shore,
Only to have made them civil This black night
Hath fall'n upon us by nature's oversight,
Or while the fatal sister sought to twine
His thread and keep it even, she drew it so fine
It burst O all compos'd of excellent parts,
Young, grave Mæneas of the noble arts,
Whose beams shall break forth from thy hollow tomb,

Stun the time past, and light the time to come! ‡
O thou that in thy own praise still wert mute,
Resembling trees, the more they are taen with fruit,

The more they strive and bow to kiss the ground!
Thou that in quest of man hast truly found,
That while men rotten vapours do pursue,
They could not be thy friends and flatterers too,
That, despite all injustice, wouldst have prov'd
So just a steward for this land, and lov'd
Right for its own sake,—now, O woe the while,
Fleet's † dead in tears, like to a moving isle!
Time was when churches in the land were thought
Rich jewel houses, and this age hath bought
That time again think not I feign, go view
Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and you'll find it true

The dust of a rich diamond's there inshin'd,
To buy which thence would beggar the West Inde
What a dark night piece of tempestuous weather
Have the enraged clouds summon'd together!

* *his sweet Homer and my friend* † i.e. Chapman, who dedicated his translation of Homer to Prince Henry ‡ by] The old copy 'be

‡ *Stun the time past, and light the time to come*] So in *The Duchess of Malfi*

"She stuns the time past, lights the time to come"

See p. 61

§ *Fleet's*] i.e. Fleetest.

As if our loftiest palaces should grow
To ruin, since such highness fell so low,
And angry Neptune makes his palace groan,
That the deaf rocks may echo the land's moan
Even senseless things seem to have lost their pride,

And look like that dead month wherein he died
To clear which, soon arise that glorious day *
Which, in her sacred union, shall display
Infinite blessings, that we all may see
The like to that of Virgil's golden tree,
A branch of which being split, there fleshly grew
Another that did boast like form and hue
And for these worthless lines, let it be said,
I hasten till I had this tribute paid
Unto his grave so let the speed excuse
The zealous error of my passionate Muse
Yet, though his praise here bear so short a wing,
Thames hath more swans that will his praises sing
In sweeter tunes, be plucking his sad hearse
And his three feathers, while men live or verse
And by these signs of love let great men know,
That sweet and generous favour they bestow
Upon the Muses never can be lost,
For they shall live by them, when all the cost
Of gilded monuments shall fall to dust
They give in metal that sustains no rust,
Their wood yields honey and industrious bee,
Kills spiders and their webs, like Irish trees †
A poet's pen, like a bright sceptre, sways
And keeps in awe dead men's dispraise or praise
Thus took he acquaintance of all worldly stuff
The evening shows the day, and death crowns life

My impress to your lordship, A swan flying to
a land for shelter, the motto, *Amor est in his causa*

* *To clear which, soon, &c.*] An allusion to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine which took place in February 1613

† *Irish trees*] See note *, p. 16.—In Shirley's *St. Patrick for Ireland* (1607, iv. 141) the saint, on banishing the serpents, &c., from that island, says,

"The very earth and wood shall have this blessing
(Above what other Christian nations boast),
Although transported where these serpents live
And multiply, one touch shall soon destroy them"

‡ *motto*] i.e. motto

TO MY KIND FRIEND, MASTER ANTHONY MUNDAY.*

THE sighs of ladies, and the spleen of knights,
 The force of magic, and the map of fate,
 Strange pigmy singleness in giant fights,
 Thy true translation sweetly doth relate
 Nor for the fiction is the work less fine,
 Fables have pith and moral discipline

Now Palmerin in his own language sings,
 That, till thy study, mask'd in unknown fashion,
 Like a fantastic Juiton, and hence springs
 The map of his fair life to his own nation
 Translation is a traffic of high price,
 It brings all learning in one paradise

ODI †

TRIUMPHS were wont with sweat and blood be
 crown'd

To every blow

They did allow

The living laurer, ‡ which beguiled round
 Their rusty helmets, and had power to make
 The soldier smile while mortal wound did ache

But our more civil passages of state

(Like happy feast

Of mirth and rest,

Which bells and woundless cannons did relate)
 Stand high in joy, since warlike triumphs bring
 Remembrance of our former sorrowing

The memory of these should quickly fade,

(For pleasure's stream

Is like a dream,

Passant and fleet as is a shade),

Unless thyself, which these fair models bred,

Had given them a new life when they were dead

Take, then, good countryman and friend, that

Which folly lends, [merit,

Not judgment sends,

To foreign shores for strangers to inherit

Perfection must be bold with front upright,

Though Envy gnash her teeth whilst she would
 bite

JOHN WEBSTER

* To my kind friend, &c.] Prefixed to the Third Part of
 Munday's translation of Palmerin of England, 1602, 1to

† Ode] Prefixed to *The Archa of Triumph*, printed in
 honour of the high and mighty prince James, the first of
 that name King of England and the Scot of Scotland, at his
 illustrious entrance and passage through his Honorable City

and Chamber of London, upon the 15th Day of March 1601.
 Invented and published by Stephen Harrison Joyner and
 Architect, and given by William Kip 1601 folio
 ‡ laurer] So Chaucer in *The Marchantes Tale*

"As laurer thurgh the yere is for to send"

TO HIS BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS HEYWOOD*

Sane superbam quæritam meritis †

I CAN'OT, though you write in your own cause,
 Say you deal partially, but must confess
 (What most men will) you merit due applause,
 So worthily your work becomes the press

And well our actors may approve your pains,
 For you give them authority to play,
 Even whilst the hottest plague of envy reigns,
 Not for this want shall they deny pay

What a full state of poets have you cited
 To judge your cause † and to our equal view
 Your monumental theatres recited,
 Whose ruins had been ruin'd but for you †

Such men who can in tune both rail and sing,
 Shall, viewing thus, either confess 'tis good,
 Or let their ignorance condemn the spring,
 Because 'tis merry and renews our blood

Be therefore your own judgment your defence,
 Which shall approve you better than my praise,
 Whilst I, in right of sacred innocence,
 Durst o'er each gilded tomb this known truth
 raise,—

Who dead would not be acted by their will,
 It seems such men have acted then lives ill

By your friend,

JOHN WEBSTER

TO HIS INDUSTRIOUS FRIEND, MASTER HENRY COCKGRAM‡

To over praise thy book in a smooth line,
 (If any error's met) would make it mine
 Only, while words for payment pass at court,
 And whilst loud talk and wrangling make resort,

If the term, to Westminster, I do not dwell
 Thy leaves shall scape the scumber, and be read,
 And I will add thus is thy friend, no poet,—
 Thou hast toil'd to purpose, and the event will
 show it

JOHN WEBSTER

* To his beloved friend, &c.] Dedicated to Heywoods
Apology for Actors, 1612

† Same, &c.] Horace,—*Carmin* lib. 30

‡ To his industrious friend, &c.] Dedicated to The English
Dictionarie, or, an Interpret of hard English words, by
 H. C., 1625

INDEX TO THE NOTES.

	PAGE		PAGE
ABOMINABLE	259	bench hole	282
above —the upper stage	109	Bermoothes	79
acanthus—a cure for the sting of venomous reptiles	168	buzzed	335
actions	197	bars	217
admirant	9	Bishop's Hall	308
Alexander and Lodowick	60	Blackfurns, the residence of puritan feather makers	237
Allagant, or Alligant	305	blackguard, the	8
allow	228	blue bottle	274
almond for a quiet	212	bombast	265
Amboyer, massacre of the English by the Dutch at	131	boot, Scotch	314
Ambace, Mary	239	Bosoms Inn	262
ancient	211	briches	18
Antony Now now	260	brichygraphy men	141
apples of Sodom	20	Braunford	222
arpines	129	brakes	362
arranged	187	brave	33
arts powder	41	bravery	113
Aspart	29	brawl, the	349
stone	24	break up	216
atonement	91	bricks wearing their hair loose	27
ants	274	bronstrops	307
away with	18	Bucklesbury	213
Bug, to give the	235	butlornery on the stage	93
band	211	Burbidge, Richard	325
Banks's horse, Morocco	17, 269	Burse, the New	109
barb	345	burst	14
Babary buttons	280	bush points	348
Barmothops	123	Calus sands, duelling on	292
barndale, Scotch	313	Can'dish's voyage	244
barriers, the great, moulting feathers	6	candlestick fashioned like a man in armour	19
barriers, the	40	carmons	257
bayons and ewers of silver given as presents	265	carts	369
bastard	305	caricks	119
bearing	272	cabinet	209
becco	330	carving by ladies	8
Bednal Green	298	case	46
birds thrust on the stage	123	crash net	115
beg fools	336	cast	272
beholdingness	352	cast	338
		Castel Nuovo	144

	PAGE		PAGE
caters	161	depart	196
Catherine-pear coloured	220	deserve	335
catso	311	devil, the, in crystal	30
censure (subst.)	151	dipsys	338
censure (verb)	250	do withal	271
chaffion	366	Dondego	198
chains bought in St. Martin's Lane	253	double chin, the characteristic of a bawd	253
Chipman, George, alluded to	376	draw dun out o' the mine	223
check with an excellent bias	7	Dunknks	254
cheese trenchers, posies on	261	dun s the mouse	241
child's part	254	dun uce	226
cypres	344		
clip	262	I aly up and never the nearer	298
clipping	218	<i>Justward Ho</i> , origin of the title of	206
coals, to carry	553	Elizabeth, Queen, allusion to her last days	128
cockatrice	226	Elizabeth, Princess, allusion to her marriage	376
constituted	354	ingenious wheels	78
Cole harbour	213	estem	295
colliers, cry of	226	exhibition	114
colliers, why in bad repute	226		
colleague	317	Fa' let is good for ladies	358
colon	193	Farwell, Father Snot	256
coize	356	Finch, Sir Thomas	105
come aloft, Jackanapes	310	hus of the cyclops	67
commuddled	25	flagellations	114
commodities	27	flaw	7
complimental	62	fleetest	376
compliments	36	flood, bull of	307
conjugue	175	fond	34
concoited	119	fondly	172
Condell, Henry	225	foot cloth	7
confine	179	Ford, John	56
consort	260	fore-spoken	115
con thanks	365	forgetful	300
convince	178	fox, an English	50
Corydons	213	fight	92
could	250	French order	34
court holy bread	222	French disease, allusion to its effects	245
crosses	196	frices	257
cross and pile	310		
crusades	21	Galley foist	219
Cuckold's haven, the tree in	266	garden house	263
cuckoo heard before the nightingale	366	garls with a white head and a green stalk	270
cullion	327	gentleman usher	87
cullis	72	German clock	210
curiosity	227	Gilliam of Brentford	253
Curian gulf	282	give aim	20
cutworks	6	gleck	114
		God refuse me	7
Damnation	220	God's angel, none o'	249
dance Lacrymæ	137	God's shd, by	325
Danisk	13	gold chain worn by stewards	78
daw	218	Goldsmiths' Row	327
dead pays	176	good cheap	42
defend	157	Griffith, Margaret, with the horn in her fore- head, probably alluded to	336
demi-foot-cloth	22		

	PAGE		PAGE
grincombs	273	kissing comfits	95
guarded	336	Knight of Rhodes	33
guarded sumpter cloth	80	——— St Michael	33
gue	26	——— the Golden Fleece	33
guess	315	——— the Holy Ghost	33
		——— the Annunciation	33
<i>Hamlet</i> , Shakespeare's, its popularity	241	——— the Garter	33
hangers	226	Knight's ward, the	168
hangmen	179	Kyd's <i>Spanish Tragedy</i> , allusion to	220
happily	12		
Harting, George, Baron Berkeley	55	Lambeth Marsh	232
have, melancholic	26	lancepursado	190
hainess	174	Lannoy, Charles de	80
harpers	197	lapping with the shell on its head	13
Harvey, John, his hexameters	327	litten	136
healths drunk on the knees	236	lutter	377
Hoby's translation of Castiglione's <i>Courtier</i>	209	lutter	80
hog rubber	131	liberal	195
Hok, the	168	lieger ambassadors	18
<i>Honest Languer</i> , resemblance between a passage in it and one in <i>The Widow</i>	270	liver the seat of amorous passions	172
horses beget by the wind	60	livery and sown	111
horse flesh in sack	229	Long lane	218
hot house	209	long spoon, he had need of one that eats with the devil	136
human	193	Lowin, John	225
<i>Humorous Poets</i> by the Duke of New castle,—song in it now first printed from a MS	257	<i>Incenses of sanctified vanity</i>	31
Hungarians	240	luxurious	63
hunt's up	210	lycanthropia	93
Hypocrites	48	lyam	7
Imbrails	352	Malakotoones	112
inart	178	mandrake	72
in by the work	18	mantoons	112
ingenious	64	maquettelle	210
ingeniously	26	marry, muff	271
ingenuously	109	matrimon	49
intended	567	maigre	179
inward	314	meaus	357
Irish birds no poison	16	measure	319
Irish trees	376	Meg, Long, of Westminster	239
Irish gamester	6	racely	292
Irish, after gamester	132	Middleton, Thomas	56
Island Voyage, the	262	munioning	350
		moil	22
Jade	317	Moon, old	260
jaundice,—those who have it think all things yellow	8	More clacke	226
Jonson, Ben, correction of a passage in his <i>Devil is an ass</i>	350	mot	376
——— allusion to	362	mother, the	68
julio	23	much	339
jumps	201	mun chance	218
		munmia	5
Kempe's <i>Nine Daies Wonder</i> , allusion to	237	Muscovy glass	336
		mutton	164
		Nest of goblets	264
		nice	210

	PAGE		PAGE
Nicholas, St, his clerks	297	purchase	74
night caps	66	purse nets	130
noddy	229, 278		
noise of fiddlers	222	Quat (for Squat)	31
<i>Northward Ho</i> , origin of the title of	206	quat	115
		Queenhuc	232
Oak, the builder	19	quest houses	253
o'c'paise	379	—, gaming in	253
of	156	quit	5
Ostend, siege of	210	quoted	27
out o' cry	268		
overthwart	243	Ready, to make one's self	114
owed	85	reclaimed	30
		regardant	163
Palped	162	regreets	162
pantables	222	resolved	20
pantofles	263	rid ground	273
<i>Parmenonis suem</i> , nothing <i>ad</i>	326	rife	299
partridge purged by laurel	44	rifle	280
pushed	5	ring, running at the	60
patches worn for the rheum	216	rings with Death's-heads on them	270
patience, the herb	255	rise	211
Paul's, the middle aisle of	218	rolling boys	66
Paul's Wharf	272	Rowhelle church man	312
Pawn, the	217	room	326
pax	265	rose	41
peevish	75	rosenury	45
perfumes chafed	6	Rosickur	376
Perkins, Richard	51	Rowley, William	286
pestered	355	rushes for strewing floors	21
petty livery	312		
<i>Physic for Fortune</i>	313	Saddle, poisoning the pummel of a	36
piccadell	264	sadness	99
plastic	336	salt, the	31
players, their occasional extemporizing	231	sceoce	337
plot	80	scnet	6
Pluto	79	set the hare's head against the goose gilets	245
points	296	Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, anecdote of	136
Polack shaved	14	shaking of the sheets	240
pomander	354	shamois	19
poor John	133	shears, there goes but a pair of, &c	354
Pope, form in which his election is declared	33	shins, blows on the, a punishment in Russia	30
populous	155	shoot the bridge	32
Portugal voyage	271	Shrove Tuesday, prentices riotous on	274
possessed	152	Sidanen	260
potting stick	379	Sinklo	325
poulter	19	sirrah applied to females	214
practice	117	slatted	351
preace	375	slop	115
prctor	211	Sly, William	325
progress, the	9	smoor	44
propertica	223	soils	343
prostrate	152	Somerset, Carr, Earl of	372
provant	272	songs frequently omitted in the printed copies	45
provant apparel	152	of old plays	239
puckfist	252	sound	

	PAGE		PAGE
sow gelder, his horn	242	twink	307
span counter	252	Twopenny ward	168
Spanish fig	30	Unheal	379
spurs that ginged worn by gallants	336	unicorn's horn	11
squibs running on lines	274	unshale	330
squirmity	215	ure	164
stalking-horse	351	uttered	8
state of floods	83	Vailed	114
states	367	velure	257
statute against vagabonds	235	veney	223
stewed prunes	274	victualling houses	307
stibnum	15	virginal jacks	251
stigmatic	26	Vulcan's engine	63
Stallard, the	217	Wage	162
stock	338	Wall, Mother,—her cakes and pasties	274
stools on the stage	325	watchet	343
strige	179	wax, made out of	217
Sturbridge Fair	249	well said	219
suburbs, the	362	West Chester	249
sugar loaf	240	<i>Westward Ho</i> , origin of the title of	206
smitted	299	westward indeed	235
surpiling	340	westward for smelts	223
Switzers borrowed	12	when	68
swoop, at one	5	where	121
Table board	116	whiffers	242
take her bells	272	white	271
take us with you	319	whiting mop	218
Tasso quoted	78	wide of the bow hand	163
tavern token	220	will	188
tivation	290	Winchester goose	307
tenpenny infidel, the	235	wolf in a woman's breast	40
tent	60	wolf scraping up the corpse of a person murdered	90
thin	233	Wolner, the great eater	25
thou'st	351	wolves, tribute of, paid in England	28
Three merry men, &c song of	243	woodcock pie and woodcocks	265
thull	174	word	16
todgers	329	world, to put a girdle about the	75
Toledo, a	50	wounds bleeding at the presence of the murderer	179
toried	179	Yeoman fewterer	168
tradesmen darkening their shops	211	you'st	360
ta verso	45		
trochilus and crocodile, fable of the	32		
trussing	214		
Turnbull street	307		

THE END

